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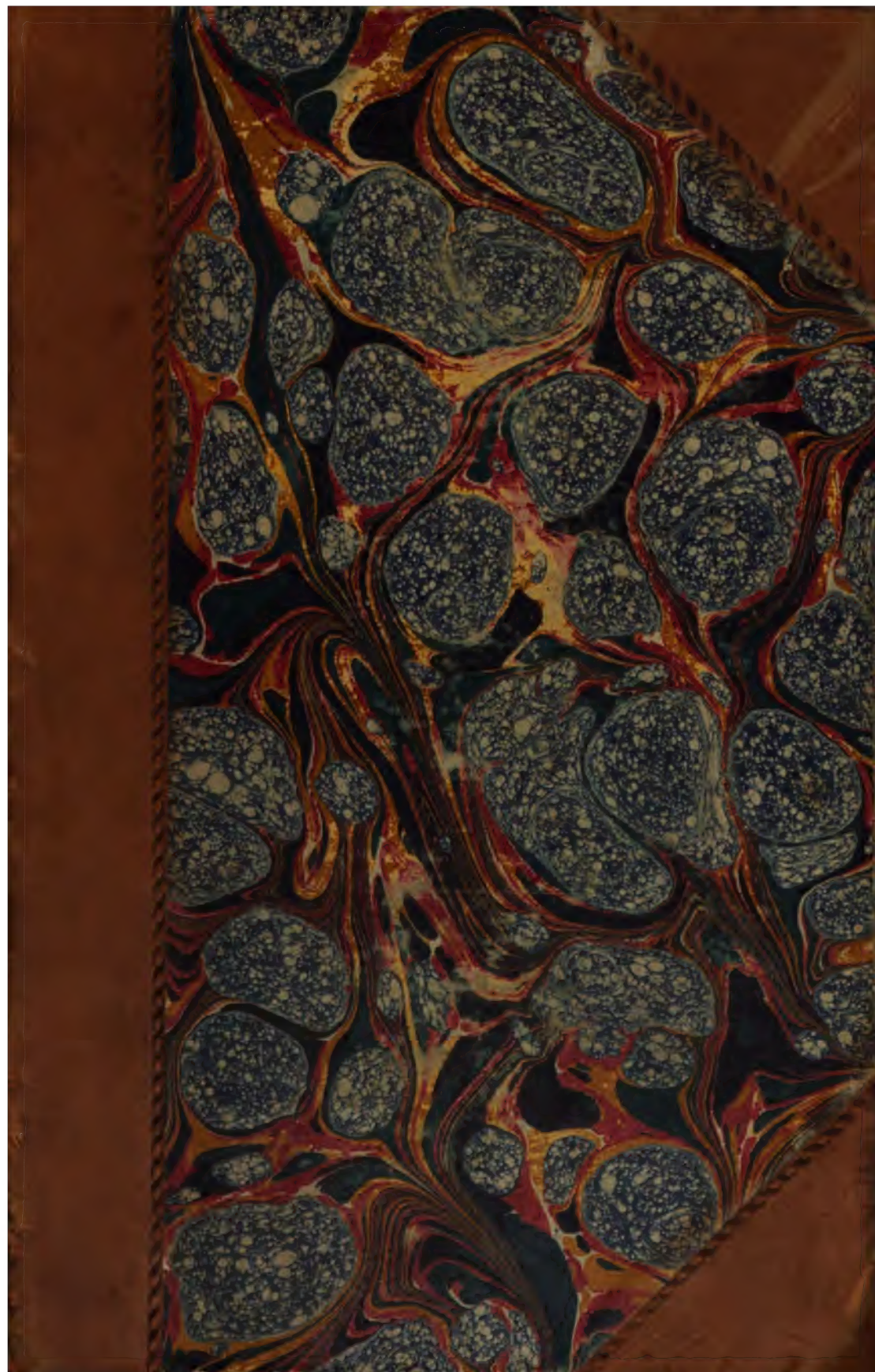
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THE MODERN BABYLON.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

ORIGIN—PROGRESS—PRESENT CONDITION—CONTINUED RAPID EXTENSION—AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF LONDON.

IN proposing a series of papers under this title, illustrative of the wonders and mysteries of the greatest city in the world, it may be proper to devote an introductory chapter to the origin, progress, and present condition of London.

The origin of London, like that of most of our European cities of note, is lost in the mists of antiquity. Nor is it within the pale of probability, that the mystery in which the foundation of our mighty metropolis is enshrouded, will ever be cleared up. Geoffrey of Monmouth dates the origin of London so far back as the year 1108 before the Christian era. He tells us, with a gravity and confidence of manner which show that he entertained no doubt on the point, that it was founded in that year by Bruto, a lineal descendant of Æneas. He adds, that its first name was New Troy; being so called in memory of the wondrous exploits performed at the siege of Troy. This would give London an antiquity of nearly three thousand years. The idea of its having been founded upwards of a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and under the circumstances which Geoffrey of Monmouth mentions, is so exceedingly improbable, that no subsequent writer has referred to it, except for the purpose of exposing it to ridicule. Other authors speak of London as having been founded so far back as seven hundred years before the Christian era; but they have not been able to adduce any feasible reason for their belief. The only thing certain is, that it did exist before the birth of Christ, and that it was then the capital of the Trinobantes—a people generally supposed to have recently come from Belgium, and constituting one of the numerous small nations which then inhabited Britain. Some surprise has been expressed that Julius Cæsar should not have noticed London in his "Commentaries." The conclusion has been come to by several writers, that the reason of his silence is, that London was not in existence at the time of his mention of this country; which, as the reader is aware, was in the middle of the century immediately preceding the Christian era. The inference is not warranted by the facts of the case. The presumption rather is, that the Roman conqueror, though he must have passed it, did not visit London in the course of his hasty invasion of Britain. Several intelligent writers even doubt whether he ever crossed

the Thames at all within many miles of London, there being then no bridges over the river, as indeed there could not be; for its waters, instead of being confined by embankments as at present, spread over the greater portion of the extensive tract of flat ground lying between Wandsworth and Greenwich. But though there can be no question that London existed for a considerable time before the invasion of Cæsar, it could only then have been a place of very inconsiderable importance: had it been otherwise, Cæsar would not have failed to visit and mention it. Besides, it is agreed on all hands, that the abodes of its inhabitants consisted of miserable huts constructed of wood and mud.

The site of the original London was the elevated ground on Ludgate Hill and eastward of St. Paul's. The station which the Romans first occupied, was in the well-known locality called St. George's in the Fields. At what time they passed over the river, and took possession of London, which they called Londinium, has not been satisfactorily ascertained. It must, however, have risen rapidly into importance, after having fallen into their hands; for Tacitus, the first accredited writer who takes notice of it, describes it in his "*Annals*" as having been, in the year 62, in the reign of Nero, a "place of the first distinction for the number of its resident merchants, and its traffic with other places." It is supposed to have been taken possession of by the Romans under the emperor Claudius, about a century after the invasion of Julius Cæsar. The commercial eminence to which it so soon attained under the Romans, was in a great measure to be ascribed to the circumstance of its conquerors not converting it into a military colony, but giving it the advantage of many of the most valuable of their own institutions, and encouraging the pursuits of trade and commerce in every possible way. The Romans treated the Britons with the greatest generosity; never doing anything which could have a tendency to perpetuate the remembrance of their being a subjugated people, but doing all in their power to obliterate from their minds the recollection of so mortifying a circumstance. They met the Britons on a footing of perfect equality, studiously taught them the arts of civilization, and sought to raise them to a level with themselves.

London was thus rapidly improving in civilization, and rising in commercial importance, when, in the year 64, Boadicea, queen of the Britons, with a boldness and spirit unparalleled in the history of female heroism, attacked and captured the city. It would have been well had her clemency been equal to her courage; unhappily her cruelty was as great as her bravery. She massacred the whole of the inhabitants who did not succeed in escaping by flight, showing no mercy either to innocent children or to those whose heads were grey with years, and were already

tottering into their graves. And to aggravate the horrors of the scene, the most ingenious modes of inflicting torture which could be devised were resorted to—those of her own sex seeming to be the objects of her special cruelties. The number of individuals, inhabitants of London, who were thus put to death by Boadicea, has never been satisfactorily ascertained; but it is supposed to have been not less than from fifty thousand to sixty thousand. If this be so, the fact shows what an important place London must have been even at that remote period, especially as many thousands who were in the prime of life must have effected their escape. Nor did this cruel though courageous woman content herself with the massacre of the inhabitants; she followed up her slaughter of the citizens by setting fire to, and destroying, the last vestige of the city. And here it may be remarked, that at this time London could not have been a fortified place; had it been environed by walls, it would not have fallen so easy a prey to the fury of Boadicea.

The Romans speedily recovered possession of London, though at what precise period has not been ascertained. It was not, indeed, likely that such a people as the Romans—at that time, and for centuries before, the military masters of the world—would allow any long period to elapse before they wiped away the reproach of being dispossessed of one of their favourite locations by a few thousand barbarians, under the command of a woman. Still less probable was it that they should rest satisfied until they had been revenged on those who had slaughtered so many thousands of their people, and their attached allies. They accordingly returned with a numerous and formidable army, and marched at once into the heart of London. They scarcely met with anything worthy the name of resistance, in consequence of the dismay and consternation which the imposing appearance of their soldiers struck into the minds of Boadicea and the Britons. Of the latter it is computed that not fewer than from seventy thousand to eighty thousand perished in one day and on one spot. The loss of the Romans was trifling as compared with the numbers that had fallen under their sword. Only about four hundred of their soldiery were killed, and about a similar number wounded. Boadicea escaped from the scene of slaughter; but, finding her cause to be wholly hopeless, and anxious that the Romans might not be able to make her their prisoner, she took a quantity of poison, and very soon afterwards expired.

History is silent for a considerable period after this respecting the condition or extent of London. That it speedily recovered its civil importance and commercial prosperity, under the same institutions which had so rapidly raised it to greatness before, there is no reason to doubt. The first mention made of it after

this time, occurs in the life of the emperor Severus, by Herodian. That writer, speaking of it in the beginning of the third century, represents it as being "a great and wealthy city."

Considerable diversity of opinion exists among antiquarians as to the time at which London was first surrounded by a wall. A very general impression prevails that it was first enclosed in the time of Constantine the Great, in the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. This is undoubtedly the traditional account of the time at which the wall of London was constructed. It is supposed to have been built at the request of Helena, his mother; an impression strengthened by the fact that coins of that celebrated woman have been found under the wall. Be this as it may, it is not questioned that before the close of the fourth century, London was surrounded by a wall. The extent of the city at this time may be inferred from the locality of the seven great or double gates by which it was entered. These are understood to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Posterngate near the Tower. The wall was one of remarkable strength. Its foundation was eight feet deep, the height was ten feet, and its thickness about nine feet. It was composed alternately of layers of broad flat bricks and of rag-stone. At a subsequent period an addition was made to the height of the wall, making its altitude about twenty feet. The circuit of the wall was about two miles and a furlong. It had two grand forts and thirteen smaller towers, conjectured to have been each about forty feet in height. The principal street of Roman London is supposed to have been the Watling Street of the present day. Cheapside is also supposed to have been then, as now, another of its leading thoroughfares.

From the time of Constantine the Great until the departure of the Romans from Britain, which event is supposed to have taken place in the second quarter of the fifth century, our information respecting London is exceedingly scanty. One fact, however, of considerable importance, as indicating the commercial prosperity of London in the middle of the fourth century, has been ascertained. It is, that in the year 359, the very large number—large for that remote period—of eight hundred vessels, were employed in the exportation from London of corn alone.

For a considerable period after the Romans had abandoned our shores, London continued rapidly to decline, both in grandeur and in commercial importance. The Saxons, whom the Londoners had sent for to protect them from the incursions of the Scots and Picts, began, soon after they had acquired a footing in the country, to attempt bringing the Britons under subjection to themselves. The Britons resented as long as they were able, these efforts to subjugate them to the Saxon yoke. At last they were compelled to relinquish the unequal contest. The

decline of the trade and commerce of London, which had been gradually going on for nearly a hundred and fifty years, was now followed by its almost entire annihilation. Ethelbert, king of Kent, whose sovereignty was acknowledged by all the Saxon nations south of the Humber, transferred the seat of government from London to Canterbury. From this period down till the year 827—being a period of nearly two centuries and a half—scarcely anything is heard of London, excepting the fearful visitations which befel it in the form of fire and pestilence. In the year last named, Egbert, who had just established the Heptarchy, chose London as the seat of his sovereignty. Fortune again, therefore, began to smile on it. In six years thereafter, namely, in 833, a Parliament was held in it. Scarcely, however, had the prospect of recovering at least some portion of its former grandeur and commercial greatness, begun to break upon it, than it was overclouded by the results which followed the invasion of the Danes. One of the first of these results was the expulsion of Egbert from his adopted capital. This was followed by the massacre of the great majority of the inhabitants, and the destruction of nearly the whole city by fire.

The name of London was, for about half a century after this, scarcely heard of, excepting in connexion with its past history. At the end of that time, namely, in the year 884, the celebrated Alfred, having previously vanquished the Danes and expelled them from Britain, ordered the city of London to be rebuilt. He was the first to introduce houses of stone and brick. The circumstances of the people, however, were not such as enabled them to construct many of their houses of these materials; though, as London again advanced in the path of prosperity, the number continued to increase. He encouraged trade and commerce in every possible way, and instituted a municipal system for the local government of the place, which proves him to have been as great a statesman and philosopher, as his brilliant victories had before proved him to be a distinguished warrior. London continued to make steady progress in trade and commerce, and civil and political importance, for more than a century, when it was again doomed to meet with disasters, owing to the pusillanimity of Ethelred the Second, the reigning monarch. He ingloriously fled from London, leaving the citizens to defend their walls as they best could, when exposed to the assaults of the united armies of Denmark and Norway, headed by the monarchs of these two countries. The citizens made a brave defence, repeatedly repulsing the invaders with great loss, and compelled them, at last, to raise the siege. The Danes, assisted by the Norwegians, continued, however, to harass other parts of the country, until the cowardly and feeble-minded Ethelred was induced to abdicate his throne, and retire into the province

of Normandy. This was in the year 1013. Unable to hold out any longer, the citizens of London were obliged to open their gates to the army of Sweyn, the Danish king, and to submit, with the rest of the inhabitants of England, to his sceptre. That monarch's reign, however, was not of long duration; he died in three years afterwards, and was succeeded by his son, the celebrated Canute—a name made familiar to every school-boy by means of the anecdote respecting his vain attempt to arrest the progress of the waves by commanding them, with kingly authority, not to approach the place where he had seated himself on the shore. The citizens of London promptly and bravely rallied round the standard of Edmund Ironside, the son of Ethelred, in the effort which the Saxons, under his command, then made to release themselves from the Danish bondage in which the latter were held. Prospects of a successful rising looked remarkably bright for a time. Canute was compelled to flee from the capital, and Ironside, his rival, was crowned king of England. Three several times in the course of the year 1016 did Canute return to London and lay siege to it, but as frequently was he repulsed with a very heavy loss. Both princes, finding their army so alarmingly reduced, and their forces so equally balanced, that it was impossible to say which of them should ultimately triumph, entered into a compromise. The condition on which they agreed to lay down arms was, that there should be an equal division of territory between them. The agreement was carried into effect; the division of territory was made, and peaceful relations seemed to be established between the rival princes, when Ironside was assassinated by his treacherous relative, Edric Streon. The Saxons, thus deprived of their leader, were obliged to resign themselves to the sole sovereignty of Canute.

At this period of the history of London, it is only from incidental hints in the writings of those who refer to that era, that we can form any idea of its wealth and commercial greatness. That it must, at this period, have been a place of great opulence and commercial importance, is evident from the fact, that on Canute succeeding to the entire and uncontested sovereignty of England, he called on the citizens of London to pay more than a seventh part of a tax of £82,000, which he imposed on the whole country. Canute died in 1036. His death was followed by serious disputes as to which of three claimants to the throne should be his successor. Edward, son of Ethelred, had a large and influential body of partizans; who, failing him, resolved to declare in favour of Hardicanute, son of Canute by queen Emma. Harold Harefoot, another son of Canute by queen Elgiva, of Northampton, had also a formidable body of adherents. Among his friends were the citizens of London; a host in themselves. It was eventually agreed, for the

sake of peace, that the two brothers should equally divide the kingdom between them. It was while these disputes were going on that the citizens of London, for the first time, sent representatives to Parliament. On the death of Hardicanute, the Danish line of succession ended, and Edward the Confessor, a prince lineally descended from Alfred the Great, was chosen to the throne of England. His reign is remarkable on many accounts: a new era in the history of London is to be dated from his accession to the throne. The privileges which that city had enjoyed for so long a period, but which seem to have rested on no better foundation than that of mere usage, were now, for the first time, recognised by special act of Parliament. What those privileges were, is a point on which we are left in doubt; but there can be no question that they were very important ones: that, indeed, may be fairly inferred from the frequent incidental allusions made to them by the chroniclers of that period. One important fact which is clearly ascertained is, that London had from time immemorial enjoyed the right—a right confined to itself—of conferring liberty on those slaves or vassals who had fled to it, and had remained within its walls for a year and a day without being claimed by their lords. This was one of the privileges which received a statutory recognition and confirmation on the accession of Edward to the crown. It is supposed, and with reason, that in this privilege of the city of London is to be found the origin of that great constitutional doctrine—a doctrine which is the boast and glory of Englishmen—that the moment a slave sets his foot on the soil of England, that moment his fetters burst asunder, and he stands erect in all the conscious dignity of a freeman.

The only circumstance to which it is necessary to allude, connected with the accession of William the Conqueror—the next important epoch in the annals of London—is, that the citizens only consented to submit to his sway, on the condition that he would, by special charter, ratify certain privileges they had before enjoyed, and confer upon them new ones. The most important of the privileges before possessed, but now guaranteed to them in all time coming, by express charter, was, that they should be “law worthy;” meaning, that in all matters affecting their persons or property, they should be entitled to a legal trial. This privilege was first conferred on them in the time of Edward, and is supposed by some to have been the origin of trial by jury, though in a much ruder state than that in which the institution is developed in modern times.

From this period until the reign of John, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, nothing definite is known respecting the military resources or commercial greatness of London. That the citizens must have been a courageous race of men, and

deeply imbued with the military spirit in the reign of John, is evident from the fact, that though exempted by special charter from being liable to be called to serve in war, they were, as William of Malmesbury assures us, always ready to assert their rights at the point of the sword, and that, for warlike purposes they constantly maintained twenty thousand armed horsemen, and forty thousand footmen. As, however, the population of London could not at this period have furnished so great a number of fighting men, it has been supposed that a considerable proportion of the above sixty thousand must have consisted of the vassals or followers of the barons residing in different parts of the country, but who were, in some way or other, connected with the city. The extraordinary military resources of the city of London at this time, satisfactorily accounts for its being able to defend itself against the assaults of king John, though all other parts of the kingdom had been reduced by him.

The naval power also of the city of London must have been very considerable at this period, considering the rude condition in which shipping matters must then have been placed. The citizens sent out a fleet against the numerous pirate vessels which then infested the mouth of the Thames, and which had well nigh totally destroyed the commerce of London, and nearly ruined its merchants. What the strength of this fleet was, is not mentioned by any of the historians of the time; but that it must have been very great is matter of fair inference from the fact, that, after an engagement with the combined forces of the pirates, it captured and destroyed no fewer than sixty-five of their ships.

Of the commercial greatness of London at this period, the writer whose name has been already mentioned thus speaks:—"London is a noble city, renowned for the opulence of her citizens, and crowded with merchants who resort thither with their various commodities."

In the commencement of the reign of Henry the Second, John's successor, a striking proof of the opulence of the city of London was exhibited. On the occasion of his queen, Eleanor, being crowned, she rode in state from the city to Westminster, at that time, and for a long period afterwards, quite detached from London. The most distinguished citizens, three hundred and sixty in number, anxious to show their loyalty to their queen, went out, preceded by an imposing band of trumpeters, to meet her majesty. They were all attired in garments of the finest silk, richly embroidered with gold, and severally mounted on horses caparisoned in a style of dazzling splendour. Every citizen in this imposing procession bore a gold or silver cup in his hand; and having joined the train of her majesty, they served the wine out of their golden and silver cups at the ban-

Introductory.

quiet which followed the coronation. In a few years afterwards, the necessities of Eleanor's husband became so great through his reckless extravagances, that he was compelled to pawn the crown jewels in order to raise money. None but the citizens of London could advance the needed sum. Chagrined that they should have accepted these jewels as security for the repayment of the money, Henry exclaimed in a rage, "Were the treasures of Augustus Cæsar exposed to sale, the city would buy them. These fellows, who call themselves barons, are wallowing in wealth and every species of luxury, while we (the king and royal family) labour under the want of common necessaries."

About this time the office of lord mayor begins to occupy a prominent place in the history of London. Until now the chief magistrate had been called the "portgreve," or "bailiff" of London. It seems to have been then, as now, an office of great importance, and one which was filled only by very opulent citizens. The first great display of civic profusion in the way of feasting, was made by Henry Picard, who was lord mayor in 1363. He gave a magnificent entertainment in his mansion in Chesapeake, to four sovereigns, Edward the Third, of England; John, of France; David, of Scotland; and the monarch of Cyprus. The example thus set of civic feasting by the lord mayor, was speedily followed by the aldermen, who vied with each other in the sumptuousness of their entertainments. Turtle soup being at the time unknown, the favourite aldermanic dish was one of eels, served up in a peculiar way, and so expensively, that each dish cost about eighty pounds of our money. Nor were the sheriffs behind the aldermen in the article of feasting. It has been ascertained, that towards the close of the fourteenth century, the annual consumption of wine at one of their feasts was not less than from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand bottles. City feasting, indeed, at length became an enormous evil, which it was found necessary to attempt to put down. For this purpose the corporation, after stating that owing to the immense expenditure at these entertainments given by the mayoralty and shrievalty, it was with great difficulty that citizens could be induced to accept either office, proceeded to pass a by-law limiting the mayor, sheriff, alderman and commoner to one course at dinner or supper, and the course to six dishes. This by-law of the corporation was passed in 1554, but seems to have been only made to be broken; for we find, in 1573, that excessive and sumptuous feasting had again reached such a height, that the corporation felt themselves called on a second time to interfere, and to attempt to put it down. The attempt proved ineffectual: the city never forfeited its festive character. It still retains it, and probably will continue to do so for centuries to come. What, indeed, would the office of lord mayor be,

without the association of Mansion House entertainments! Turtle soup is as necessary an element as ever in the constitution of the aldermanic character.

Of the extent of the population of London at the different intervening periods from the time of the Norman invasion down till the great fire of 1666, we have no certain knowledge. Now and then, it is true, we are enabled, from some incidental references in the writings of those who have treated of particular periods, to form a conjecture on the subject, but it is only conjecture. So late as four centuries ago, the general impression of those who have paid attention to the matter is, that the population of London did not exceed fifty-five thousand. In the middle of the sixteenth century its population is understood to have been about two hundred and fifty thousand. It is a well-ascertained fact, that in the year 1666, the year of the great fire, the number of houses was sixty-six thousand; which, giving eight individuals to each house, would have made the population five hundred and twenty-eight thousand. That the population of London did not increase more rapidly previous to the thirteenth century, is a circumstance which may be partly accounted for from the frequency with which it was visited by the plague and pestilence in the previous centuries. In 664, a plague broke out, which carried off nearly all its inhabitants. In 1348, a dreadful plague, which originated in India, and, marching westward, devastated every country through which it passed, reached London, and committed fearful havoc among its population. The ordinary burying grounds were not sufficient to contain the dead bodies. It was found necessary to open a new place of interment in the neighbourhood of the Charterhouse; and there alone upwards of fifty thousand persons were buried. This terrible plague lasted eight years, though it raged with less violence after the first few months. In 1497, London was again visited with the plague. It broke out in September, and lasted for six or seven weeks. Immense numbers fell victims to it, but the details are not known. In six years after this period, a disease called the sweating sickness attacked the citizens, and carried off many thousands during the nine months it lasted. It appeared in a most virulent form, seldom taking more than twenty-four hours to destroy its victim. In 1528, the same dreadful disease reappeared, under still more alarming circumstances than before; for it now did its work in five or six hours. In less than forty years, and while the memory of the visitation just alluded to was yet fresh in the minds of many of the inhabitants, London was again doomed to endure the devastating effects of another plague. This was in 1563, when no fewer than seventeen thousand five hundred individuals fell victims to it,—a very large number, considering the limited population of London at

that period. In 1592, it was yet once more the fate of the metropolis to be visited by a fearful plague—one which swept away from ten thousand to twelve thousand of its citizens. Another plague, which visited London in 1603, carried off upwards of thirty thousand of its inhabitants. But the most terrible visitation in this shape which London ever had to encounter, was the great plague of 1665. It broke out in Long Acre, in December. It was partly checked by the excessively cold weather of January, February, and March; but broke out with renewed violence in April and May. In June it had reached its climax, and did not abate till October. About seventy thousand persons fell victims to it; and had not all who were in circumstances to do so, quitted the place, there can be no question that myriads more would have perished on the occasion. Such frequent and destructive visitations satisfactorily account for the fact of the population of London not increasing with that rapidity during the periods referred to, which might otherwise have been expected. How striking the contrast between London with its present population of upwards of two millions, and its seventy-five thousand, four hundred years ago!

The frequency with which fires occurred in London between the eighth and seventeenth centuries, and their generally destructive character, must also have contributed, in no small degree, to arrest its extension during the intervening period. The first great fire in London of which we have any authentic accounts, took place in 764. What the extent of its destruction was, we have no means of ascertaining. In thirty-four years afterwards, namely, in 798, London was visited by another and still more frightful conflagration; more than one half of it was destroyed on that occasion. In 896, it was subjected to a repetition of the calamity, which was nearly as extensive as the conflagration of 798. The historians of the period do not express themselves in sufficiently definite terms to enable us to say what the extent of the devastation was; but there can be little doubt that, as in the previous case, a full half of the city was burnt to the ground. The next great conflagration occurred in the year 1077, when the greater part of the city was again consumed. This destructive visitation was followed by another of a similar kind; in the short space of nine years, when, according to the chroniclers of the period, "the greater and best part of the city was consumed," including the cathedral of St. Paul's. That cathedral, however, was immediately afterwards rebuilt, on a much more extensive scale, and in a far more magnificent style, than before. In 1093, another dreadful fire broke out in London, but no clue is given us as to the extent of its devastations. The next great metropolitan fire—great as well for the destruction of life which ensued, as for the destruction of pro-

party—occurred in the year 1212. The conflagration began on the south side of Southwark bridge; but in some mysterious manner or other, another fire broke out simultaneously on the city side of the bridge. The immense concourse of persons who had assembled on the bridge to witness the progress of the devouring element, and, if possible, to aid in extinguishing it, were hemmed in. The bridge, being built of wood, was soon itself enveloped in flames. The only chance, therefore, of escape, was in throwing themselves over the bridge into boats on the river. Many thousands were in this way saved, but it was computed that, in the hurry, and confusion, and crowding into the boats, not less than three thousand persons fell into the river and perished. How affecting the thought, that in thus escaping from the destructive fury of one element—fire, it was only to meet immediate death by its opposite element—water. The amount of property, too, destroyed by this conflagration, was very great; it burnt down a number of houses on either side of the river.

In the space which intervened between 1212 and the great fire of 1666, London was visited by many conflagrations, but none of them were of sufficient magnitude to require a particular reference. The frequency of fires down to the close of the sixteenth century, is easily accounted for. It is to be ascribed to the fact of the houses being, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, nearly all built of wood. The frequency of fires had induced the mayor and aldermen of the city to pass a resolution that all houses should, with the view of preventing the recurrence of fires, be built of stone. The resolution, however, was not acted upon to any great extent. The much greater expensiveness of the materials was, probably, the principal reason why the resolution was not more generally adopted. Be this as it may, there were comparatively few houses of stone until the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In that century, in the year 1666, occurred the most terrific and most destructive fire, not only which had ever been known in London, but which had ever taken place in any part of the world. It broke out in a baker's house in Pudding Lane, at the back of the Monument, and destroyed, during the three days it lasted, eighty-nine churches, St. Paul's, the city gates, the Royal Exchange, the Custom House, Guildhall, Zion College, and a great many other public buildings. The number of streets it laid in ruins exceeded four hundred, and the number of houses consumed was upwards of thirteen thousand. The ruins of this colossal conflagration covered nearly four hundred and fifty acres. It extended from the Tower to the vicinity of the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate, in Bishopsgate Street, to Holborn Bridge. Even then its further progress was only arrested by the blowing up of a number of houses. Estimates

have been made of the value of the property destroyed on that memorable occasion, and in round numbers it has been supposed to be about £12,000,000, which, according to our standard of value, would be equal to £50,000,000 or £60,000,000. All the fires to which reference has been made, were attended by the destruction to a greater or less amount, of human life. The narrowness of the streets, conjoined with the circumstance of the houses being mostly, except at the time of the great fire of 1666, built of wood, enabled the flames to spread with a fearful rapidity. The consequence of this destruction both of property and life, was, that the progress of London in commercial greatness, and the extension of its size, was frequently arrested. Between the frequent fires, and plagues with which London was visited during the periods which have been referred to, it is indeed a matter of surprise that it should have continued to retain its importance as the first city in Europe.

Those who are conversant with the history of London in the dark ages, must feel the contrast between what it then was and what it now is, to be curious and striking. At that time the city, extending from Ludgate Hill eastward to the Minories, was surrounded by forests and water. A few miles north of the Thames there was an immense forest; it extended for many miles from west to east. The district now known by the name of Finsbury, was a large lake, whose waters washed the north-east wall of the city. Westminster was wholly separated from London by an immense tract of water, the communication between the two cities being carried on by boats. A river of considerable size ran so late as two centuries ago, along Farringdon Street, and emptied itself into the Thames. At a still later period, there were large and beautiful gardens attached to many of the houses in the Strand. In the time of Elizabeth, Holborn, which was then only built as far westward as Gray's Inn Lane, was called a village, and was not connected with London. In the now gigantic borough of Marylebone, there was not then a single house. St. Pancras, Pentonville, Islington, the City Road, Hoxton, &c. were all open fields, through which it was dangerous to pass, in consequence of the number of robbers, by which they were infested.

To those who are fond of comparing the past with the present, it would be a very interesting exercise to compare the external aspect of London four or five hundred years ago, with its external aspect at present. Then, the houses, with very few exceptions, were built of wood, their roofs being covered even with thatch similar to what is still to be seen in many farmsteadings in different parts of the country. The streets were narrow and irregular, and the city generally had a very heavy, repulsive appearance. The streets were not paved; they first

began to be so in the year 1533. The inhabitants, in wet weather, were generally, when walking along the leading thoroughfares, ankle deep in mud; and, to aggravate the evil, vehicles for the conveyance of the public from one part of the town to another, were then unknown. Indeed, at so late a period as the year 1625, there were only twenty hackney-coaches in London. Even those who, before the streets of London were paved, could afford to keep their carriages, could not, in very rainy weather, pass from one part of the town to the other without great difficulty and danger. The carriages often stuck fast in the mud, and in the endeavour to extricate them, the horses became restive, and often upset the vehicles. A curious illustration of the soft nature of the leading thoroughfares in London before the idea of paving them occurred to the citizens, was given in the year 1691. In that year occurred the most terrible tempest with which London was ever visited. No fewer than six hundred houses—probably a tenth of the whole—were blown down. The Tower suffered greatly from the effects of the storm, and many of the most strongly-built churches were entirely destroyed. Among others, the church of St. Mary-le-bow (our present Bow Church), fell a partial victim to the fury of the tempest. Four of the rafters on the roof, each of them thirty feet in length, were blown off, and, falling into Cheapside, so great was the softness of the soil, and such the force of the storm, that twenty-six feet out of the thirty were buried in the earth. Only four feet of the rafters were visible above ground. Handsome squares and ornamental parks were then wholly unknown; there were no places of public promenade. Such a thing as walking for pleasure was altogether unknown. Fine shops, or fine houses of any kind, were also unknown. The streets were not lighted at night; the little light that guided the feet of the pedestrian was emitted from the shops and the windows of the houses. It was dangerous, owing to the numerous robberies then committed after dark, to go out at night; no one, indeed, left his own abode who was not obliged to do so. How altered the aspect and state of London now! But I dwell not on its present condition; I leave that to the reader himself. Suffice it to say, that it is now one of the most healthy and comfortable towns in the kingdom.

It were improper to close this introductory chapter without some reference to the recent rapid extension of London, and what it is likely to attain to ere the lapse of many years. Astounding as is the magnitude which it has already attained, it is increasing in extent with a rapidity to which there is no parallel either in its own annals, or in the history of any other city in the world. In little more than twelve years, no fewer than twelve hundred streets have been added to the number pre-

viciously existing—being at the rate of a hundred new streets every year. The statement will surprise our country readers; many of them will, doubtless, regard it as an experiment on their credulity. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. It is given on the authority of a return recently made, not to the legislature, but to the government. These twelve hundred new streets consist of forty-eight thousand houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort. It is a fact which is worthy of being recorded, that of late years the new houses which have been built, are, in the majority of cases, of a superior class as compared with the houses previously erected. The resident in the metropolis is less liable to be struck with amazement at the rapid rate with which it is, in all directions, extending its boundaries, because almost daily additions to its magnitude come gradually on him; but it requires no great effort of the imagination to form some idea of what must be the measure of that man's surprise who now surveys its suburbs after an absence of ten or twelve years.

The question has often been asked, "Is London likely to continue for any length of time to increase its dimensions in the same ratio as it has done for the last fourteen or fifteen years?" Absolute certainty on such a point is necessarily out of the question. No man can speak oracularly on the subject. The presumption, however, undoubtedly, is in favour of an affirmative answer. The probability, indeed, is, that not only will it go on extending its proportions at the same extraordinary rate, but that it will do so at an accelerated pace. The disposition to build is everywhere prevalent. A few months only have elapsed since a great effort was made to obtain the sanction of the legislature to erect houses on Hampstead Heath. Had this sanction been given to the parties applying for it, there cannot be a question, that before twelve months had elapsed, that extensive common would have presented the aspect of a moderately-sized country town.

In confirmation of the opinion that this mighty metropolis will go on, for many years to come, enlarging its dimensions, in as great if not a greater ratio than during the last fourteen or fifteen years, it may be right to refer to the fact, that the demand for houses instead of diminishing, continues to increase. From all parts of the country we hear, at short intervals, of the number of unoccupied houses in particular towns. No such complaint ever greets the ear in reference to the metropolis. Not only are there few untenanted houses in the more central parts of the town, but the most careless observer who passes through any of the suburban districts must have been often struck with the fact, that scarcely is a new street finished, than almost every house in it is fully occupied.

This very extensive and rapidly increasing demand for houses is susceptible of easy explanation. The extraordinary facilities for travelling afforded by the numerous railways now intersecting the country, induce myriads to visit the metropolis, who, but for these facilities of transit, would have remained contented in the provinces: many thousands of these settle permanently among us. It need hardly be remarked, that increased facilities of intercourse between London and the country towns, necessarily increase the trade and commerce of the former, and that as trade and commerce increase, the demand for houses must continue to grow, and the metropolis, consequently, continue to extend. As an illustration of the influence which the railways have in bringing persons from the provinces to the metropolis, who otherwise would not have visited the latter place, the fact deserves to be mentioned, that the daily influx of individuals to London is five times as great now as it was only fifteen years ago. Let any one only visit the termini of the great trunk railways—the London and Birmingham, the Great Western, the London and South Western, the Eastern Counties', the Dover, the Brighton, &c.; let any one only visit the termini of these great lines of railway, and he will be overwhelmed with amazement at the thousands of persons which the provinces daily pour into the metropolis. As railways are multiplied and extended throughout the country, London, already so overgrown, must needs continue to swell its dimensions. When or where the enlargement of its boundaries is to stop, no one can tell; not even a confident conjecture can be formed on the subject. There is not, assuredly, anything improbable in the supposition that, ere many years have elapsed, Blackwall, Stratford, Greenwich, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Hammersmith, Fulham, Brixton, and other places around London, will, by the filling up of the intervening open space with houses, be all brought within the comprehensive embraces of the metropolis. In the supposed case, instead of being, as at present, about forty miles in circumference, its circumference would be little less than a hundred miles; while the population would be from three millions five hundred thousand to four millions. The mind feels appalled at the contemplation of so colossal a place; it is overpowered as it reflects on the probability that so vast a number of human beings will, ere long, be permanently congregated together, as if all belonged to one great family. London is already regarded as a little world of itself. The author who, half a century hence, shall write on so fruitful a theme, may, with a special propriety, choose for his book the title of "*The Modern Babylon.*"

E. H. E.

THE PARLOUR BOARDER.

AN EVERY-DAY SKETCH.

Mrs. SARAH BLOOMER was a widow, her amiable husband having died some years prior to the period of which we write. She was a nice woman in her way was Mrs. Bloomer, but her ways were at times rather queer. In the opinion of some persons, doubtless, she would have been fair; fat she decidedly was in the opinion of all; and forty she could have been proved to be, had reference been made to certain documentary evidence most incontestible respecting the point. Appearances, however, militated against this latter fact; for Mrs. Bloomer was romantic in her disposition, and inclined to be gay and youthful in her habits. The curls upon her forehead were always well arranged, and exceedingly natural they appeared, according most admirably with her complexion, which inclined to be florid. Mrs. Bloomer resided in Gower Street, Bedford Square, where she let lodgings to single gentlemen, and gained her livelihood by "comfortably doing for them" at a guinea-and-a-half a week. Mrs. Bloomer was very decided in her antipathies and likings, and scrupled not to exhibit them whenever occasion presented itself. She admired herself in particular; but her admiration did not extend to her sex in general; and she, therefore, invariably rejected any application for her apartments for the accommodation of ladies, alleging as her reason that "they do give sich trouble." To the applicants, however, of the other sex, she was affability itself. She had a most determined knack of administering what she quaintly but expressively termed "the sauce of life," spiced according to the palate of the patient. We all of us, from the philosopher to the determined fop, disguise it as we may, can find a relish for the honied words of flattery; and when it proceeds from a lady, it comes with a resistless force. If ever an amiable-looking gentleman in knee smalls and gaiters for instance, made application at the house of Mrs. Bloomer, to be comforted in that lady's establishment, ten to one but a bargain on the spot was the result. The seductive tones of Mrs. Bloomer at once brought down the bill, and brought in the gentleman. When in, how pleased he would become with the amiable widow, and how he would congratulate himself when he experienced with delight the many little attentions of his blooming hostess. We can recollect a set of Mrs. Bloomer's apartments being vacant—"the bill" appeared conspicuously in the parlour window, and its flagree work appeared the emblem of gentility. It had not been there many hours before a little gentleman stopped before the house, glanced at the card first, and then cast a look at the drawing-room windows. Having completed this survey to his satisfaction, he proceeded to the door, and inflicted a series of heavy knocks thereon, which made the street resound again and again. The door was speedily opened by the housemaid, who requested the

gentleman to walk into the parlour and wait while she called "missis." This little man was a singular-looking mortal, very singular indeed. He was an extremely sallow-countenanced body, with small grey twinkling eyes. A casual observer would have been in doubt as to whether he was a master tailor, or a journeyman hairdresser, or a valet. Upon a close scrutiny, however, the advantages would certainly appear in favour of the latter profession. He was dressed in a fashionably-cut surtout, which reached nearly to his knees, under which he wore bilious-looking trowsers, strapped tightly over a pair of polished high-lows. His coat was buttoned close up to his throat, and in his hand he carried a dress cane with its attendant tassel. This, then, was the gentleman that applied to view Mrs. Bloomer's apartments. "Missis" having been called up, that lady made her appearance in a morning dress, the most conspicuous parts of which were a green velvet turban and a rather extensive bustle. The little gentleman politely moved, and Mrs. Bloomer bowed in a most enchanting manner, smiling bewitchingly. The small gentleman inquired the rent of the apartments, and Mrs. Bloomer satisfied him; at the same time expatiating on the excellence of her establishment, she concluded her encomium by administering a strong dose of the "sauce." The bargain was ultimately struck, and the little gentleman left the parlour, a tenant under Mrs. Bloomer. That lady with smiles conducted the little man to the street, and the morning air gently agitated the curls of her front as she wished good day to Mr. Scrapington.

On the following day Mr. Scrapington entered upon the occupation of the apartments of Mrs. Bloomer. In answer to that lady's inquiries, he had previously informed her that he was an artist and a teacher of music; and Mrs. Bloomer was so much prepossessed in favour of the stranger, that she did not even ask for a reference. Mr. Scrapington's luggage soon afterwards arrived in a hand-cart. It consisted of an easel, sundry books of old music, one small trunk, and a very dilapidated carpet-bag. Mrs. Bloomer displayed more than her ordinary assiduity in her endeavours to make everything as comfortable as possible on the day Mr. Scrapington arrived.

As the little man was taking his breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Bloomer stepped up to inquire how he had slept, and to know if there was anything she could do for him. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his new apartments, and complimented their fair proprietress upon her taste in their arrangement.

"By-the-bye, Mrs. Bloomer," said Mr. Scrapington, "can you tell me of any music-seller who has a good piano to let out to hire? I have left my own in the country, and I feel, of course, quite lost without it."

Mrs. Bloomer at once referred the little man, for whom she had taken a most extraordinary liking, to a friend of hers, who, as luck would have it, (luck will always have his own way, and always steps in just when he's least expected) had a piano she was confident would exactly suit Mr. Scrapington. The servant was accordingly despatched to the lender of pianos; and, in the course of the day, the sitting-room of Mr. Scrapington was further enriched by a fine-toned Broadwood piano.

Weeks rolled on, during which time Mr. Scrapington regularly paid his rent, and had daily advanced in the good opinion and attachment of the widow Bloomer. At the end of that time, however, Mr. Scrapington was under the painful necessity of informing the widow that his remittance from the country which he had expected had not arrived, consequently he could not have the pleasure of paying her account for a few days. This information Mrs. Bloomer treated with the most praiseworthy indifference. It was not, she said, of the slightest consequence.

Some weeks passed on, but still no money came; yet Mrs. Bloomer's confidence was not shaken. One morning Mr. Scrapington came down to the parlour, and said he wished to speak to Mrs. Bloomer. He drew a chair to the fire, and most affectionately took the widow's hand; at which the amiable lady became so much fluttered, that she actually, and without intention, placed her other hand on the top of Mr. Scrapington's.

"Mrs. Bloomer," commenced that little gentleman, prefacing his speech with a slight sigh; "Mrs. Bloomer, I have been thinking that the room up stairs is too large for a man of my retiring habits." Mr. Scrapington's eye slightly twinkled as he uttered this sentence, but whether it was the effect of accident, or whether it was from his finding himself in the singular fact of accusing himself of bashfulness, of course we are unable to say; and therefore, if it is at all interesting to our readers, they will please to supply the information from their own imagination. We confine ourselves simply to fact.

"I have been further thinking," continued Mr. Scrapington, and here he gave the widow's hand a slight squeeze, "that as you are all alone in this room, it must be rather dull for you all day; and as I am not out much, that I could board with you in this room."

The dear considerate little man, thought the widow; she said nothing though, but cast her eyes on the ground.

"I will continue to pay the same terms that I have lately done for the rooms up stairs, with something extra for my board."

This was strictly true. This was his intention, and his sincerity was most commendable.

The widow felt more attachment to the little man than ever; but as she considered that compliance at once would not have so much real romantic pleasure in it as a little coquettish delay, she said, with a smile, and most determined effort to manufacture a blush, "that the proposition was so unexpectedly made to her, that she would require a little time to consider, and she would give the answer in the evening."

Mr. Scrapington rose with a sprightly air, and, shaking the widow by the hand, said "that this was what he wished, and he would take the liberty of looking in in the evening, for her resolve." He then left the room, feeling pretty confident as to the result of his mission, which was rendered evident by the violent twinkling of both his little eyes.

Mrs. Bloomer's resolve was already taken, and that good lady's brain was occupied in planning a suitable reception for the dear Mr. Scrapington. Mrs. Bloomer was well pleased; the two servants giggled with delight when they heard of the new arrange-

ment which was about to be made; and satisfaction pervaded the house.

The idea of marrying Mr. Scrapington had never for a moment entered the widow's head; flirtation and coquetry were far more pleasing to her than even the prospect of marriage. Still her singularly-formed attachment to Mr. Scrapington was not friendship—it was not love! What was it then? We are unable to answer the question.

Mr. Scrapington, punctual to his appointment, appeared in the evening, and then Mrs. Bloomer, with a little well-feigned hesitation, informed him that she had "duly considered of his proposition, and was willing to agree to it."

Mr. Scrapington said he was delighted, and so did his little eyes.

"Mrs. Bloomer," said he, taking her hand, "in me you will find a friend, and I hope a pleasing companion."

Mrs. Bloomer smiled, and said, "she knew, she felt convinced that he was the most perfect gentleman the first moment she put her eyes on him; and if any body could hear him play—oh! that was warrant of the splendour of his connexions."

Mr. Scrapington felt the greatest pride in this opinion of Mrs. Bloomer, and could assure her that it was not misplaced. Thus went they on flattering each other until near supper time; and then everything appeared so delightful, and Mrs. Bloomer felt so happy, that a message was sent off to two friends to come to supper. The piano was got down stairs—supper was quickly despatched, and gin and rum were placed on the table. The music was exhilarating—the spirits were most enlivening—and the whole party made a delightful night of it. Mr. Scrapington got quite *drunk on the premises*; Mrs. Bloomer was sent to bed trying to sing the first part of "Mynheer Van Dunk," which Mr. Scrapington and one of the friends had been extolling; and the three guests were sent home in a cab, in a decided state of harmony, and with a full determination of singing all the way.

* * * * *

Mrs. Scrapington was comfortably located in Mrs. Bloomer's parlour, and everything went on regularly except the payment of the rent. Mrs. Bloomer became more romantic than ever, and was continually out with Mr. Scrapington, either at the theatre, or some other place of amusement. Things went on in this delightful state of harmony for several weeks, and Mr. Scrapington got as deep into his amiable landlady's good graces as into her debt. It was observed that Mrs. Bloomer became suddenly fond of small parties, and at these parties Mr. Scrapington was the lion. One morning, after one of these delightful réunions, as Mrs. Bloomer lolled languidly in her easy chair, Mr. Scrapington having gone out, the dirty housemaid came stealthily into the room, and with a most mysterious air exclaimed—

"Missis!"

Mrs. Bloomer started, and looked with lazy curiosity at the mysterious maid, and at length inquired what she wanted.

The girl advanced, and, in an awful tone, said, "Is Mr. Scrapington out, mum?"

Mrs. Bloomer turned sharply round and said he was, and then inquired, What of that.

The girl then stated that an unknown individual had appeared at the house that morning, and inquired for Mr. Scrapington. That gentleman having proceeded to the door, a long conversation passed between them. The deponent, in a very laudable spirit of curiosity, had immediately stationed herself in the area, out of sight, but not out of hearing; and had then and there, in the said position, heard, to her a most alarming conversation pass between Mr. Scrapington and the unknown.

"What did he say?" inquired Mrs. Bloomer, with eager curiosity, and partially rising from her seat.

"Why, mums, he axed how the old blowen vos, and vether the old gabros quite bled."

The bearing of Mrs. Bloomer towards the slipshod, on receiving this piece of intelligence, immediately changed, and in an instant she was a boiling cauldron bubbling over. She attributed this information to a base attempt on the part of the girl to injure Mr. Scrapington. That Mr. Scrapington had low connexions she never could for a moment believe. After a little bubbling about the throat, her indignation burst upon the girl in all its fury.

"You howdacious minx, you; but I'll be calm to such a slut, miss." Acting up to this determination, she dealt the trembling kitchenmaid a violent blow on the ear, and followed up this bit of pleasantry by a month's warning on the spot.

"I tells you what, mum," said the girl, "if you 'its me agin, see what you'll catch; and I hopes that ere man in the parlour will do you yet, you old cat!" and the girl bounced from the room.

This last attack thoroughly knocked Mrs. Bloomer off her legs, if we may use the expression, seeing that she was sitting at the time, and she entertained very serious thoughts of fainting away at the idea of Mr. Scrapington being called "a man," and the horrible indignity of having it supposed that he would attempt "to do" her, as insinuated by the girl. As no one, however, was present to see the effect, and to support her in her chair, she thought better of it, and sat up.

During the remainder of the day, Mrs. Bloomer was in a continual state of ferment, and, on more than one occasion, meditated a descent in the kitchen, with a view to the infliction of summary chastisement on its offending inmate. Mr. Scrapington, however, returned in the evening, and her good humour was restored. The night was passed, as usual, with music and rum-and-water, and the occurrence of the morning was forgotten.

Some weeks rolled on; the kitchenmaid had sought another kitchen, and a more dissembling substitute had been procured, when a slight domestic disturbance in the household affairs of Mrs. Bloomer took place.

The usual hour for breakfast had arrived, and Mrs. Bloomer was seated in the parlour waiting the coming down of Mr. Scrapington. Half-an-hour passed, but no Mr. Scrapington appeared. It was very strange;—could he be ill? This latter thought was distracting, and made Mrs. Bloomer's nose quite red. She went to the head of the kitchen stairs; and, in a heavy, subdued tone, called to the kitchenmaid to go up and see if Mr. Scrapington was unwell. The maid obeyed

the order, and proceeded to the little gentleman's room. She knocked, but no answer was returned; knocked again, louder, but still no answer was given; and at length the maid boldly opened the door, and walked into the room. The bed was there, certainly, but Mr. Scrapington was not. Singular thing, the bed had not been slept in either. The girl was down stairs in a moment.

"He aint there, mum."

"Not there!" screamed Mrs. Bloomer.

"No mum, he aint; amd the bed aint rumped, mum."

Mrs. Bloomer asked no further questions, but proceeded herself at once to Mr. Scrapington's room. He was gone, certainly, and the bed had not been slept in.

The maid was then strictly interrogated as to what time Mr. Scrapington went to bed. That he went up stairs was proved beyond all doubt, and the whole house was, consequently, in a high state of excitement.

The recollections of the disclosures of the kitchenmaid who had been so summarily deposed came in painful intensity on Mrs. Bloomer's mind. Her first impulse was to feel for her keys. She rushed wildly up stairs to her drawers. They were unlocked. Her ready-money was gone—her plate could not be found. The family gold watch, so long worn by the late Mr. Bloomer, ticked no more on the drawing-room chimney-piece; and the little silver Cupid that once smiled so beautifully over the fire-place, smiled there no more. The casket of valuables was empty—a complete clearance had taken place.

Mrs. Bloomer's impulse, on discovering this accumulation of losses, was to send for the police; but at that moment her eye fell upon the portrait of Mr. Scrapington, which that gentleman had kindly left her in the parlour.

Further defalcations were discovered in the course of the day, and Mrs. Bloomer was, before night, nearly distracted; but she took comfort, and some brandy, and went to bed.

* * * * *

Mrs. Bloomer still resides in Gower Street, and still lets lodgings; but she eschews all young men, and particularly those who are a variety of professions combined in their own proper persons. Her friends, though they laugh in their sleeve, never allude at all to Mr. Scrapington; and now that years have rolled on, Mrs. Bloomer herself has almost forgotten him, but she has made a vow, and kept it, never to become intimate with a musical lodger, or to have a parlour boarder.

IRISH SONGS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

No. I.

SWEET KATE OF ATHERDEE.

THE sun in golden seas of flame
Had bathed the western skies,
The shadowy night in silence came,
With all her starry eyes ;
When sadly 'neath yon ruin'd tower,
I lingered still with thee ;
Oh ! bitter was the parting hour,
Sweet Kate of Atherdee !

I see her still, in blooming life ;
I hear her gentle tone,
That still'd my wildest passion's strife,
To softness like her own.
But oh ! that night around my heart,
A presage seemed to be,
That I must soon for ever part
From Kate of Atherdee.

The turret clock, that silence broke,
Rang like a passing bell ;
The night-bird's plaintive music spoke
A long and last farewell.
And now the hand of death has set
Her gentle spirit free ;
But never can my heart forget
Sweet Kate of Atherdee !

No. II.

THE ROSE OF THE WEST.

The darkness of death is around me, Alana !
The heart of O'Connor is cold in his breast ;
She is lost to the banks of the soft-flowing Banna ;
She has faded and died, the fair Rose of the West.
The voice of her sweetness, the song of her gladness,
Are hush'd into silence—their music is gone ;
In the halls of her father are mourning and sadness,
Where late in the light of her beauty she shone.

Oh ! why hast thou left us to weep for thee, Mary ?
Thy lone mother mourns for the last of her race ;
Thy step was as light as the moon-loving fairy ;
Thy soul was as bright as thy beautiful face.
Deep, deep is thy slumber—as deep as our sorrow ;
Thou art pale as the roses they twin'd for thy head :
They were woven to grace thy gay bridal to-morrow—
To-night they are strown o'er the shrouded and dead.

had already seen the princess, whom the queen received in the
 avails of Bradeville, do homage to her majesty, which con-
 stituted in loyalty presenting some five marks of virgin silver.
 The cavaliers of the French army, where the captain of the
 No. 111

THE LADY OF TERRIDES.

*Order! my lord, revoke that order! If you
 Would not live the victim of remorse, and
 Die a prey to black despair, I charge you, do not
 Rothe great and living God, strike that
 Order in aid of the poor, who are
 Lord, Ervingham. Fool! this acted warmth is vain.
 My lord, I'll hear no more. Away!*

THE TREASON.

In the year of grace 1448, queen Mary of Anjou followed her
 royal husband, Charles VII., to Beziers. The dauphin, her son,
 carried her on the group of his own milk-white steed, and they
 passed along beneath a canopy embroidered with the quartered
 arms of France and Anjou, borne by the capitols. The queen
 was attired in a sky-blue velvet robe, lined and faced with
 ermine, her head covered with a veil of white gauze, raised at
 the two ends, and forming a sort of crescent above her intellec-
 tual brow. The capitols were clad in their long flowing robes
 and dalmatics, having on either shoulder three red stripes to
 mark their official rank, and a hood, which fell down behind
 even to the waist. This entry, with all its minute particulars,
 is detailed, just as I have above described, in the manuscript
 annals of the city of Beziers. Behind the queen and capitols,
 again, came two horsemen, mounted on noble beasts. They were
 both dressed in tunics, folded gracefully over the breast, con-
 fined by a belt at the waist, then flowing loose and unconfined
 to the knee, and enriched with a broad gold border. Their
 head-gear was a species of turban, with a strip of the same material
 falling from the top, that protected the back of the head from
 sun or shower, but descended no lower than the nape of the
 neck. The first of the two was Guy de Bastide. He was a man
 of about thirty-five years at the most; a brave and skilful leader;
 never wanting at his post in the bloody wars between France
 and England; and one who had ever maintained a foremost rank
 in the defenders of the throne, not more by his trusty sword
 than spotless fidelity. He now followed the steps of queen
 Mary of Anjou, paying scant heed or attention to the gay and

gorgeous spectacle which on all sides lay beneath his gaze. He had already seen the burgesses, whom the queen received in the village of Braqueville, do homage to her majesty, which consisted in loyally presenting some fifty marks of virgin silver. The cavalcade, had also passed through the *forta* St. Cyprian, where the capitols took care to have in readiness a missal, a cross, and the canon of the *mass*, in order that both queen and dauphin might make path in compliance with ancient custom, before setting foot in Beziers, to maintain the city inviolate, in all its rights and privileges; but neither the splendour of the jewels and rich dresses which the burgesses' wives and daughters, crowded together on all sides, profusely displayed, nor the frequent pretty faces of their black-eyed wearers, nor the cries of exuberant loyalty and joy which the people incessantly poured forth as the procession advanced—not one, nor all together of these subjects of interest had power to dispel the anxious expression of Guy's handsome countenance, or efface from his usually smooth and unruffled brow the deep furrow that now so painfully contracted it. Only at rare intervals he would raise his flashing eyes to the broad *muniments* he was about to pass, like one who knows, but never reckoned on seeing them more; it would seem as though his vision, piercing through their material thickness, saw some distant recollection rise, and shape itself to form behind their massive and impenetrable barrier. Therefore was it that, plunged in profound meditation, he at length entered the city, without hearing, or at least heeding, the formal ceremony of giving up the keys, which the dauphin instantly restored to the capitols, at the same time saying:—

“Order you to keep them, sith they cannot be in better or more loyal hands.”

All the solemn mummeries which constituted what was then called “une joyeuse et noble entrée” having been gone through with much admired decorum, eight ladies of the highest rank, not only in the city, but whole Province, advanced to meet queen Mary, and lay at her royal feet the offering of the nobility; and Guy had no sooner cast his eyes upon the lovely band, than he turned deadly pale, and trembled in his seat at sight of a young girl of hardly fifteen years, who formed part of the gentle deputation, and who herself, surprised at the emotion she so evidently excited in the strange knight's breast, cast her bright speaking orbs to the ground in timid bashfulness, at feeling herself the object of such undisguised and singular attention. Satisfied by the choice which had been made of her for so important an act of homage, that she must of necessity be one at the banquet given that evening to the queen, in its *hotel de ville*, by the city of Beziers, Guy deferred till then the making any inquiries as to who the beautiful person was with whose resem-

blance to one he had formerly known and loved he was so forcibly struck. I will not weary my kind readers by dwelling on all the splendour and magnificence of the feast which took place on that memorable occasion, you shall only know what Guy learned there respecting the young girl whom he had seen in that morning's procession. Her name was Colombe, and the daughter of the sire of Carmain and Catharine de Coaraze. Her father had died a few years after her birth, and her mother retired to the convent of female Hospitallers, of the order of St. Cyprian; where, in a short while, thanks to her austere virtues, and rigid observance of the most painful duties of the rule, she became superior to the pious community. Hence it resulted, that the young demoiselle of Carmain—left from early childhood to the care of mercenaries, had never known the sweets of domestic affection, and, in consequence, married whilst very young, and, at the time I speak, was the wife of Raoul de Terrides. During the recital of these details, Guy de Bastides never ceased his earnest gaze on the speaking features of Colombe, and many a time and oft seemed to be saying within himself:—

"Yes, she is indeed Catharine's own child; there, in very sooth, is her countenance of grave and striking beauty; there the lustrous black of her hair, the pale brown tinge of her complexion, her darkly brilliant eye—without, however, the hard sternness of expression which characterized her mother's. Ah! I could believe the past were come again."

Then, during the remainder of that long, wearisome feast, to whose noisy gait and mirth Guy remained an utter stranger, his whole soul absorbed in the contemplation of Colombe, he murmured many a time and oft, in a low voice, and as though despite himself:—

"Yes, it is she—she in very truth!"

On her part, the Lady of Terrides felt very anxious to know who the seigneur was of Charles VII.th's court who continued to gaze on her with such intentness; but she could only learn of Guy what we have already related, except that neither his family nor country were known. During the course of the stately and protracted banquet, without approaching each other, they mutually remarked sufficient to desire a better acquaintance; and anon, Guy, profiting by Mary of Anjou's stay in Beziers, found means to introduce himself to the young girl's familiarity; and when the queen departed for Paris, he followed not in her train. Meanwhile, Raoul of Terrides was on a visit at his castle of Mirepoix, occupied in castigating the impertinence of the burgesses there, who attempted to resist his right to take toll on the high road which passed before his castle gate, and which was their only way to Faujoux and the fairs of Castel Vaudary; and if there reached his years any rumours of the now undisguised intimacy

which subsisted between the sire of Bastides and his young and beauteous wife, doubtless, he gave them no credit, for he did not hasten his return. This presented nothing extraordinary to those who were thoroughly acquainted with the character of Raoul of Terrides. Accustomed, from earliest infancy, to trample every obstacle under foot—to crush, to destroy aught that dared to wound him either in his affections or interests,—it was but slowly, and with difficulty that the thought entered his mind, that a woman, young and defenceless, and a man he regarded as an adventurer, would have the hardihood to insult and dishonour him so grievously, and with so little concealment as was related. Nevertheless, the rebellion of the burgesses having been suppressed, the return, the immediate return of the sire of Terrides was announced at Beziers: and, to the great astonishment of all, the news did not put a final and conclusive termination to the intimate relations which existed between the Lady of Terrides and him who was publicly reported to be her lover.

Such extreme impudence and audacity roused the honest anger of all well-conducted persons. Such shamelessness in manifesting a criminal connexion, so deeply wounded the people of most consideration in the city, that some of them even took upon themselves the liberty to warn Colombe of her dangerous position, and the fearful retribution which her imprudence would draw down upon her head. But the interest which was at first testified in her fate, soon gave place to loudly-expressed reprobation, when it was known she had replied to the prudent counsels of her friends by an assertion that, she had only met in Guy with the happiness she envied most on earth, and would not sacrifice him to the calumnies of a censorious world. The consequence of such unheard-of independence was a sort of universal contempt—an indignation so excessive, that the chances of the severe punishment, perhaps death, which threatened the devoted Colombe, were calculated with a savage coolness, more arising, doubtless, from a wish that she might meet with such, than in pity for her grievous and imminent peril. Anon, each fancied it a duty to participate in the coming vengeance; and when the sire of Terrides actually arrived, friendly voices were not wanting to tell him all, and more, and spur him on to signal punishment: yet the well-known violence of his character put a restraint on the tongues of even the most malevolent and determined scandalizers, and Raoul was left to judge of the guilt or innocence of Colombe from the evidence of his own eyes. He received Guy de Bastides in a manner full of nobility and grace; and, from some secret cause which none could devise, the same intimacy continued to reign between the Lady of Terrides and Guy in her husband's presence, and with his tacit approbation, as before. Then poured forth a flood of squibs,

bon-mots, quolibets, and satires addressed to all three, but particularly the strangely apathetic Raoul. Quickly were they spread throughout the city and suburbs, made their appearance even in the assemblies of the provincial parliaments, and the sacred service of the mass was oftentimes disturbed by their passage from ear to ear, even at the very altar steps. Nevertheless, as Guy and Raoul were both men of well-known courage and skill in wielding the sword, some care was taken not to indulge in these calumnious attacks in their presence. Still, the popular malignity was not sufficiently glutted; and, besides, all were desirous of knowing whether the extraordinary conduct of the usually violent and impetuous Raoul was owing to complaisance or blindness; and, accordingly, one day, when the sire of Terrides was about to re-enter his home, he found the four following lines written upon his door:—

*Se la Colombe de Terrides/
Tout haut es pas morte de froc,
Esche l'auzel a fuch l'endret,
Per s'amaga a las Bastidas.*

The meaning of which, though all their force lies in the Patois of Languedoc, is—

"If the dove (Colombe) of lofty Terrides, is not dead of cold, 'tis because she has fled her nest for the warmer shelter of Bastides."

At sight of this fatal denunciation, which he felt sure must have been posted on his portals for many hours, and served for the amusement and loud mocking of the curious passers-by, at sight of this, I say, ungovernable rage seized possession of Raoul.

"Ah!" he cried, violently bursting open the door with a blow of his massive fists, and darting into the interior of his house; "and I am to endure this!" Then he mounted, furious, and with distorted features, to the chamber where Guy and Colombe were, as usual, seated in close and intimate companionship.

"Come hither!" he hoarsely cried to them; "come hither, and see what ye have done."

And, without waiting for an answer, he dragged them fiercely to the door, whereupon Colombe seemed less affrighted at the insolent inscription than, if what was said were true, it behoved her to be; and Guy would fain have effaced it, saying the while he would nail the hand of the caittiff knave who wrote it to the door-post.

"No; no!" said Raoul, violently stopping him; "not so, is such an outrage as this to be washed out; neither the blood nor the hand of its writer can suffice to cleanse the aspersed honour of my name."

And, in an instant, with dagger drawn, he sprung upon Guy de Bastides; but before he could reach him, his wife had darted between, and a few persons, who happened to be then passing along the street, threw themselves upon Raoul, and prevented his doing Guy or the weeping Colombe any injury. He was forced back into the house, and, to the great surprise of all the spectators, followed quietly in by the sire of Bastides and his wife. A short while after they were all three alone together, and Raoul said to Guy, with all the ferocity of a deadly menace—

“And now what will you give me in return for that you have robbed me of? Is not my honour lost? lost, mark you! And I would have you know I will not be the object, the ignoble mark, for all the doubts and doubts of the whole country; think on it well; I give you twenty-four hours’ grace—twenty-four, mind—not a minute longer. All will then be over, and I will act as becomes a seigneur whose escutcheon had never soil or stain before this day.”

With these words he left Guy and Colombe both stupefied with astonishment, and who afterwards held a long and interesting conversation together. At its conclusion, the youthful Lady of Terrides wrote to her mother, desiring her instant presence on a matter of grave interest. The summons was promptly obeyed. As soon as the abbess arrived, she was closetted with her daughter, and the following is what passed between them:—

“Mother,” said Colombe to her, throwing herself passionately on her knees, “I look to you for pity and assistance; I put my trust in your protecting love. My life, my honour, are at stake!”

“Speak,” answered Catharine, whose once majestic style of beauty, worn away and faded by the austere duties of the cloister, had only left her that sternness of expression which was displeasing in the zenith of her charms, “speak in that posture it well becomes a woman who has forgotten her duty.”

The Lady of Terrides possessed at bottom, if not her mother’s hardness, at least a large portion of her haughty blood; and, in a moment, she sprang indignantly to her feet, and exclaimed:—

“Then I speak standing; for I am more innocent than my accusers, more unsullied than those who internally despise me.”

“I hope so, daughter,” said the superior; “and I await the proof.”

“’Tis, in a word,” replied Colombe, in the name which *Sieur Guy de Bastides* bore sixteen years ago.

“And what was that?” resumed Catharine, with a gloomy air.

“Jehan de la Garde,” said Colombe.

"Jehan de la Garde!" shrieked the abbess, in fearful agitation; "Jehan de la Garde!" she repeated, letting her head fall heavy on her breast.

"Yes, mother," added Colombe, again dropping on her knees before her; "he whom your heart singled from the rest amidst the tortures, the acts of savage violence with which, sixteen years ago, the sire of Carmain crushed you to the earth. He who loved you so tenderly, so devotedly; and whom, together with yourself, you punished for a moment's weakness by a forced exile from his native land."

"He here!" gasped Catharine out at length, her eyes fixed and distended, her lips compressed together in fierce anger; "here!"

Then she raised her lean and wasted hands to heaven, and cried with bitter anguish:—

"Yet—yet another trial, O my God! Ah! he here!"

"Yes, mother," continued the Lady of Terrides; "after an absence of sixteen long years, wholly spent in the rude labours of war, he is returned to Beziers; not, however, with the intention of seeking you out, for he has never ceased to hold your orders sacred; not with the design of making himself known to me, for he was ignorant of my existence; but to give a last sad look on his own, on your, dear native land, my mother. Fate, however, would not have it so; it brought us two together. Jehan confided to me his secret; and he—a poor exile, who had no other living thing to love but you, no other happiness than what consisted in remembrance—and myself—an orphan, despite your existence, and confided at two early an age to the care of a husband who thinks of nought but war and blood, without resting place for my heart, without ever having enjoyed the blessing of parental affection—we have sought in each other's society that happiness which was so many years denied us. Often have we smiled together, but oftener wept."

"Wretch! wretch!" repeated the miserable Catharine, incessantly, shaking her head madly the while, and addressing the exclamation to herself.

"And now," added Colombe, bursting into sobs of anguish, know you what they say?—that he is my lover!"

"Infamy!" cried Catharine, pressing her closely to her breast, and encircling her slim and girlish form with her fleshless arms. "Infamy! he is thy father!" Forgetting that she herself had shared the popular suspicion.

Simultaneously with this gesture and that exclamation, an expression of unutterable agony distorted Catharine's worn features; she convulsively repulsed her daughter, who hastily cried:—

"O mother! what is the matter? what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered the superior, resuming her former air of gloom, "nothing—go on."

The Lady of Terrides obeyed."

"He is my father, is he not? and you can prove it, and restore to me my honour and fair name stainless and unspotted?"

"Yes, I can attest it with an oath," replied Catharine, bitterly; "I can say that the lady of Carmain dragged her husband's honourable name in the filthy mire of a disgraceful passion. Yes, I can say that—can say that. Go, summon your husband; summon him, I say. I will confess my shame to him, my forehead buried in the dust; and you may spurn me after, if you will, for I deserve the worst."

"But, mother," said Colombe, with nervous agitation, he already knows the fact—it is not he who needs to be convinced."

"Who then?" cried Catharine, impetuously, "who then?"

"Mother," faltered Colombe, despairingly, "all—all the county brand me with this infamous accusation."

"All the county?" repeated the superior, devouring her daughter with fixed, dilated eyes. "All the county! And must I then proclaim to the whole county that the Superior of the Hospitallers—she who, by seven long years of maceration and constant penance has gained the reputation of a saint, is but a prostitute and an adulteress? O, no, no! thou never, sure, couldst hope it; if thou didst deceive thyself, know now I will not do it!"

"And what, then, will become of me! O, heaven! what will be my fate!"

"To suffer," answered her mother, with cruel calmness; "offspring of crime, thou wilt inherit its misfortunes. Didst thou but know what I have suffered!"

"But I am innocent, innocent!" cried Colombe, wildly.

"And I guilty!—guilty of a grievous sin. Great, however, as it is, there must be means for expiating the worst, else is not God just. Look here!" she said, and tearing open her vail, hurriedly removing her under garment of coarse flannel, she exposed to view a hair-cloth, whose sharpened points plunged deep into the quivering flesh, which was now torn and bleeding; for, on clasping her daughter in her arms, and pressing her with transport to her breast, she had driven the atrocious discipline to the quick. Colombe recoiled with horror at the sight, and dared not breathe another word.

At this moment Guy and Raoul entered; the latter approached his mother-in-law, and said to her, in a solemn tone:—

"So then, madam, you will make no public confession of what you have just said?"

Catharine dropped her veil over her face, and, without regarding either the one knight or the other, answered as she went forth:—

"None!"

"Oh! what shall we do?" exclaimed Guy, in the accents of profound despair.

"I know," retorted Raoul with ferocious tranquillity. And instantly summoning about a dozen men-at-arms whom he had concealed in the next room, and without being in the least moved at the horror-struck astonishment painted on the features of Colombe and Guy, which kept them silent and motionless, he gave their leader the following orders:—

"Jacques," he said, "you will seize the bodies of this man and woman, and convey them this very night to my castle of Terrides. When there, you will tear out the tongues of both, and after, chain them in the large iron cage where the bear I laid senseless with a single blow on mount St. Barthelemy last year lately died; and you will place this inscription above the cage: 'Thus does the sire of Terrides avenge himself on those who do him wrong.'"

These orders so nearly resembled the words of a madman, that neither Colombe nor her father had strength to interrupt him; so much were they overcome by surprise. And it came to pass, that when that feeling had given place to indignation, they were alone—alone in the hands of Raoul's terrible soldiery, who had only learnt from him to yield a blind and savage obedience to his most ferocious orders.

That very evening, Raoul related publicly how he had punished the outrage done to his name; and some even thought that the retribution he had taken did not exceed the insult which had been its cause; and that abandoned women and their guilty paramours ought ever to be treated thus.

A few days afterwards, Catharine died in the odour of sanctity; and it was only Raoul, who, in his last moments, confessed his horrid crime, long after Guy and Colombe had expired in atrocious torments.

The name of the seigneur of Terrides is yet fresh in the recollection of the peasantry of that part of the South of France (about Mirepoix and Beziers), though the family has long since passed away; and never is it mentioned unaccompanied by expressions of hatred and alarm, in the keeping up of which (if I may so call it) traditional state of feeling, I fancy the above tale has had no slight share.

W. R.

THE RATTAN;

OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN RENAUD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

"The Emperor was much agitated; he strode three or four times across the apartment with the air of a man impatient of delay, and then stationed himself at the window, on which he commenced beating the devil's tattoo with his fingers. A carriage rolled into the court, and he ceased beating, but he stamped angrily on the floor, as though irritated by the dilatoriness with which matters were proceeding below; a moment afterwards he turned hurriedly to the door, which he opened to the Pope.

Pius VII. entered the room, alone; Bonaparte hastened to close the door behind him, with the jealous vigilance of a jailor. I felt greatly alarmed, I confess, at finding myself an unknown witness to a meeting between two such men; but I remained speechless and motionless, gazing and listening with all my faculties.

The Pope was above the middle height, his countenance long, tall, and with an appearance of ill health; but full of an expression of Christian charity and conscious worth. His dark eyes were large and handsome; his lips parted with a benevolent smile, to which his somewhat projecting chin gave an expression of wit and finesse. He advanced slowly, and with a calm dignified step, to a large *fauteuil*, ornamented with gilded eagles on which he seated himself with downcast eyes, awaiting the communication which the Emperor was about to make.

"Ah! what a scene was that! I see it now as though it had occurred but yesterday. It opened up to me, not so much the genius, as the character, of the man; and if his vast mind was not then unrolled before me, at least the genuine feelings of his heart burst forth without control. Bonaparte did not cease pacing about the apartment when the Pope had entered; he seemed to prowl around him like a cautious hunter, at last he halted in front of him in the stiff, motionless attitude of a drill sergeant, and resumed the thread of a conversation which they had begun in the carriage.

"I repeat it, holy father," he said, "I am no *esprit fort*, nor have I either sympathy or liking for covillers and ideologists. I assure you that, in spite of all old republican prejudices, I shall go to mass, as I have entered these last words sharply, as though he were swinging a censor into the Pope's very face, and paused to watch their effect; thinking, no doubt, that the somewhat impious circumstances which had preceded the interview, would give extraordinary value to this clear and abrupt avowal. The Pope sat with downcast eyes, his hands resting upon the eagle's heads which formed the arms of his chair, and his whole attitude plainly saying: 'I submit myself, with resignation, to listen to all the profane utterances in which he is pleased to indulge.'

¹ Continued from page 368, vol. XL.

"Bonaparte made the circuit of the apartment; and I saw, by the sidelong glances which he cast upon the venerable pontiff, that he was dissatisfied both with himself and with his adversary. He felt that he had resumed the subject with too much abruptness, and as he continued circling round the holy father's chair, he proceeded in a gentler and more respectful tone:—

" 'There is one thing that grieves me deeply,' he said, 'namely, that your holiness consents to the coronation, as formerly to the concordat, with the air of being under constraint. You sit before me like a martyr, resigned to your fate, and offering up your sorrows as a sacrifice to heaven. But such is not, in truth, your situation; you are no prisoner; by heaven! you are as free as air.'

"Pius VII. sighed sadly, and looked him gravely and steadily in the face. He could not but feel how monstrously exacting and despotic was that character which, not satisfied with being implicitly obeyed, required obedience to be yielded with an appearance of satisfaction and cheerful gratitude.

" 'Yes,' continued Bonaparte, with more energy than before; 'you are free—perfectly free; you can return to Rome, if such is your wish; the road is open; there is no obstruction in your way.'

"The Pope raised his eyes and his right hand towards heaven, without any reply; then, as they sank gradually down again, he seemed to be intently examining the golden cross suspended round his neck.

"Bonaparte continued speaking, while he still walked to and fro, but with slower steps. His voice took a sweeter tone, and his smile was full of grace.

" 'But that the gravity of your character, holy father, forbids such a supposition, I should be tempted to say that you are a little ungrateful. You seem to have entirely forgotten the good services that France has rendered you. The decision of the conclave at Venice, which placed the tiara on your head, was, if I mistake not, to a certain extent, inspired by the success of my Italian campaign, and by a word spoken in your favour by me. Austria looked upon your election at that time with an unfavourable eye, which greatly grieved me. Your holiness, if I remember rightly, was forced to return to Rome by sea, from the impossibility of obtaining a passage through the Austro-Italian states.'

"He paused, expecting a reply from his taciturn guest; but Pius VII. made no answer, save by an almost imperceptible inclination of his head, and remained plunged in a reverie of gloomy and despondent abstraction.

"Bonaparte then pushed a chair to the side of the Pope's *fauteuil*. I trembled with apprehension; for, in fetching it, he grazed with his epaulette the curtain of the alcove in which I was concealed.

" 'As a good catholic,' he continued, seating himself, 'I was indeed grieved. I have not had much time to bestow on the study of theology, but I have still great faith in the power of the church; its vitality is marvellous. You shall have reason to be satisfied with me, holy father. Ah! if I could but induce you to act in concert with me, we might make the future all our own.'

"With this he assumed an air of frank, ingenuous, simplicity.

" 'For my own part, I am at a loss to conceive why your holiness

should feel any repugnance to take up your residence in Paris altogether. I would willingly resign the Tuilleries to you, if you wished it. Your own apartments at Monte-Carallo, should be transported for your use to Paris. See you not, padre, that it is the real capital of the world? I would consult your wishes in every thing; and I assure you I am not half so black as I am generally painted. Whilst the fatigues of war and politics were left with me, you might conduct the affairs of the church in whatever way you chose. I would be your soldier; I would put into your hand the real keys of the world, whilst I would but retain the sword, upon which I would invoke the blessing of your holiness at each success of our arms.'

"He paused; and the Pope, who had continued grave and motionless as an Egyptian statue, slowly raised his head, and, with a sigh and a melancholy smile, he whispered, almost inaudibly, the word—

"*Commediante!*"

"Bonaparte bounded from his chair like a wounded leopard. He foamed with rage; at first he spoke not a word, but bit his lip till the blood came. He no longer circled round his prey with cautious step and sidelong glance, but strode from end to end of the apartment, stamping with his feet until the floor shook with his vehemence, and rung with the clatter of his heavy spurs. I looked at the Pope; his countenance preserved its expression of calm and dignified resignation; but I fancied that his hands closed nervously upon the eagle's heads on which they rested.

"Presently the shell burst:—

"*Comedian! I! Ah! the comedies I play shall make you all weep like women and children. Comedian! Ah! you have mistaken your man, if you think that I, forsooth, am to be treated with insolent sang-froid. My theatre is the world; the part I play is that of author and manager. Pope, kings, people, you are all puppets in my hands, and the wire with which I set you in motion is fear. Comedian! Ah! let me see who amongst you all will dare to applaud or hiss me! Signor Chiaramonte! Know you not that the poorest curé in the church would be your equal if I willed it so. France would laugh to scorn both your tiara and yourself, were it not that I preserve a serious and respectful air in your presence. Four years have scarcely passed in France since the time when no one had dared to name the name of Christ above his breath. Who, then, would have spoken of the Pope, I trow? Comedian! Ah! you gentlemen of the frock and cowl would fain set your feet upon our necks again! You are out of humour, because I am not dolt enough to set my signature, like Louis XIV., to your disapprobation of the liberties of the Gallican church! But my ear is deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. You are in my grasp; I carry you from south to north, from east to west, like marionettes; and if I seem to treat you with some consideration and respect, it is because you are the symbol of an old idea which I choose to revive. But you have not the tact to see this, and to appear as though you saw it not. No, no! I must speak out, I must thrust it into your face, in order that you may perceive it. And you think, poor foolish old man, that I have need of you; you carry your head erect, you drape yourself magnificently in your womanish robes!*

But know, that all this display of majesty is thrown away upon me; that if you continue in your present stiff-necked courses, I will treat your drapery as Charles XII. did that of the Grand Visier—I will tear it from your back with the rowels of my spurs!’

“He ceased. I scarcely dared to breathe; but hearing the thunders of his voice no more, I advanced my head to see whether the poor old man were dead with fright. There was the same calmness in his attitude, the same calmness on his features. He raised his eyes a second time towards heaven, with a deep sigh, and said bitterly:—

“‘Tragediante!’

“Bonaparte was, at the moment, leaning upon the marble chimney-piece at the further extremity of the room. He started forward like an arrow, and rushed towards the pontiff’s chair; I thought he would have struck him dead where he sat. But he stopped short, and seizing from the table a vase of Sèvres china, ornamented with paintings of the Capitol and the castle of St. Angelo, dashed it down upon the hearth, and trampled the fragments under his feet. Then, as suddenly, he seated himself, and remained for some minutes in profound silence and ominous tranquillity.

“I was at length reassured; I felt that with reflection he had recovered his senses, and that his brain had resumed its empire over his heated and intemperate blood. He became sad, his voice was low and melancholy, and, at the first word he spoke, I perceived that he was in a true and genuine mood; that this Proteus, fascinated by two words, appeared at last in his natural colours.

“‘Miserable life,’ he began. Then he mused, plucking at the loop of his hat, for a minute or two, and continued, as though speaking to himself.

“‘It is true! no change but from comedy to tragedy!’—

“‘Always in costume, always playing a part, for years past—for years to come! What labour; what littleness! Sitting for my picture—always sitting for my picture! full face for this party, profile for that—forced to act up to their idea of me, and divine aright their imbecile dreams. To keep them suspended between hope and fear. To dazzle them with dates and bulletins, by the *prestige* of distance and the *prestige* of names. To be their master, and to know not what to do with them. It comes at last to this! And, after all, to be weary of it, as I am, is too much. For truly,’ he continued, crossing his legs and throwing himself back in his chair—‘for truly I am weary of it. If I sit still for a moment I am bored to death. I have plans sufficient for the life of forty emperors; I conceive a fresh one every morning, every night. My imagination is indefatigable, yet I shall not have time to execute two of them before I am worn out, body and mind; for our poor lamp does not burn long. And, to speak honestly, I am not sure that, if all my plans were executed, the world would be the happier for them; but it would be more symmetrical, a majestic unity would reign throughout it. I am no philosopher—I care nothing for theories; life is too short to pause; no sooner have I thought than I execute. There will be found endless explanations of my deeds when I am gone, to glorify me if I succeed, to vilify me if I fail. I keep them silent whilst I live, but afterwards they will swarm through France on the wings of

paradox and declamation. It matters not: my business is to succeed; I write my Iliad, for myself, in the deeds I do daily.'

"He rose from his seat with a gay and lively air; he was true and natural at that moment; he was painting no flattering portrait of himself, as he did afterwards in his dialogues at St. Helena, wherein he would fain have drawn a parallel between his own character and the finest heroic conceptions of philosophers. He was himself—himself, genuine and inartificial. He came nearer to the Pontiff, and walked to and fro in front of his chair. Then warming with his subject, and smiling, half in irony, he delivered himself in the following strain, mingling the trivial with the grand, as was his wont, and speaking with inconceivable rapidity:—

"'Birth is everything,' he said; 'those who come into the world poor and naked are always desperate. Their desperation takes the turn of action or of suicide according to the character of the individual. When they have the courage, as in my case, to lay their hands on all within their reach, *ma foi!* they play the devil. What would you have? Man must live. He must find his place, and make his hole. I have mine like a cannon ball. So much the worse for those who stood before me. Some are satisfied with little, others never have enough. What then?' Each one eats according to his appetite, and mine is insatiable! Would you believe it, holy father, at Toulon I had not wherewithal to buy a new pair of epaulettes; in lieu of which I had a mother, and I know not how many brothers, on my shoulders. Josephine married me, half through compassion, and now we are going to crown her under the nose of Raguideau, her notary, who dared to tell her that I had nothing but my cap and sword; and, 'faith, he was not far wrong. Crowns! imperial mantles! what are they after all? Are they mine? A costume! an actor's dress! I shall wear it for an hour, one weary hour, and then resume my uniform, and mount my horse again. Always on horseback; all my life in the saddle! If I remain stationary for a single day, I run the risk of being pushed from my stool.'

"'There are but two classes of men in the world; those who possess and those who covet. The former sink into slumber; the latter rouse themselves to action. As I became aware of this early, and at a favourable conjuncture, I have made rapid progress. I know but two men who, entering on public life at the age of forty, have risen to eminence: Cromwell and Jean Jacques. Had you given to the one a farm, to the other an annuity of twelve hundred francs, they would neither have preached, nor ruled, nor written. There are numberless crafts in this world—mine is battle-making. I have already manufactured some eighteen, which are looked upon as master-pieces, and called Victories. It is but just that I should be paid for my work, and if the price I demand be a throne, it is not too dear. But I have not yet done; my *chef-d'œuvre* has still to appear. You shall see all dynasties dating from mine, elected and plebeian as I am. Elected, like yourself, holy father, and set apart from the common herd. Upon that point we may shake hands.'

"So saying he stretched forth his bold and ready palm, and the venerable Pontiff, softened, perhaps, by the frank and amicable manner of the Emperor, or, it might be, dreading again to irritate his unscrupulous host, abandoned to his grasp the two fore-fingers of his wan,

spare hand; but he shook his head sadly, and, as he did so, I observed a tear roll down his aged and withered cheek.

"Bonaparte had cast a furtive glance at the tear he had wrung from that suffering heart, and I fancied I could trace a smile of triumph playing about the corner of his mouth. At that moment, surrounded as he was by power and success, he appeared less noble, in my eyes, and less dignified than his holy adversary. I blushed, in my place of concealment, for all my past enthusiasms; I saw, with melancholy regret, how much of littleness, of cruelty, of deceit, may be combined with the highest political greatness. He had resolved to have the last word, and left the room as abruptly as he had entered it, without waiting for a reply. I did not see whether he bowed to the Pope in passing, but I rather think not.

"As soon as the Emperor had left the apartment, two ecclesiastics entered, and supporting the venerable Pontiff on either side, led him away, trembling, agitated, and exhausted.

"I remained, until nightfall, in the alcove where I had witnessed this interview. My ideas were confused, all my preconceived notions were overset. I saw all the littlenesses to which even genius can condescend, when urged on by personal ambition, and I looked with abhorrence on a passion that had robbed my idol of the brightest attributes with which my young imagination had clothed him. I felt conscious of the folly and infatuation of devoting myself to an individual, however talented and great; my earliest faith was shaken, and my mind, groping in the dark, sought wistfully some new resting-place whereon to build its altar. I was then but eighteen, as I told you; I loved, but with a vague, instinctive love, the beautiful, and the true. That instinct, fortunately, was deep-seated enough to urge me unceasingly to the search after these. That I continued steady in the pursuit is the pride and comfort of my life.

"I conceived that it was my duty to be silent upon what I had seen and heard; but I soon had reason to believe that my absence on this occasion from the Emperor's suite had not been unremarked. There was no perceptible change in his manner towards me; but the attentive study of his character which I had resolved to make, was brought abruptly to a close. One morning I received the order to set out immediately for the camp at Boulogne.

"I departed with less regret than I could have believed possible, had I received my route before that scene at Fontainebleau. I breathed more freely as I left behind me the old chateau and its forest; it was as though a load were removed from my heart, and I felt vaguely conscious that my Scilism was undermined and tottering to its fall. I was sad and disappointed on first making this discovery, and I shuddered at the illusion that had misled me into regarding my blind devotion as a sacred duty. The great egotist had appeared before me without disguise, and I loathed his unscrupulous selfishness; but when removed and relieved from his presence, I began to contemplate him in his works, he resumed, to a certain extent, the magical ascendancy which he possessed over my mind. Yet it was rather the gigantic idea of war that now haunted me, than that of the man who was her representative.

The feeling of something false about him was indistinctly but constantly present with me; I had at length found a standard by which to measure the greatness of the *Conqueror*, it remained for me to discover the touchstone on which to assay the purity of *warlike glory*. A new event in my life taught me this second lesson.

"The feigned preparations for the invasion and conquest of England, the invocation of the name of William the Conqueror, the assembling of nine hundred transports in the port of Boulogne, under the protection of a fleet of five hundred sail, daily announced as getting ready for sea; the establishment of the camps of Dunkirk and Ostend, of Calais, of Montreuil, and of St. Omer, under the command of four French marshals; the military throne, on the newly-discovered camp of Cæsar, from which were showered the first stars of the Legion of Honor; the reviews, the fêtes, the partial attacks, all the pomp of that warlike display, when reduced (to use a geometrical term) to their simplest expression, had three objects; to alarm England, to lull Europe into security, and to concentrate and keep alive the enthusiasm of the army.

"These three points gained, Bonaparte broke up, piece by piece, the artificial machine which he had set in motion at Boulogne. When I arrived the farce was nearly played out. The generals, by false movements, and petty feints, still simulated an ardour they no longer felt. A few miserable, flat-bottomed vessels, were occasionally sent out to sea, objects of derision to the English, who sunk them as soon as they appeared; I received orders to take the military command of one of these a few days after my arrival.

"On that day, a single English frigate was in sight. She sat upon the placid sea as white and graceful as a swan. Our ill-starred boat, with four others of the same novel and useless construction, had ventured to a considerable distance from land. We were pluming ourselves on our presumptuous boldness, when suddenly, the frigate, perceiving us, crowded all sail in pursuit. The port of Boulogne was more than a league distant; we strove with oar and sail to reach it, but the frigate had the legs of us, and in less than ten minutes she had interposed between the land and us. Our fate was now sealed; she bore down upon us without deigning to fire a shot, ran us down, sank us, and pursued her majestic course, lowering her boats to pick up, as prisoners, myself with ten others, the sole survivors of a crew of two hundred men. The frigate was called the *Naiad*, but our poor fellows, who, even in their misfortunes, could not let slip so fair an opportunity for a *jeu-de-mots*, re-christened, and always spoke of her afterwards as—the *Noyade*.

"I was senseless when they rescued me from the waves, and they were about to throw me overboard again, as dead, when an officer, on examining my pocket-book, perceived my poor father's letter, with Lord Collingwood's superscription. Fresh attempts were made to resuscitate me, and with such success, that in a short time I showed symptoms of returning animation. It was not for some hours, however, that I became conscious of what was passing around me, when I found myself on board the *Victory*, to which ship I had been removed from the *Naiad*. I enquired the name of her commander, and was informed that it was Lord Collingwood. I concluded that he must be the son of the man to

whom my father owed so many obligations, but I was undeceived by the first words he addressed to me.

"He came to visit me as I lay in my cot, and said, in a tone of fatherly kindness, how pleased he was to have the son of an old friend under his protection, and how willingly he would do everything in his power to make me comfortable. He spoke in excellent French, and explained to me that on learning who I was, he had desired I should be sent on board his own ship, where he offered to allow me to remain on parole. I accepted his kindness with grateful thanks, and soon made acquaintance with the officers of the ship, whose frank good nature gave the lie to the prejudices we then entertained in France against the English. My ignorance of their language, and of all matters connected with the sea, amused them greatly; and they undertook to instruct me in both with infinite goodwill and politeness. The admiral, too, treated me as though I had been his own son; yet I was sad, and my heart sickened within me at the sight of the white cliffs of *Normandy*; I was an exile and a captive; I saw no term to my banishment; how often did I take refuge in my cot to hide the bitter tears which I dare not expose to the gaze of those around me, but could not altogether repress.

"One day in particular, a French brig had been captured, and the cries and wild hurrahs of the crew made me feel, more acutely than ever, that I was in the hands of my country's enemies. I had kept myself shut up all day in the small sleeping-place which Lord Collingwood (the better to declare me under his immediate protection); had assigned me, close to his own cabin. As the night came on I emerged from my lair and went on deck, where, alone and unheeded, I gave myself up to the bitter reflections excited by disappointed hopes, and the untimely end to which my career was brought. Whilst engaged in these melancholy musings I felt a hand laid kindly on my shoulder, and, turning round, perceived the admiral standing by my side. He was in full uniform, and held his night-glass in his hand. His grizzled locks, slightly powdered, fell negligently over his ears, and I fancied I observed, in spite of the invariable calmness of his voice and manner, an expression of deep sadness in his large dark eyes, which rivetted my attention and diverted me from my selfish repinings.

"'You are out of spirits, my poor boy,' he said. 'If you please, I will sit down and bear you company for an hour.'

"I stammered out some unmeaning words about politeness and gratitude, but he paid no attention to them; and, seating himself on the bench by my side, he took my hand in his.

"'You have now been a month in captivity,' he said, 'but I have been a prisoner for three-and-thirty years. Yes, my young friend, I am a prisoner of the sea; it hems me in on every side, nothing but wave upon wave around me; I see no other sight—I hear no other sound. My frame has bent, my hair has grown grey in perpetual captivity. I have been so little on shore, that I scarcely knew England save on the map. My country is to me little more than an abstraction; but I serve her as a slave, and her vigorous exactions increase in proportion as my services become more necessary to her. Mine is no uncommon lot, the chains I wear are honourable—I would not, if

I could, shake them off; but they are sometimes heavy, very heavy.'

"He paused for a moment, but I did not venture to reply, seeing clearly that he was about to continue.

" 'I have thought the matter over,' he said; 'I am anxious to do my duty towards you. I entertained a sincere friendship for your father, which I would fain prove by my conduct to his son.'

"The admiral was again silent. He pressed my hand, and gazed in my face, to read there what I felt as he proceeded. I was too much moved to speak, and he went on.

" 'I have written to the Admiralty to request that you may be exchanged on the first opportunity. That may not occur for some time,' he added; 'for Bonaparte takes but few prisoners from us, and is very unwilling to exchange them. In the meanwhile, I shall hope to see you turn your time to some account. You must study the language of your enemies; you see we understand yours. I have a few books of Voyages, and a copy of Shakespeare, which I shall be happy to lend you, or to read with you. Be not too much cast down; you will regain your freedom sooner than I; for unless the Emperor makes peace, I shall end my days in servitude.'

"The tone of parental kindness in which he spoke, this association of me with himself as fellow-captives in his floating prison, awakened me from the morbid feelings with which I brooded over my misfortunes, and turned my thoughts into a more healthy channel. I saw that, in this life of isolation and self-sacrifice, he sought and found a secret consolation and support in the power to do good to others, and the consciousness that he was fulfilling a sacred duty.

" 'My lord,' I said, 'instead of instructing me in the words and forms of speech in a new language, lead me rather into the course of reflections by which you have attained that perfect calmness, that equanimity of soul, which almost resembles happiness, yet beneath whose surface lies a deep and settled sorrow. Forgive the indiscretion of what I am about to say, but I cannot help suspecting that the appearance of such stoical virtue must be the result of daily and hourly dissimulation.'

" 'You are grievously mistaken,' he replied. 'The sense of duty, by long training, has the mind so completely under control, that it enters into man's nature, and becomes the chief element of his character; just as wholesome nutriment, continually administered, has power to change the whole mass of our blood, and become one of the principles of our condition. It has been my lot, more than that of most men, to be set upon discovering how far our weak human nature can carry the principle of abnegation of self. But we cannot change the whole man; there are some feelings that will cling round our hearts, in spite of all our efforts to eradicate them.'

"He paused here, and raising his night-glass which he had laid down beside him, rested it on my shoulder to observe some distant lights that were gliding on the horizon. He was satisfied at a glance; 'Fishing boats,' he said; and resumed his former position by my side. I saw that there was something on his mind that he wished to touch upon, but knew not how; and I waited anxiously until he should speak again.

"‘You never speak to me of your father,’ he said, at last. ‘I am surprised that you feel no curiosity about him, that you do not long to inquire of me all he said, all he wished, all he suffered.’

"‘It was a clear, bright night, and I again observed that his large black eye was fixed attentively on my face.

"‘I feared that it might be an indiscretion,’ I answered, in some embarrassment.

"‘He pressed my arm gently, as though he would prevent my proceeding.

"‘Not so, my son,’ he said, ‘not so.’

"‘And he shook his head kindly, but doubtingly.

"‘I have had but few opportunities of speaking with you, my lord.’

"‘Again, that is not the reason; there has scarcely been a day on which I should not have been ready to converse with you on such a subject, had you wished it.’

"‘I remarked something like agitation, and a slight accent of reproof in the tone of his voice. He was evidently approaching the subject that weighed upon his heart; but I ventured on another foolish reply to justify my indifference. A man never appears so little as when he seeks a specious plea to cover a moral defect.

"‘The sense of humiliation engendered by captivity is more absorbing than your lordship can imagine.’ And I remember that in thus speaking with the dignified and reserved air of a Regulus, I flattered myself that he would look upon me with feelings of increased admiration and respect.

"‘Ah! poor boy, he said,’ ‘poor boy! You would fain conceal the truth from yourself. Look a little deeper into your heart, and you will find the true reason in an indifference for which you are scarcely accountable, as it was the inevitable consequence of your poor father’s military career.’

"‘He had cleared the way for the truth, and I attempted no further concealment.

"‘It has been my fate,’ I said, ‘never to know a father’s care. I have seen mine but once, for a few days, when we were at Malta.’

"‘Ay, that is the truth!’ he exclaimed; ‘that is the cruel truth, my young friend. My daughters also will, one day, say with you, *‘We know not our father!’* And yet, my heart yearns towards them tenderly, ardently; I watch over them from a distance; I write to them almost daily; I direct their studies, their education; I communicate to them my thoughts and my feelings; I receive their childish confidences in return; I reprove and I forgive them. I know all their employments; my instructions to their mother on that head are unceasing. I would have them grow up simple-minded and pious women; their husbands shall be my sons. It is impossible to be more entirely a father than I am; and yet all this is nothing, since they cannot see me, and they cannot know me!’

"‘He spoke these last words in a tone of emotion, the depth of which revealed the source of inward tears. After a few minutes passed in silence, he thus continued:—

"‘No, I have never held Sarah on my knees since the time when she was two years old, nor pressed my little Mary to my heart since her

eyes were opened to God's blessed light. Ah! it is but natural that you should feel indifferent towards your father, and that they should, one day, be the same towards me. We cannot love a person we do not see. What is their father to them? A daily letter—a counsel, more or less cold. We cannot love a counsel, we cannot love a letter; we must love a being; and a being whom we never see has, for us, no existence. We love him not, and his death makes him scarcely less absent from us than he was already; and we do not weep for him.

"His voice was choked by his emotions, and he paused. Unwilling further to unfold his secret sorrows before a stranger, he turned away, and paced the quarter-deck from end to end for some minutes. I was greatly moved by what I had seen and heard; my conscience reproached me for having never properly appreciated a father's worth; and I owed to the conversation of that evening the first good, natural, holy feeling that my heart had ever known. From this settled sorrow, this sad remembrance, which cast a gloom over the most brilliant successes and renown, I was made aware how much I had lost in having never known those household affections which could leave in a noble heart such poignant regrets; I learnt, for the first time, how factitious, how debasing, how barbarous, is the education we receive; how demoralizing the necessity for incessant action which it inculcates. I saw, as by a sudden revelation of the heart, that there is a true life, worthy of our desire and our regret; a life made up of home joys and home affections; instead of which we work out for ourselves a false, an artificial life, made up of hatreds, and rivalries, and puerile vanities. I felt that there is but one object to be preferred to the ties of kindred—one altar to which entire self-sacrifice is due:—that object is duty; that altar, the altar of our country. And as that noble old man turned from me, weeping because his heart was so tender and so true, I covered my face with my two hands, and wept that mine had hitherto been so selfish and so false.

"In a short time the admiral returned to me, and said in a more steady tone, 'I have to inform you that our course now lies close in with the French shore. I am posted, unremittingly, as a sentinel over your harbours. One word more—one warning for your own ears only: Remember that you are here on parole, and that your motions are unwatched. You are young and thoughtless; if at any time you feel the temptation to make your escape become too strong for your powers of resistance, open yourself to me, treat me as your friend, and I will save you from an act of dishonour which, to the ruin of their fair name, some officers have not scrupled to commit. Remember, that though a galley-slave may break his chain if he can find the opportunity, a gentleman should never prove false his word of honour.' And, kindly shaking me by the hand, he left me with these words.

CONSUMPTION IN HER PALACE.

BY E. J. COLLINS.

WITHIN her damp and mildew'd hall
Consumption in majesty sate;
And her sweaty brow, and her spreading pall
Seemed brighter than of late.

She sat in state on her grisly throne,
And she shook her hair so dank;
And her hollow laugh, and her deepen'd groan,
Filled her palace so drear and blank.

'Twas fearful and maddening there to see
In that noble palace hall,
Her vassals indulging in fiendish glee,
All ranged round the mildew'd wall.

High homage was paid to that shadowy Queen,
Her praises were swelled in groans;
Oh! ghastlier subjects were never seen
Than those piles of withering bones.

And she shook from her bony hand the dew
That curdles the young blood up;
She laughed—and the yell still louder grew
As her victims partook of her cup.

She carolled out in her shrieking voice
A song of most devilish glee—
“Ho ho!” she cried, “this hall of my choice
“Is a glorious dwelling for me.

“These dank walls glisten—the sparkling almes
“Are jewels, more costly far
“Than rubies and gems from eastern climes,
“Or the wealth of my rival—War.

“I sit on my throne, and that shining dew
“Is riches and wealth to me!
“For it gives me dominion, and subjects true,
“And the friendship of destiny.

“These dungeons dim are rooms of state;
“They are filled with a wasting crew,
“Who in health came in at my iron gate,
“To taste of my withering dew.

"I gaze at that gate, and I feel delight,
"As my suitors come thronging there;
"And my eyes with joy grow doubly bright
"To think what they're doomed to bear.

"I shout with joy as I see them throng,
"And my demons all echo the din,
"When a rosy child, or a peasant strong,
"In health to my hall's brought in.

"I gaze, ha, ha! on his robust form,
"And laugh with a jovial glee;
"For the ruddy cheek, and the manly frame,
"Will be a glorious meal for me.

"How often they plead with dejected eye;
"To me they offer their prayer,
"To allow them at once to sink and die;
"But I laugh at their panting there.

"Oh why should I part at once with their breath,
"Or why stint my sweet repast;
"Tis rapid enough, though a lingering death,
"They are sure to die off at last.

"Tis rapid enough, though to them it seems
"As time which but makes past years,
"Appear to them more as shadowy dreams;
"But I laugh at their sighs and tears.

"I make them all hide their weary times,
"By degrees I allow them to sink;
"Tis glorious to listen to their deepen'd whines
"As they come to my cup to drink.

"Oh glorious and joyous my life is passed,
"In this dew bespangled hall;
"The inmates all come to me at last,
"And sink 'neath my shadowy pall.

"Then shout oh, oh! with unabated breath,
"Yon vassals with hair so dank;
"For Consumption this day gives a feast to Death,
"In her palace so drear and blank."

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.¹CHAPTER XXIII. *continued.*

"Maiden!" then said Alcyone, who had not yet spoken a word since they left the dungeon, "short fellowship hath there been betwixt us, yet much trust and affiance! Henceforth thou and I must meet no more; but Alcyone will not cease to love and thank thee for all thy pains and gentleness towards her and her poor Basil; nor less for the proof thou hast this day made of thy friendship in the warning (fruitless though it be) that thou hast given her. Fare thee well, dear maiden! the heavens keep thee thy life long, and ever send thee friends as honest and true-hearted as thyself! To you also, my lord count, the robber's daughter bids farewell, wishing you all honor and prosperity!"

In the next moment, ere any could start forward to stay or withhold her, she had vanished along the darkling heath, like some airy shape of mistiness and night.

Those two whom she had left stood for a space in silence, vainly looking after her into the darkness beyond, until called back to their own present state by the voice of Rougemain. "So please you my lord," said he, "we must go forward—time wears—and none shall again come from the tower to night."

At this speech the Lord of Beaucair turned hastily round, as he had but just called to mind that any were near him; then, sighing heavily, he cast back one last look towards the tower, and, without answering, followed the old man and the damosel to the brow of the hill, where this last had sat with Alcyone, and after by the path that wound down its side eastward; but scarcely had they reached the lower ground when they espied, in a green hollow, by the way side, three horses; and in charge of these a man, and one in woman's weed, who was already in the saddle.

"Now, primrose, thou shalt voyage somewhat more at thy ease," said the old robber; and tarrying not for reply he set the Damosel Avis on the palfrey nearest her, and then, leading the third towards the knight, held the stirrup for him to mount.

"May it please your high lordship," he said, when he had done, "to suffer, as far as Ploermel, the company of this pair, who, truly, are none of our thieves' rout, but discreet, honest folk, desiring only countenance and security against such misdoers as they might light on by the way."

It seemed to May Avis that there was a bitter mocking sound in the old man's voice, but the Lord Guy straightway assented, though much with the air of one who knew not what had been asked, and they set forth, Rougemain and the other walking sturdily on beside them in the

¹ Continued from page 446, vol. XL.

array of Bas Bretons—the knight also being provided with the hat and cloak of a countryman, which he took and did on without a word.

The way lay, for many leagues, over rough and stony paths, or green tracks, amidst broom and heather, so difficult and perplexing that the horses gained no vantage ground of those afoot; the country, on either hand, seemingly, wholly open and uninhabited—in as far as the damosel could guess, by the glimpses she caught here and there through the darkness of the cloudy night, and by the long low moaning of the wind that swept around them, far and wide, as if neither tower nor tree was there to withstand its course.

At first sight May Avis had been right joyful of the fellowship of the Bretonne, and would gladly have held talk with her; but the other always answered after so short and sullen a fashion that she soon held her peace. Whether the aspect of this churlish companion accorded with her speech, she could not discover, for the good wife sat so closely folded in the barbe and mantle that not a feature was to be discovered. The man who came in her company strode on close beside her rein, as churlish and silent as herself; Rougemain oped his mouth but once, to bid the Bretons lead the way at a pass, where the ground was broken and full of bogs; and as for the Lord Guy, he was so wholly intent on his own thoughts as to have clean forgotten both the place and the fellowship he was in, nor had he taken any heed of either from their first setting out.

Thus toiled they on, hour after hour, no word spoken amongst them until long past midnight, when the moon, newly risen over head, shed through the heavy clouds a dim and fitful light, that sufficed but to show the lonely wilds of rock and heath they were traversing to the eyes of May Avis; and, also (and which was in truth a worse boding sight), that Rougemain, from time to time, was closely scanning the Breton, when unperceived of him; which looks, the Breton, on his part, failed not to return as keenly and warily, when he spied his occasion, from out the hood of the sheepskin that closely enwrapped his visage. Over the woman he seemed wonderfully jealous, always pressing up to her rein, when Rougemain, as happened more than once, drew nigh, as if to speak with her.

Of the old man himself, May Avis had no fear, whether she thought of him as her friend at need in the ship, or as one sent and trusted of Alcyone; but she had a fearful suspicion of the designs of the other two against them all, and essayed at which to warn the Lord Guy unseen of them. But so lost was he in his own sad musings, that long was it ere she could gain so much as his ear; and before she could possess him with her meaning, the Breton was so plainly watching them that she was forced to hold her peace.

They journeyed on through the remainder of the night with mistrust and disquiet enow, Rougemain contenting himself, since better might not be, with keeping the Bretons on before, and heedfully watching every look and act of the man, and when day dawned they were still crossing those dreary wastes, but now with a pleasant woodland country in sight, below them to the left, wherein, at no great distance, stood a village with a strong and fair castle, on the bank of a stream; and, some few miles

further on; the towers and spires of a town. On the other hand the heath still lay dark and desolate; with here and there a green mound rising therefrom; and short space before them was a great pillar of unhewn stone, like the one May Avis had seen near Roche Kironal, bearing on its top a cross.

They were now arrived within a half-score paces of this pillar when the old robber, who seemed yet as stout and sturdy of foot as when they first set forth, suddenly stepped up to the Lord Guy and withheld his bridle-rein.

"Lo, Rocheperion, my lord count—and further on in the champaign, Ploermel—whence onward to Rennes shall be but a short day's journey. Here take I thy leave, tarrying but the coming of the guide that I appointed to meet with us in this place, so soon as the risen sun shall strike on the cross aloft, yonder."

The knight, without demur or question, suffered himself to be staid in this wise, and sat unmoved, his head leaning on his hand, utterly unheeding all about him, as heretofore; whilst Rougemain continued to peer earnestly round, as for the guide; and the Breton, first lolling low, in reverence to the huge statue nigh them; began to snuff the wind, with head bent back and wide spread nostrils, as eagerly as a young hound; then Saint Elbert, to speed! What spiest thou there, good Yves?" asked Rougemain, in his wonted low soft voice.

"Nothing, in good sooth," answered the Breton, "save the shadow of the clouds along the heath."

"Cock's bones, man! Dost thou take for a cloud a half-score of the men-at-arms from Rocheperion? And for what takest thou those yonder, over thy left shoulder?"

The Breton, forthwith, looked round as advised, but ere he had turned his head again, Rougemain had drawn from under his long garment a battle axe, which, poising high in air in both hands, at one blow he clave his skull asunder.

May Avis, on seeing this, uttered a cry of horror, & sooth that at once aroused the Lord Guy. "Villain!" he began, "what foul deed?"

"Arise, arm, sir knight, and lay on stoutly!" cried Rougemain. "We stand for life and death! He I slew was a traitor—heed him not!"

And therewith running to the Bretonne, he tore off her mantle, and quickly loosed from her head and shoulders a light steel cap and hawk-bank; and with these, and another axe he took from her saddle-bow, he made haste to array the Lord Guy.

"Now, noble count, hold thine own!" he said. "There lie in wait for us some three or four behind the highest hillock; but by Corpus Madrian, they win us not so cheaply!"

"Gille, Gille—mine own dear Gille!" cried May Avis, as she looked on the face of the Bretonne. "Can it be that thou art sent back to me from the sea, and the robbers' hold? But, alas the day! Methinks we meet in an evil plight as we parted."

"Nay, dear lady, take hope; doubt not we have with us two stout hearts, and true; and, above all, trust in yon blessed sign."

Suddenly, as they gazed upwards, the cross above the pillar grew bright with the first ray of the sun, until it seemed to them to float on

high in the pure blue heaven, like a banner of rose-red flame; whilst the dim grey stone that upheld it was yet enwrapped in the mist and gloom of the early morning that overspread the heath below.

"They come, sir knight—our guide is scared, or slain," said Rougemain, pointing to the green mound, whence they might now discern men-at-arms riding forth, one after the other. "Two, three, four! yea, by bread and ale, it is even as I deemed; and the hindmost is that coward caitiff, Aymery Taillefer, on his Poitevin courser. Hold, sir knight, they have the vantage ground of us. We must amend our defect by aid of this pillar." And taking the women's horses by the rein, he led both one and the other close beneath the pillar, he and the Lord Guy then taking post on either side, axe in hand, in readiness for the onset.

The other party, in good sooth, came not on like men assured of victory, but slowly and doubtingly, oftentimes taking counsel together; and when they had come far enough to espy the body of their mate, lying where he had been cut down, they stood for a brief space, as in debate whether to go forward with their enterprise.

At length they rode onwards once more, though wearily and heedfully, until when they were come so nigh as to be heard, Sir Aymery shouted; "Come forth, thou recreant knight, and answer as becomes a man to that thou art charged with."

"Saint Nicholas to speed his clerks!" quoth Rougemain. "Come on, my master, we tarry your pleasure."

"Sir Guy of Beaumais," again said he on the Poitevin courser; "I am here to charge thee with devising, in fellowship of one Rougemain, a traitor and thief, to steal away the captives and other gear of his lord and my sire; the which I will herewith prove on thy body, if thou darrest abye me."

"And who, in God's name, art thou?" said the knight.

"One, by St. Martin of Tours, in every way thy peer, both by blood and knighthood! Truly, if thou hast not yet heard my name, thou mayest know it henceforth for Sir Aymery Taillefer, the knight and the lord of Roche Kerouel, who here defies thee to mortal combat in the name of his spouse, the Lady Alcyone."

"Heed not his taunts, lord count," cried Rougemain loudly; "he but seeks to draw thee on from the vantage ground. So help me God, as he is but a runaway squire from England, and all unworthy of thy sword."

But he spoke all too late, for the young count, regardless of aught save his wrath, had already struck the spurs into his steed, and was rushing at a gallop towards the feigned Sir Aymery.

Now little, in any case, had the weight or speed of the small Breton horse whereon he rode, availed him against the stout courser of the robber; but it came not even to the essay, for the beast being wearied of foot, and sore laboured with the length and roughness of the way, went not a spear's length ere it stumbled and fell to the earth, throwing the knight out of his saddle to the ground, where he lay a breathing while, as without sense or life.

Well was it that this befel him, for Sir Aymery, at sight of his

motionless plight, threw himself quickly from his courser, and drawing his dagger ran thither, in hope to slay him thus easily; when in that very moment the Lord Guy, starting aloot with his battle axe, which he had never quitted, dealt him so heavy a blow as made him reel and shout lustily for his merry men to ride in.

Those outlaws, seeing themselves as four against two men, were not slow to obey; and now the fray waxed hot on all sides, for Rougemain, finding the knight thus hard bested, left the care of the women, and hastening forward, began to lay about him with so good speed that two more of the robbers were quickly unhorsed, whereupon the fourth alighting of his own will, the whole six were speedily hacking and hewing at each other right lustily and heartily; the damosel and Gillian meanwhile beholding the combat from above, and praying to Heaven and all saints to give them rescue from the hand of that godless ribald, Messire Piers.

Thus went the fight for a while, with little gain on either side; since, if numbers were on the one part, skill and valour wrought no less powerfully on the other. But at length this last twain, and specially Rougemain, who was somewhat ancient, found that their strength should not much longer suffice to strike, and ward, and watch, each of them against a pair of foes; and that if they might not quickly rid themselves of some of the enemies, they must, in the end, be overcome of weariness alone; when behold! in this strait came to them a goodly aid, from where they least looked for it.

This was a rider of fair and knightly semblance, who, mounted on a stout and able courser, and followed by a single yeoman, had climbed the upland heath from the side of Rocheperion, unseen of any there; but no sooner discerned he the sorry pass of the knight and his company, than, spurring his steed, he galloped like one mad towards the fray; then, tarrying not the coming up of his squire, he sprang to the ground, letting his courser run loose, and all unharmed as he was, cast himself, sword in hand, into the midst of the rout.

It was not long ere those in whose aid he came found the good effect thereof in the fall of one of their adversaries; for the last comer, who was as stout-hearted and strong of arm as themselves, though, it might be, somewhat less expert in the use of his weapon, dealt out his blows on every side so freely and deliverly, that the people of Sir Aymery in short space began to give ground, which the counterfeit knight, espying, and finding himself hard pressed by the Lord Guy, who called to him that one or the other of them should not leave the place in life, he incontinently turned his back and fled away to his courser, and gaining the saddle before any could overtake him, he rode off at furious speed, leaving one of his merry men, beside the Breton, dead on the heath, and the other two in so evil a plight, that they were fain to tarry for lack of means to escape.

The Lord of Beaucaille, who was, in all points, a most perfect gentleman, seeing further strife at an end, was about to bid these wretches depart in safety, and amend their misdoings, but Rougemain, giving him not the time, hastily knelt down and unlaced the mailcap of the taller of the pair, who lay bleeding on the ground from a deep wound in the

then, when looking for an instant in his face, he thrust his dagger through his throat.

"Hold, Rougemain!" cried the Lord Guy. "So cruel a hand he seems not so true a heart;" whilst the stranger knight at once sprang between the robber and the remaining captive, stoutly bidding him, at his peril, to forbear further bloodshedding.

"By my crown," said the old man, "thou little knowest, Rougemain! The fool shall have his life—not for thy menace, but thy good service; as also that it holds with mine own purpose. For him who tasted of Grace-Dieu but now—by Saint Nicholas, a thief turned traitor deserved no daintier morsel. Let alone, that as yet I wot not whether these ribalds have done murder on the guide I sent forward to this place yesterday."

With that he raised up the prisoner, who was in truth but a stripling, and sorely hurt in the right shoulder; and then addressed himself, with the yeoman of the stranger knight, to regain the horses that were straying over the heath—all save the courser of the stranger himself, who had waited at his lord's side as lovingly and faithfully as spaniel or hound.

Now may you think what had been first the terror and despair, and afterward the joy and thankfulness, of the Damosel Avis, who, seated with her trusty Gille on the heath at the pillar's foot (for her trembling limbs suffered her not to keep the saddle), had beheld all that happened, from the first assault of Messire Piers and his ribald crew, up to the coming of that brave stranger, who soothly seemed to her—whether for his valour in thrusting himself without helm or mail into such fierce array, or for the good proof he therein made of his prowess—the best and most valiant knight she had ever heard of or met with. Nor was it without a higher beating of all her pulses, and such strange dizziness as she had never but once felt before,—on that notable day when Piers Bradeston first arrived at the Manor Place,—that she saw the two knights, after brief speech, draw nigh as with design for her to pay her thanks to their deliverer.

"Lady," said the Count Guy, "I bring you the noble gentleman, through whose timely aid we have 'scaped this danger; a service, methinks, not the less welcome in that we owe it to the hand of a dear and ancient friend."

The damosel looked up, and saw before her a young and gracious-looking stranger, arrayed in a short gown and suit of olive-coloured cloth, with low-heeled boots of Cordewain leather, and a black cap and plume, which he courteously raised in salutation, whilst she stood lost in amaze at the sight of him and the speech of the Lord of Beaucaire.

This young knight was above the middle stature, strong limbed and well shapen, and would have been deemed of any a right-worshipful and knightly person, even beside that noble count, the flower of French chivalry. Fresh was he, and ruddy of countenance, with short, thick, dark hair, arrayed and trimmed in exact order; and of aspect so sweet and benign, though grave and sober withal, that few who looked on him had staid to carp at the form of his features, which, haply, were less perfect than might have been thought on first beholding him.

Such was the person who, cap in hand, stood smilingly awaiting the recollection of the damozel Avis; until, finding that he awaited in vain, whilst her blushes and confusion increased every moment, he stepped forward and took her by the hand, saying, as he lightly saluted her cheek after the French fashion, "Welcome, dear Avis—a thousand times welcome to France!"

Certes, whatever strange change had been wrought in his figure and mien, none was there in the friendly speech or gentle tone. May Avis looked once more hastily in his face, and discovered that this brave and daring knight, who had fought so stoutly in her rescue, was in very deed the homely convent youth, John Ashtoft.

What she *thought* and *felt* on this unlooked-for discovery, I cannot tell you; but what she *did* thereupon was to fall into a passion of tears, that wholly took from her awhile the power of speech, although Sir John strove earnestly to soothe her trouble in the same kindly fashion as of old.

"Nay, Avis dear, give thy tears vent, I pray thee. They will do thee good; as surely this, or a worse effect may well come of thy long and weary travel through the night, joined to thy sorry adventure of this morning! But take comfort in that thy last peril is safely passed, and there awaits thee but an easy, leisurely voyage, with a peaceful home and a loving welcome at the end thereof. My Lord Count, were it not best we take order for our journey onward to Ploermel?"

"That will I right anon; so soon as I have ended some small business here," answered the Lord Guy. "Rougemain, grandmercy for thy late aid; as also for many a former courtesy that I have found at thy hand. In truth, thou art over gentle for thy craft. Abide henceforth with me at my castle of Pontallier, where I will find thee an office to thy liking, or free and fitting entertainment for thy life."

"Thanks, noble lord, for so goodly proffer; but Rougemain may not take thy bounty. He will die, as he hath lived, at the foot of him who was the foster-son of his mother."

"Then, in any case, come on with me now to Ploermel; where thou shalt have such thanks at my hand for thy good service as gold may pay thee; and further purveyance on thy way back of company and aid against the devices of that miscreant who hath just fled away."

"To Ploermel will I ride in your company, noble lord; for the reason that thereby lies my way homeward through Vannes and Auray. For the rest, little by black Saint-Hubert, little recks Rougemain, with his trusty axe, of ten such driven braggarts as he that departed but now; and for guerdon, verily a richer would I not desire than this which your lordship's glaive hath hewn from the crest of the doughty man-at-arms. Behold here!" and, speaking, he held up to view the rich brooch of Aley-one. "Little dreamed our sea-bird yesternow, when and how this jewel, her share's gift on her behalf to her goodly bachelor, should next change hands."

So saying, the old man turned away (the Lord Guy answering but by one deep and heavy sigh), and aiding his captive to mount, after fast binding his hands, he tied the three steeds by the bridles, in readiness to drive them before him to Ploermel. The Knight of Perelles, courteously

lifting the damoel Avis into her saddle, took his place beside her, as one to whom such office of right belonged; when, as they were all about to ride forward, there crept from behind the pillar one in Breton attire, with a staff in his hand and whitale-knife at his girdle, whom most part of the company knew at first sight for the old varlet Gauchet.

"Now so may I thrive," cried Rougemain, "as it is our guide, who, I deemed, was lying hereabout in the heather with a gaping throat. How now, brother? How fared it with thee in thy lodging last night, beside the mound? How liked thee thine unlooked-for mates?"

"By my troth, Sir, so well that I would not so much as tarry on to straiten them in their sleeping place, but civilly yielded to them the heath so soon as they showed themselves thereon, and made for Rocheperion; where it was my good hap, at early dawn, to light on this noble knight, who came straight to the rescue, and I after him, with such speed as age and weariness would suffer."

"And by my fatherkin, gossip," answered Rougemain, "nothing doubt I that this going down was more to thy mind than the climbing up again."

"Nay," quickly answered Sir John, who perceived the old man's gibe, "it was, past question, the more seasonable feat of the twain; and truly, mine old friend, I, for one, am largely beholden to thy zeal and despatch in the matter."

Not few were the questionings and replies on all sides, as they rode slowly along toward Plormal; the damoel between the two knights in front, and Gillian and the yeoman behind, with the old robber and Gauchet driving forward the spare beasts; and chief did the Lord Guy desire to learn by what chance the Knight of Perelles had met with them in such unlooked-for place as the wilde of Bretaine.

"By my fay," he said, "my story shall be quickly told: Being, then, some six days past, at Harfleur, whither I was come to meet you by appointment of my noble Lord of Charlewode, I saw from the shore, with grief enough, the misadventure of your bark; and learning from such as we rescued from the sea in boats, that the knight and the damoel with him had been seen, of a surety, on-board the robber's craft, I tarried no further tidings; but, leaving Sir Geoffrey Harcourt with his great ship and ordnance to follow, as he might, by sea, I took horse, and rode, day and night, for Vannes, learning that the robber had his haunt somewhere on the shores of the Morbihan, with design to treat with him for your deliverance by aid of the duke's chancellors there. Nevertheless, since in the end, however fairly and friendly the officers of the duchy carried themselves, their authority sufficed not to bring to terms this fierce outlaw, who avowed that neither love nor gold should get from him his captives; I concluded to have recourse incontinently to the duke himself—with which intent was I, even now, on my way to Rennes, where he is looked for to-morrow from Britaine to open his parliament, when my errand was thus quickly sped in another fashion—by what unlooked-for means I am as yet to learn."

"By Saint Nicholas, that riddle can I best expound of all here," broke in Rougemain, who had been listening the discourse. "Truly, our seasweepers, like other prudent and worthy folk, hath chosen; on riper deli-

beration, a wiser counsel than when he left Aursy yesternight: in proof whereof, he hath set free, without treaty, or ransom, my Lord of Beaucaire and his company. On whom was I now attending in their journey, in fulfilment of my orders, when we were set upon by those rihalds on the hill yonder—a treachery, whereat I may as yet but gress, since time have I not had to sift out the device and framing thereof.”

This plain and ready answer of Rougemain failed not at once to satisfy the Knight of Perelles, who was, besides, all too joyful at meeting with those he had been so earnestly seeking, in freedom and safety, to inquire more particularly into the manner of their escape. Nor was the Lord of Beaucaire less content with the old man’s discretion in forbearing all mention of Aloyone, whose name it had been worse to him than death itself to hear dishonoured as the theme of every idle tale-teller. And for the damozel Aïx, she truly was in no mood to rehearse their adventures; since, between delight and bashfulness, she had not yet spoken, save in that silent, yet eloquent, language of mingled tears, smiles, and blushes, that haply left little of her thoughts for words to express—a language, moreover, so welcome to the ancient friend at her side, that he essayed no other, but rode on, after the first, as silent as herself.

“Now, wench,” said Rougemain apart to Gillian, “would I knew if thou canst guess when the varlet I slew on the heath took the place of him I left with thee, for that short space, in charge of the beasts?”

“In very sooth, I know nought thereof,” she answered, “save that he you called Yves, left not my sight but once to look out in the self-same moment we heard your feet hard by. Neither doubted I him for the same, until our eyes met in the moonlight; from which time I had suspect of his evil design by his strict watch, that hindered me to do more than sign to you to note him.”

“Aye, by my crown, that sign of thine hath been the saving of all our lives; for well I believe that never a one had been agreed to tell our tale, so they had conquered. Methinks, now begin I to scent out somewhat of the manner of this device. Smite off my head, but it is that villain Taillefer hath cunningly set on one ore-sweeper—whose wit, truly, is less ready to hew out conclusions than his sword,—to bid me withhold from Sir Guy both weapon and harness, as also to leave his company at day-dawn; the which if I had done, those caittifs had taken him wholly advantage, and after had haply essayed, to follow, and cut my throat likewise in the way back; but, by bread and ale, Rougemain hath had great many dealings with this world to be thus hoodwinked of, kneere of fool. So, here break we off our talk, wench, with good-day and God to thee; for the town-gates are in sight—not an arrow-flight before me, and ill befits it my gossip and I, to be seen entering in the fellowship of lords and gentles.”

Here the old man suddenly stode away, making with all speed for certain mean dwellings hard by, without the barriers; but many spaces he had not gone ere he heard one galloping after, and in the next moment his arm was withheld and his steps forcibly staid by the Lord of Beaucaire.

“Thou art parting, then, Rougemain,” he said, “without recompense—well, nigh without word of thanks.”

"By my fay, lord count," answered the robber, "neither the one nor the other will Rougemain take at thy hand."

"Methinks thy words are less than civil, but not the less for this is Guy of Beaumais thy debtor in time to come, as he will prove to thee at need. Now hearken, and he bent him down to the old man's ear: "Rougemain, to thee I may speak plainly, who hast known all too much, from first to last, of a dark and sorrowful story."

"Speak on, my lord count," answered Rougemain, in the same unmoved voice.

"Rougemain, this hateful, this monstrous marriage, is there no help, no remedy?"

"None, my lord count, is all too late; her word is given, past the undoing."

"Alas, then, for her so high, so noble, so treacherously snared!"

"Ay, and so proudly snared!" replied the robber. "But leave me this talk, my lord, since naught may it now avail. My task is performed to see you safe to Malmesbury. Here ends our fellowship."

"Hold! tell me, at least, to whom I may commit these thy horses." "Take no heed thereof, my lord," said the old man quickly. "The beasts belong to the damozel in your company—a parting token from our argosy of the rock; to her, who will not spurn the gift by reason that the heart of the giver was more hostile than her fosterage."

With that he broke away from the knight's hold, and hastened after his comrade: whilst the Lord Guy, sorely abashed at such bold rebuke from such lips, without another word turned his rein, and with slow step and heavy heart regained his company at the gate of the hostelry where they were to remain.

Tarrying there no longer than was needful to refresh themselves and their beasts after the night's travel, they mounted again, and set forward for Rennes, where they arrived without further adventure, through a pleasant woodland country, toward sunset.

Little had been the talk between them by the way—for the young count was again so wholly taken up with his own melancholy musings, that no word did he prefer, save at times a passing courtesy to his fellow voyagers, riding on beside them at other times more like some pale and wandering ghost than the gallant, sprightly young knight, who bore him so gallantly and joyously scanty an eight days past. Neither found the damozel Avis her comfort so wholly without alloy, when the first joy of her meeting with her old companion was passed over; for not only had she before her eyes the change that had come upon both since last they had spoken together in the small parlour at Malthorpe, but there quickly rose to her thoughts the image of the noble lady his spouse, the which, if it had been so uneasy to her at a distance, was, certes, not more endurable now that she had again beheld her former playfellow.

That gentle young knight, if he guessed her secret annoy, signed not to perceive it—making, as though he held her silence but for the effect of her weariness, which he earnestly brought her to repair by rest and sleep, so soon as they arrived at Rennes, since another tedious travel yet awaited them as far as Angers.

"In sooth, dear Avis," he went on, "it must seem to thee both cruel

and needless; after all thou hast undergone so lately, thus to bid thee array thyself anon for new toils and journeyings; yet chiefly for thine own advantage is it, that I desire to arrive speedily in Touraine, since there I have hope to obtain for thee the means to journey onward in more perfect comfort, and with seemly company of thine own sex by the way—though gladly, might it have been, would I have purveyed for thy voyage otherwise than by praying the courtesy of strangers; as would no less Madame de Ferelles, who hath grieved much, that the sore sickness which hath held her this many a day, suffered her not to come and meet us—~~as she bade me tell thee, Avis, with her benison, she desired to do nothing for thine own sake, than out of her desire to see and welcome thee.~~

The damozel, with blushing face and head turned aside, made answer she scarcely knew what; touching the goodness of Madame de Ferelles and her own thankfulness; and Sir John then continued—

“Seeing then, dear Avis, that this present annoy shall be to thy great profit hereafter, well I trust thou wilt not deem me unreasonable in that I purpose to set forward again, if we may, at early prime to-morrow. How say you, my Lord of Beaucaire?—or desire you to tarry in Rennes for the duke’s coming?”

“Nay, by my fay,” answered the count. “Little love hath there been at any time between John of Montfort and myself; and yet less since he essayed secretly to wreak his malice upon me two years past; for calling him a dishonoured knight, in the matter of the Constable and Peter de Craon. And though my Lord of Berry compelled him at that time to renounce his vengeance, yet all men know that he never quitteth an enmity, save for lack of means to carry it on; and much doubt I whether your purposed suit to him for my deliverance should not rather have wrought it by means of a short shrift and speedy stroke, than after any other fashion.”

“Of a truth, small love or praise seemeth he to have gained from high or low,” answered the other knight, “whether amongst his own people or strangers. Howbeit, his craft and ill-will shall work little further harm to any, if men say rightly; for, though I missed sight of him those two days I tarried at Vannes on this matter, yet learned I enow of his health and estate from divers there, to deem that the end of this mighty duke is not now far off. Nay, some were there that doubted, so feeble and wasted is he, if he might survive to make the voyage back to Erine, after the parliament.”

“God amend and assoile him!” said the French lord, “or an evil ending will it be to him; as also a welcome riddance to the fleur-de-lys, whensoever it shall befall.”

Right joyful was May Avis, after all her perils and strange lodging places, to find herself once again under a Christian roof-tree; and in a well-arranged chamber, with no mates save her faithful Gillian; of whom, despite the weariness of both, she would needs hear all that had happened to her, before they slept.

This, verily, was soon told. Gillian, at the time that their bark was run down of the robber, had been cast into the sea with the rest; and, losing there her hold of the squire to whom the Lord Guy had given her in charge, had been drowned. but for old Gauchet; by whose aid, with

Rengemair, to speed; who had pity on their plight, she was taken up into the ship, and there hidden, as afore, at Roche-Therouel, from the knowledge of all save those two, until occasion arose to send her thence in company of her lady.

1. May Avis, on her part, had as little to tell as Gillian. Not but that she had both seen and heard enough to have whiled away a December night with the rohestal; but on this, for the most part, her own womanly discretion counselled silence; over and above that, the Lord Gwy had found a moment, wherein to pray her of her gentleness that what they had met with in the robbers' hold, as well persons as adventures, might remain unknown to all but themselves.

2. Gillian, at all times alike discreet and faithful, held herself content with what it pleased her young lady to relate, without urging her on any point, and readily changed their discourse for a theme little less welcome to one than the other, the Knight of Perelles, whose noble earnings and valiant behaviour at that morning May Avis was never weary of praising; whilst meek Gillian loved to dwell on his wisdom and goodness; whereof she had heard more fully from his squire by the way. For this last, a grave sober yeoman was no sooner aware that she had known him, lest from very childhood; than he made her all show of courtesy and good-will; but most delighted she to hear him speak of Sir John, who, he said, had the love and reverence of all about him, both high and low honouring him no less for his graciousness and free-headed beauty, than for his prudence and firmness, which would suffer no licence or miracle in the lordship. And this his wisdom being joined to a courage whereof he had more than once made proof (though he sought not to exercise him in martial feats), had gained for him so high a name, that none of the disorderly folk around durst trouble him or his people, who led such quiet and prosperous lives as was a joy to see; and one and all were wont to bless the day when their lady had the hap to meet with this gentler knight, as the most springs in the Bounnonais.

3. At this mention of this Lady of Perelles, the damsel gave heed yet more earnestly, in the hope that her vehement longing to hear more of this spouse of John Ashcroft was at length to be appeased. Howbeit, either fearing to weary her, or that she really took no thought about the matter, Gillian broke off; as both the Lord Friar and Sir Gwy of Beaumais had done, at the name; and May Avis was forced to betake her to her pillow in ignorance.

4. But there the same thought still haunted and suffered her not to rest, until she could hear the annals no longer; but suddenly starting up, enquired sharply if this Lady of Perelles were a witch or a goblin; that she could gather courage to name her.

5. Gillian, suddenly awakened from sleep, was wholly unable, for a while, to divine the damsel's meaning, who was thereby distressed, to her no small displeasure, to make it plain to her, more than once; but when at last the poor wench, secretly knowing what she said, answered that in truth she had sought to learn nothing on that matter, deeming the theme ill pleasing to her lady, May Avis could not restrain her anger.

6. "All pleasing to me!" she broke in sharply. "Holy Mary, wench—thou art beginning to dote already, methinks! Wherefore should I be ill

pleased, thinkest thou, to learn somewhat of the bearing and conditions of this lady, in whose favour must be my whole affiance in time to come?"

May Avis had begun her speech in stout and sturdy guise enow, but ere she came to the end thereof, Gillian could know by the sound of her voice, that her mood had softened to weeping.

"So may I thrive, my own dear lady," she made haste to reply, "as all that I gathered concerning her from the squire's talk was, that she is one more heavily stricken with afflictions than age; having been well nigh bedrid these three years past by reason of a palsy, which hath wholly taken from her the mastery of her limbs, though with little peril, it is thought, of her life. In all which time, for lack of heirs or kindred to overlook and guide her affairs, her lands and the folk thereon, had been so utterly misgoverned and oppressed by a wicked steward, that in very pity to her poor thralls she had been fain to espouse gentle Master Ashtoft, with the hearty consent both of his lord, and of her own sovereign the Count Dauphin—a marriage that had truly wrought not less comfort to herself than others—Sir John ever seeking before aught else her honour and ease, and showing her in all things the tender care and reverence of a pious son."

Now cannot I tell you how it befel, but so it was, that with every word that Gillian spoke, the tears of May Avis flowed more and yet faster. Ye, who have erewhile spurned from you a poor pebble, which another hath taken up and made proof of in your sight for a rich jewel, may guess, in some sort, the cause of her weeping.

ADDRESS TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE
"PLEASURES OF HOPE"

Sleep on! sleep on! peace to thy sacred dust;
Thy lyre is broken, and thy strain is hushed,
Yet shall thy numbers live; in coming years
The grateful dew of righteous Freedom's tears
(The silent tribute of the good and brave)
Shall copious fall upon thy hallowed grave.

The dark Sarmatian, far from home exiled,
Shall call up scenes familiar when a child;
His thoughts shall range the rich luxuriant plains
Of fertile Poland, where to him remains
Not even a wreck of all he once held dear;
The tree is sapless, and the leaf is sere!

Though Hope's horizon now be dark and drear,
Thy genius, like the morning sun, shall clear
Away the gloom of hapless Poland's night,
And e'er restore her sons to life and light;

And though impeded in its course direct,
The dull resisting medium shall reflect
Its rays refringent, to illumine the mind,
And thus mature the freedom of mankind.

The British sailor on the billowy steep,
Majestic towering 'mid the watery deep,
With soul undaunted steers the stately bark,
Whilst all around is desolate and dark:
And when "the battle rages long and loud,"
(Heaven for his shield, and ocean for his shroud)
Inspired by thee, "the stormy winds may blow,"
He knows no danger, and he fears no foe.

Accurs'd ambition! orb of blackest night,
Sound reason's bane, false glory's satellite;
Whose strong attractive powers affect the brain
More fatally than Luna; where amain
The blood tumultuous rushes and excites
A yelling madness furious, and affrights
Even more than death itself—then art the nurse
Of horrid war, which, in its ruthless course,
The widow's wailings and the orphan's tears
With cold indifference views, and grimly sneers
At each disruption of the social tie,
Religious obligations all defies.

Or, what is worse, assumes these as a mask
To prompt benighted ignorance to the task
Of aiding and abetting thee in crime,
To gain the slippery height thou fain wouldst climb.
But mark! thine aspirations all are vain:
That Providence which doth the cause sustain
Of injured nations, shall at last assert
His just supremacy, and quick dispart
The galling chains of those who put their trust
In Him, and lay thee abject in the dust.

If proof of this were wanting, let us scan
The strange, perplexing history of man.
Where now is Persia? where is Macedon?
Where mighty Rome? and far-famed Babylon?
The savage beasts of prey or reptiles rife
Their ruined halls and palaces defile;
While sunk in superstition's dread abyss
Benighted, man thinks ignorance is bliss.
But why revert to ancient history's page?
Do not the annals of the present age
Display, in awful characters of blood,
The progress of that overwhelming flood
Of false philosophy and discord dire,
Which spread o'er Europe quick as lightning's fire,
And to one mass of common ruin hurl'd
The thrones and altars of one half the world.

'Twas then, O England! trusting in the might
Of him who said, "Be light," and there was light,
Thou didst unfurl thy standard, and proclaim
Thy strong resolve to vindicate the claim

Of truth and justice, and with eagle eye
A world in arms, undaunted didst defy.
Thank Heaven ! thine efforts sped, the strife is o'er,
The "star of peace" on Europe shines once more ;
While neighbouring states no longer rivals be
Save in the exercise of mutual charity.

Lamented shade ! the toil-worn soldier weeps,
And o'er thine ashes anxious vigil keeps :
And while thy war-strains thrill his inmost soul,
Thy "Soldier's dream" his ecstasies control,
And teach him, ere his final hour draws nigh,
To live so that he may not fear to die.

As long as nature's sympathies endure,
As long as woman, lovely, tender, pure,
Has power to charm and sublimiate the mind
To all that's noble, generous, and refined,
So long shall "Ullin's Daughter's" fate be wept,
And the sad tale in mournful memory kept.
When tempests sweep across thy native land,
And torrents rush impetuous o'er the strand,
Thy wild recitative and wilder choir
Of Scotia's maidens, kindled by thy fire,
Shall lull the winds, and raging storms subdue
To tones symphonious with their ullaloo !

Sweet bard of Hope ! that balm of human care,
Without whose soothing influence, despair
And fearful doubts might paralyse the mind
Of unassisted reason weak and blind ;
Even as regards the issues here below,
Of expectations fraught with weal or woe ;
But oh ! how cheering to the immortal soul,
That hope extends beyond our earthly goal,
While faith and charity our fears dismiss,
Hope harbingers eternity of bliss.

On that dread day when nature shall expire,
And worlds dissolve in streams of liquid fire ;
When sun, and moon, and stars no light shall shed,
And earth and sea shall render up their dead ;
When the "Last Man," of all but hope bereft,
Himself the sole surviving remnant left
Of countless myriads of the human race
Departed hence, and none to mark their place,
Shall hear th' angelic blast of trump of doom,
And see th' awaken'd dead burst from the tomb ;
Oh ! may he then devoutly turn his eye
From earth to heaven and immortality ;
And may thy generous spirit there find rest
Through all eternity, for ever blest.

DOMESTIC CONDITION OF THE HINDOOS.

CHAPTER I.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

[This interesting paper lately obtained the prize offered by an English gentleman for the best Essay on the Domestic Condition of the Hindoos. The competitors were to be exclusively Hindoos. The successful candidate, Ganpūt Lakkhūmanji, is a man of great learning and genius. His title is wholly unknown in this country. We are indebted for a copy of it to one of the most learned Englishmen at present connected with India. He assures us that it is the most able and accurate picture of Hindoo life which has ever appeared. We have made some unimportant alterations in the arrangement in order to adapt it somewhat more to English notions.—EDITOR.]

THE very title of this paper suggests to our mind almost intuitively the great importance of the subject. The importance of domestic arrangement evinces itself in the circumstance of its being the most widely beneficial in its results, the most essential to the comfort and happiness of human society, and the best guarantee of social order and peace. Our home is important to us on account of its being the chief scene of many of those occurrences on which depends our happiness, both present and future. It is the school where the infant mind is trained to the exercise of its powers, where the child is taught its duties to the different members of the family, where early lessons of piety are instilled into its mind, where its ideas are acquired, and its affections formed, where principles of virtue are first implanted—in short, where begins the laying of that foundation upon which will depend the superstructure of future happiness. Within the little circle of its walls we receive those impressions which, grounded in a heart that turns from good to evil, will influence our principles and conduct, and colour the whole of our after-life. It is there that we derive knowledge, wisdom, and ability to enable us to discharge our duties to the world at large. There are our best affections rooted; there are the moral and social affections of infant humanity developed; and there habits of subjection to authority, of submission to a supreme will, are formed. There, as it were in a private nursery, are we prepared for the intercourse, and business, and duties of this life, and for the far more important duties and privileges of that which is to come. Is it not in the domestic circle of our home that there are secured from our earliest infancy, the benefits of a father's counsel and a father's care, that we are taught betimes the lessons of piety, commended with persuasive power by the lips of a parent, whom God would have to be at once a master and a priest in his own house, and to give, by the type of an earthly father, some idea of the character in which he himself best loves to be known, even as their Father in heaven? How important, then, is it that we make our domestic life capable of realizing these glorious purposes for which it seems to be so evidently intended! It is, indeed, not everywhere that

the blessing of a right family arrangement is felt to its fullest extent by all its members. To those miserable abodes where intemperance and vice are daily inmates, and where ignorance and superstition prevail, rooting out those social feelings which alone can enliven the charities of the domestic circle, and that sweet communion of sentiment which is essential to the happiness of the family, what feeling can be attached but that of a rooted aversion? Domestic life is indeed, above all other things on earth, redolent of happiness to every human being. But in that unhappy abode where ignorance and superstition are the reigning inmates, and where education has not penetrated its beams and banished darkness from its walls, the true blessing which domestic life is designed by a gracious Providence to confer on man, is neither felt nor enjoyed to its fullest extent. Education, founded on the fear of God, which is the beginning of all wisdom, lends additional charms to the family circle, and to all the dearest associations connected with it: but in vain would we look for the realization of those high blessings where education has not shed its light around. Consider a youth brought up in the ways of idleness and profligacy, into whose ears the wholesome lessons of piety were never poured, and the education of whose moral and intellectual powers was quite neglected; whose improvement in virtue was never attended to, and who was only encouraged to excel in the achievements of otium; and contrast such a character with that of a modest, unassuming, and enlightened youth, trained to habits of rational contemplation, brought to an acquaintance with his duties to his earthly parents, and with those which he owes to his Heavenly Father, grounded in the belief and confession of truth, and qualified for the important purposes of his existence—doing good to his fellow-creatures, and living to the glory of God. Contrast these characters so diametrically opposite to one another, and say, reader, without prejudice or partiality, which of them would prove a useful member of society. Indeed, when ignorance is not removed from the family abode, and its natural accompaniments are allowed to reign without a check, our domestic life is no longer a blessing to us. Then intemperance, vice, and superstition would become the reigning inmates, and root out all those social feelings so necessary for the preservation of domestic order and peace. But in a family composed of members whose hearts are impressed with the convictions of truth, and imbued with the principles of sound morality, the real blessings of domestic life are most extensively felt. Born in a state of helplessness, and placed in a state of absolute dependence upon their parents, their best and dearest interests as men, as far as both this world and the next are concerned, must, in a great measure, depend upon the principles and conduct of those with whom they may be so nearly connected from the earliest days of their infancy. Hence arises the absolute necessity that the members composing a family should all have enlightened views of things around them—have a clear knowledge of the relations in which they stand to this world and the next, of the duties they owe to one another and to their Creator, and be impressed with the importance of being subservient to promote the glory of God, and the good of their fellow-creatures. In a family so constituted, there is no danger of man's proving a useless member of society. Then,

indeed, may the blessings of religious and moral education be felt in all their fullness and abundance; then, indeed, may the fountain-head of corruption be turned into waters of goodness; then, indeed, may the depravity of the human heart be softened, and its dreadful effects be prevented. In such a family there is a provision already secured for the better and early tuition of the young candidates for immortality, a provision which we will look for in vain in a family of an opposite description. Men united to such a family cannot fail to derive from their connections a large amount of useful information, and wholesome moral instruction. They have the opportunity of picking up these from the conversation and example of those enlightened and experienced individuals by whom they may find themselves every day surrounded. Thus, then, they may enjoy all those advantages that can possibly be derived from an enlightened and well-regulated intercourse of domestic life.

Now, in order to avail ourselves of these foregoing observations in pursuing the subject with which we are presently engaged, we would, in the first place, ask our native readers whether the family institutions of the Hindoos resemble an institution so well regulated and so happily circumstanced as this? Since with our domestic life is connected the promotion of our best interests, both in this world and the next, and since it is in the family circle that we receive those impressions which have so great an influence over the principles and conduct of our future life, it is a matter of serious importance to inquire, whether or not in our own family systems, there exist customs and prejudices of all kinds detrimental to the cause of virtue and the advancement of moral enlightenment; and whether or not we have neglected to extirpate them entirely from the family circle, with which we and our kindred are connected, and upon which our best interests are so greatly dependent? Does the father in our families gather around him the little flock of his children, and commend to them, by persuasive power, the wholesome lessons of piety and the principles of morality? Does the mother, kind as she is, and possessing a heart that yearns with prompt solicitude over the little objects of her affections, display any anxiety or care about the interests of her own soul, or of those of the family around her? Is she really convinced of her own state of ignorance, or, when so convinced, is she willing to use any means to remove it? Did it ever occur to her mind, that while, with all the solicitude of a mother, she cared about the health of her children, and sought eagerly to deck their bodies with all exterior embellishments, she must, with far more solicitude and anxiety, attend to the proper training of their mental powers, and to furnish their minds with rich intellectual wealth? (No such thing!) Is not her mind, on the other hand, always haunted with thoughts of their future eminence in the world's esteem; and is she not often discontented and vexed when disappointment or ill-success attends them in their purely worldly enterprises, without being able to use any means by which their spirits might be properly soothed and cheered? Is there anything like sweetness of communion, gentleness of manners, mutual love, mutual esteem, sweet interchange of feelings, and similar means so essential to the promotion of domestic harmony and filial

affection, to be observed in the families of the natives? Are the children there seen collecting together to receive any lessons in piety or morality from their parents, and to derive useful instruction from them, as to the manner in which they ought to conduct themselves in relation to this world, and in the far more interesting relation to the world which is to come? Is a father's voice heard tenderly instructing his beloved children in divine things, or the lisping tongue of a child reverently whispering the Creator's name and singing His praises? No; surely not. The clean-swept hearth is scarcely ever encircled by a pious and God-fearing people, from whose lips no word of depravity ever did drop, whose souls are often raised in holy devotion to their Father in heaven, who love him both in prosperity and adversity, and whose stay is on Him only who is the author of every good and perfect gift. True piety and wholesome early instructions are entirely neglected, and their very semblance is, perhaps, without hesitation, mocked at and ridiculed. They do hardly recollect that everything good comes from God, and that they are accountable to him only for all they think and all they do. All that degree of domestic felicity which they enjoy, they forget its proceeding entirely from him who is the source of all good; and amidst all their social endearments and comforts, scarcely ever is an eye seen turned towards Heaven, whose liberal hand dispenses blessings to his creatures, who gives them all that is needful to their existence, and has pleasure only in a grateful heart. But let us bear in mind that where true piety and sound morality are sufficiently grounded in the hearts of a family, there it is that we can find domestic happiness and social comfort perpetually reigning throughout the whole family circle.

The production of social comforts and the enjoyment of domestic felicity to its fullest extent, depend upon the education of women, who are chiefly concerned in the interests of the family, and who possess an extensive influence over the habits of human society. However sanguine our hopes may be about our domestic improvement, yet they cannot be fully realized until the state of things undergoes a perfect change, or until the minds of our females be thoroughly enlightened by sound education. The formation of the minds of the other sex is occasionally hinted at as being in the hands of women, and never quite exempt from their influence. But when women are degraded and enslaved, the benefits that they can enjoy in such a state are evidently few, and the injury thereby done to the community at large is great. Combined with the control which they possess over society, their own enlightenment would be a source of vast improvement, and render them, in fact, the ministers of a great many blessings. Here, however, the order of things is quite the reverse. Here woman is degraded to be the slave, rather than caressed as the companion, of man. Here the cultivation of her mind is systematically neglected. She can hardly enter into intelligent conversation or discussion. Both the soul and body of a daughter are subjugated to the tyrannizing will of her father, who is rather intent upon enslaving her mind than informing her judgment—of a wife, to the overbearing disposition of the husband, who rather takes much pleasure in frowning towards her with anger, and in

seeing her tamely submitting to his lashes, than in maintaining a sweet interchange of feeling with her. Custom would, no doubt, in such a case reconcile more than one half of the human race to this mental bondage, and the flexibility and gentleness of the female character in this enslaved state, combined with an uninformed mind, would greatly assist in rivetting the opinions instilled into her heart in her infancy, and begetting in her a stubborn obstinacy against all forcible convictions of a stranger. The time which she ought to have usefully spent in improving and enriching her own mind, and in the prosecution of duties which involve the most important interests of her soul, is indifferently and negligently lost by being drawn away or occupied by some insignificant care, some small bargain to be made, some amusement to be engaged in, some petty object to be gained, some project or speculation which attracts her fancy or promises to gratify her taste and ambition. Far removed as she is from the busy tumult of society, the woman of India has a little society about herself, where she finds subjects sufficient to engross her—subjects of emulation, of provocation, and of quarrel among her own children, or among some other members of the family with whom she has anything to do. Within the narrow circle of her home does she find objects sufficient to engross her attention and occupy her time during the whole term of her existence. With the affairs of the kitchen is she the most busily engaged, and in them does she find the greatest possible delight. Instead of employing her time in the cultivation of her own mind, she lamentably wastes it in vain rivalries, idle gossiping, and in foolish trifles. Thus are the precious hours of an Indian woman told over, which she ought rather to have devoted to the attainment of nobler objects, and have employed in the enjoyment of purer and higher kinds of delight, than to suffer them to pass away in some petty cares or some frivolous objects, and to be absorbed in the gratification of some present humour or some wrong ambition. Thus, by the engrossment of some petty cares, domestic anxieties, and some causeless irritation, does she suffer the time swiftly to pass away which she ought to have employed for the interests of her own soul; and which, rather than be wholly bestowed on the establishment of mere bodily health, or the promotion of temporal prospects, she should, under a deep impression of the more important concerns of futurity, devote with unbroken energy to the promotion of her spiritual welfare, and the advancement of the all-comprehending interests of her soul, which is infinitely superior in value, infinitely nobler in nature, and infinitely more durable in existence, than the material mechanism which is called the body.

But alas! her views do not extend beyond the narrow circumference of objects immediately around her. The more insignificant concerns of the kitchen, the adjustment of the differences and disputes among servants or relations; outwitting others of her own sex in gilded trappings, or in the splendours of brilliant jewels, magnificent rubies, or golden bracelets; and such other frail ornaments, which merely deck the exterior, but leave unenriched and naked the never-dying soul; the forming and extending of connections, by some conjugal alliances, the marrying of sons and daughters at an early age, long ere the buddings of their infant

reason have begun to expand, or the dawns of understanding to break in, or they are awakened to any sense of the important nature of their union and of the several obligations which from such a union necessarily arise; the strict and the undeviating observance of certain unnecessary ceremonies with which the hungry and dissatisfied priest overburdens her;—these, and many others, are the sole and primary subjects of her frequent care and anxious solicitude. These are the objects which take an undue precedence in her untutored mind, and on these alone are exhausted all the energies of thought and labour. Too much is she occupied with the passing scenes of temporal enjoyments or the grovelling pleasures of sensual appetites, eagerly to pursue after and seize the nobler and more lasting delights of intellectual refinement; and too strong is her attachment to mere wordly things, seriously to desire the things of eternity. To her the enjoyment of present peace and comfort possesses more attractive charms than the bright and cheering prospects of future felicity. Under such a state of mental bondage hardly can we expect her to follow back the stream of time, and grasp in, on a retrospective glance, all the transactions of the past, and to deduce from their arrangement and condensation inferences as to what might happen in future. Hardly can she in the events which take place on earth, whether they be of a public, private, or more domestic nature—hardly can she discover the visible hand of God, as directing them all for ages, as overruling the schemes and enterprises of many successive generations of men, as guiding with infinite facility the complicated movements of the natural and moral worlds to the result which he had determined from the beginning of time. Under the present enslaved state of her mind, she can neither form nor entertain any enlightened views of the divine administration, and of the constitution and condition of mankind as subjects of that administration. The whole natural world affords to her no rich materials for contemplation, and furnishes no wholesome discipline to the faculties and powers of her uncultivated mind. In vain for her does the sun dart his enlivening beams upon the earth, and diffuse gladness through the nations. In vain for her the earth is blessed with fertility, and is replenished with all that is conducive to the comfort and convenience of mankind. In vain the flowers of the field bloom before her in all their radiant beauty, and perfume the air with their sweet fragrance. Thus, then, the affections and thoughts of Hindoo women are wholly set upon the objects and advantages of the world, without ever lifting up their minds to the Giver of all good, and who is the only source of all their blessings here below and above. In such families the real blessings of domestic life can scarcely be experienced to their fullest extent by the unhappy members of whom they consist. For, those apparent advantages and enjoyments which they seem to enjoy, and on which they rest the full weight of their affection and interest, are not the blessings peculiar to a domestic life. The authority of disputing with servants, and darting an angry look towards them if they do any wrong, or smiling at them with mild complacency if they do right, is not a real blessing. Marrying sons and daughters at an early age, dressing them in all the charms of artificial decorations, covering their heads with flowers, their bodies

with splendid clothes, and hands and feet with yellow gold, gazing at them, sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with wonder, and often with admiration, calling friends and relations alike disposed with themselves to share in their sports, whims, and pleasures, constitute none of the real blessings of a domestic life. To preside over the affairs of the kitchen, and to manage all its concerns, is no domestic blessing. To chastise a child for its impertinence, or to have the means of satisfying its wants, is no great domestic blessing. Attending on certain ceremonies even of the most trifling description, and having all matters to adjust at their command; distributing fruits and money among the Bráhmans, who are always ready to subject them to many unnecessary religious penances and sacrifices, and who, on receiving the welcome reward of *dackshina*, as it is called, for all their priestcraft and cunning, pronounce a kind of blessing on the presiding female of the family;—all these ceremonies, and all these affairs, cannot be the blessings of a domestic life. If, therefore, these objects and these pursuits occupy the time and engage the attention of every female of an Indian family—if beyond these her thoughts never extend, and if in them she finds the source of all her chief happiness and enjoyments on earth—if amidst all the domestic charities of which she partakes, and the domestic felicities she enjoys, she can never yet acknowledge the liberal hand that dispenses blessings to all created beings; if the affairs of the kitchen, the bonds of relationship, and the extending of connections and the decoration of children, are the sole objects and purposes of her existence, and form the whole circumference of her actions and thoughts, then it can scarcely be that she enjoys the real blessings and comforts peculiar to domestic life in all their extent and in all their fulness, for these are the whole sum and conclusion of her domestic history. No other than these things form the subjects of her attention and serious regard. It is these, and these alone, which form the whole history of her life, and without them her existence is considered as a mere blank.

The effects of the exclusion of moral and religious education from native families, and the consequent moral and spiritual prostration which prevails throughout, manifest themselves most dreadfully in the conduct of the children bred up amongst such families. Perhaps in the higher ranks the evil is not exhibited in all its magnitude, because of those studied refinements, that smoothness and polish of manners, which characterize the higher portions of the community. These refinements, artificial as they are, keep for a time within proper bounds the energies of the corrupt heart; and prevent, though not entirely, the effects of ignorance from gaining an uncontrolled predominance in the family. Let them be but once removed, and just as surely will the unhappy effects of corruption burst out and spread themselves over the family, as the waters of a river rush in and overwhelm the country when the artificial embankments which confined them are removed. The genuine sentiments of the heart display themselves in a variety of circumstances of the most unhappy description. Hence we every day meet with instances of the most glaring deficiencies in the character of children, born even in the families of the higher classes of natives. Often when

we enter these families of our native brethren, do we meet with a boy or a girl fighting or quarrelling with some inmate of the house for extorting from him unwilling compliance with his wishes, or hers, as the case may be. Often does it happen, that when some ill-omened guest enters their houses, and, observing around him the order of things, ventures to talk of learning, of the danger of ignorance, and the folly of youth, the haughty children of the family, not a little flattered and indulged by their parents, laugh at him, mock, ridicule, and despise him, pour upon him every bitter reproach, and all the harsh language of contempt. Often is the indulgent mother drawn away from her domestic affairs, with which she may be busied, by the incessant cries and unreasonable importunities of her stubborn boy. She coaxes and flatters him. The boy persists in his resolution. She yields to his impertinences, allows herself to be vanquished, and leaves him alone. The father, worn out and exhausted by the labour of the day, seeks, at night, a repose in his wife and children—a refuge from the noise and turmoil of the world. But his repose is not one of a sweeter kind; for, here does a haughty child come complaining of some wrong being done to him; there does he set up crying for something which he wants, and his parents do not like to give. Here he falls to beating his brothers or sisters who may be like-minded with himself, and be distinguished by the same petulant character; there does he run away from one corner of the house to the other, to find some stone or some stick by which to avenge the little affront offered him. The old man feels disturbed and vexed by this scene of wild extravagance among his children. He can use no better means to put a stop to their roguery and childish sports, than by inflicting upon them the severest corporal punishment. He is too little enlightened himself to advise them by wise counsels, and convince them with persuasive power of the folly and danger likely to attend their practices and sports. He can read to them no lesson in morality, and instil into their ears no wholesome principles of true piety and wisdom. And if, under such circumstances, he even makes an attempt to speak of the awful responsibility in which they stand to their earthly parents, and their Father in heaven, what can be expected but the romping insensibility, the wild mirth of intemperance, the loud laugh of childish enthusiasm, or the damping of excited spirits, and confusion and disorder reigning throughout the whole? The old man is tired and vexed, and leaving his unmanageable children to their wild sports and amusements in despair, retires silently to his bed, vainly blaming his fate, but never thinking that the fault is his own. The mother, whose solicitude for their peace and satisfaction is indeed remarkable, and often too powerful to sway even her better motives, countenances them in their gay frolics and their wild gambols, only scolding and threatening them if they carry their extravagance to too high a pitch, and do not cease in the immoderate indulgence of their favourite whims. The mother, whose heart is naturally full of affection for them, and who loves them with extreme tenderness, never bears the thought of discouraging or frightening her fond children by rough or harsh menaces, but, with a smile of complacency and satisfaction, endeavours to coax them up by flattering promises, or to satisfy their appetites with some gew-

gaw, or some glittering toy which might amuse their fancy or gratify their taste. This indulgence of the parents, founded upon no moral principle, and directed by no enlightened views which education alone opens, lays a foundation for many regrets and disappointments, subjects them to a multitude of vain troubles and anxieties which they might otherwise have avoided, destroys social harmony and every sentiment of filial respect, and renders the children, at last, curses rather than blessings to the family.

Let us not, however, stop here, but pursue our inquiries through the lower ranks of our native society. Observe, first, the conduct of the seniors of those families. Observe the female inmates occasionally falling out with one another, with the most bitter acrimony, for some trifling or insignificant concern; bawling out the most horrid imprecations the whole day; uttering lies without dismay, and violating truth without one single feeling of remorse; using language towards one another, that would abash piety or redden the cheek of modesty; often gnashing their teeth, stamping their feet, beating their heads and breasts, and committing every kind of self-infliction; in the height of their foolish anger, blaspheming God's holy name on all occasions, whether trifling or serious; vainly setting up crying, and bitterly lamenting the hard fate, as they would have it, in which, by their own imprudence, they are unhappily involved. Observe still farther their conduct towards their husbands. The wife, feeling herself to be the lady of the family, with a few children at her command, and some little stock of money on which rests all her pride and glory, looks about on the several objects of her family circle with self-complacency: and her vanity, which is common to her sex, being flattered by the respect and obedience which she sees paid to her all round, she does not even fail to attempt at gaining some ascendancy over her own lord. If he be a man of upright conduct, steadiness of purpose, firmness of principle, and of a regular disposition, the cunning woman first fondly dallies about him, pleases him by well-measured pace, fine serving of the hands, the graceful flow of her hair, and the artfulness of her soft sweet voice; all which she does for the sake of duping her undesigning lord. Then gradually she coaxes him up, flatters him, showing him proofs of her high esteem and regard for him, submits with some semblance of patience to the few slaps and scolding which he gives her to be satisfied with her constancy, then slowly brings in a few subjects of complaint in which the feeling of her husband may be deeply interested—explains to him the different details of circumstances connected with them, reveals to him the bad feelings and sentiments which his own kindred or friends might cherish towards him, and takes care to contrast those feelings of his own relatives with the high and amiable sentiments displayed towards him by relations on her own side; thus indicating to her husband what delicate sensibility she possesses with regard to his welfare—what deep interest she takes in his nearest concerns, and how scrupulous she is in observing and detecting, even in his dearest friends and relations, the slightest marks of hostility towards him. If, on the other hand, he be a man of loose habits, and incorrect moral principles, she need not be at so much pains to gain her selfish end. Her ascendancy over him is at once established.

The display of her ingenuity and skill in the management of her own domestic concerns, and her strict observance of the forms and ceremonies which she is now and then called upon to perform, impresses him with a sentiment of reverence for his wife, and invests her character with such awe, that her husband gives himself wholly up to her guidance, and submits to her in all matters, however serious or important they may be. Perhaps the husband, as no doubt is often the case among the lower ranks of the natives, may be in the habit of visiting taverns and game-houses. This circumstance adds to the consequence of the reigning heroes of the family, and renders her ladyship the more esteemed by the houses of her neighbourhood. He may be a servant to some respectable native himself, or to some European. Returning from his duties in the evening, on his way homeward, he steps into some ale-house or other, and demands the fatal cup. The man sits calmly gazing around, and cheerfully swallows up the contents of the poisoned cup. The drunkard then goes home, and finds the door shut fast against him. The wife, whose business all this was, is, perhaps, baking her cakes, and cooking her meals, meditating on the broils and contests in which she was engaged with her fellow-mates during the day, and busily working her fancy to find out some subject for quarrel to be engaged in with her husband at night. The husband, shivering in the cold night, knocks at the door, and bawls out his wife's name to open it, who had so cruelly shut it against him. She comes furiously out, hastily opens the door, loads him at the first interview with the severest reproaches, deprecating his conduct, and invoking the gods to have pity on her, and relieve her from the dangers and perils attending such a disgraceful union. The poor husband, smitten with shame, and the lashes of a self-accusing conscience, submits patiently to all the imprecations of his wife, and to all her whims and caprices, rooting out, as they do, those social feelings and those rational sentiments which enliven and adorn domestic life.

This is no exaggerated statement, but a fact attested by my own experience and observation. But this is not all in reference to the families of the lower orders of natives. A circumstance equally mournful with the former, and involving the happiness of human society, needs be particularly noticed. Ignorance has deeply rooted itself in the bosom of those families. Juvenile depravity there holds an uncontrolled sway. One can scarcely walk the streets without meeting with numberless instances of the early profligacy of character. It meets the eye on all hands. And it is so common here, that it ceases to excite wonder. A boy is seen running along with some little theft which he may have committed in his own house, or the houses of his neighbourhood. He calls out to his fellow-mates, who may be probably engaged in the same kind of enterprise, to share the prize with him. They all assemble together, congratulating and complimenting one another on the successful issue of their enterprise, divide their respective spoils among themselves, with due regard to the degree of skill which each one of them exercised in committing the theft, and to the value of the spoil which he succeeded in acquiring, and pride themselves on these achievements as those of an extraordinary kind. A girl, with the gentleness and flexibility peculiar

to her sex, is observed also to run about in imitation of the boy, chanting out some merry rhyme which her mother taught her, and associating with her fellows of the other sex with the most unseemly familiarity. A father is seen with his whip, or a stick, or perhaps with a stone in his hand, driving his stubborn son home; falling upon his body and soundly beating him with blows; calling him harsh words, tying his hands and feet to some tree growing near, or to some post, or to any kind of support, then soundly giving as many lashes of his whip on his back as he chooses; kicking him, spitting on him, and dealing with him in a very unbecoming and disgusting manner. The son bawls out, and in fits of anger beats his own breast, throws about his arms and legs, calls out to some one to set him at liberty, promises to give him some small reward for his display of generosity in relieving him, calls upon the names of his gods to lend him their *celestial* aid in loosening the ties by which the *earthly* hands of his parent have fastened him, even blaming them for their giving him birth in a house and amid friends where his natural heart has not its full play. A mother is beheld running in the same manner as the father after her child, with one hanging on her shoulders, and another sucking at her breast, snatching from his hands any toy he may have fled with from her, tying up his hands and feet, dragging him along the streets, beating him with her fist, whipping him as he is dragged along, while the little urchin is exerting all his might in resisting her threatenings and beatings. Perhaps he gets loosened from her grasp, and flies off from her. Now what solicitude and anxiety does not the mother display? She goes home and sends a servant, if she can afford one, to look about for her child and to bring him into her presence. The boy goes and joins his companions. There he revels in all the wantonness of freedom, amid the circle of his gay companions. He is so deeply engaged in the sports and gambols of his youthful companions, as never to allow himself to recollect that his mother, from whom he had fled, is much strict about him, and would never afterwards give him leave to stir out of doors. Amidst the noise and fumes of pleasure, the youth loses all sense of his moral obligations and duties to his parents. But the mother's affection comes into play. At home she is weeping for her child's absence. Her heart is soon melted into pity and tenderness. She is not now what she was some moments ago. She throws away the whip and the stick which she has just held fast in her hands to chastise her wayward boy. She casts aside her angry looks, and forgets the words of execration which had just lately moved her lips. She does not attend for some time to the affairs of the kitchen, and leaves them at the disposal of some qualified person in the house; sending all her thoughts after the boy who is yet out of doors. Perhaps now the day has set, and the shades of night begin to close in all around. The mother's solicitude now knows no bounds; and her heart beats high with the throbbings of tender anxiety. She lays her hand upon her breast, and lifts up her eyes to heaven, as if in deep meditation. Her thoughts are all wandering after her boy. Her imagination, heated by superstition, transforms all her thoughts into frightful spectres, which often cross her mind's eye, now representing her boy as carried away by some thief, now as devoured by some monster of the forest. Her boy does not yet

appear. She weeps, and refuses to eat or drink till he comes home. She sends for a Brahmin in the neighbourhood, and asks of him omens, and inquires of him where her boy must be? What must he be doing? And when will he come? At midnight, perhaps, when the flutter and noise of the gay circle has closed, in the disgusts and slumber of the young companions, the longed-for boy of the mother walks home with his eyes half closed, his body weakened, his intellect benumbed, his senses stupified, and almost in a state totally unfitting him for any other than the business of quietly sleeping in his bed. The door of the house is indeed shut, but the indulgent mother, half sleeping and half awake, is sitting immediately behind the door waiting in anxious expectation of her child. He knocks at the door, and it is soon opened by the mother within; she forbears scolding or threatening him, lest it should tend to strengthen his obstinacy, and thereby subject herself the more to the same unnecessary anxieties and cares in future. This indulgence, so far from producing the expected result, rather encourages him to engage more deeply in his pursuits, and indulge more freely in his gambols. He repeats the same round of process the next day and goes unpunished. He is thus allowed to run into the wildest extravagances of his youth, beyond all hopes of his being ever afterwards reclaimed from his error. He obeys no commands given by his parents, who, however, are little careful to see them duly enforced. Commands are repeated, and are as often disobeyed. A habit of insubordination is gradually induced, which grows to such a height that nothing can overcome it. Entreaties, threats, corporal punishments, lose their effect, and are found insufficient to counteract its tendencies. Thus a sure foundation is laid for future perplexities and sorrows; for many needless troubles, bitter regrets, and self-reproaches. When, therefore, the boy thus breaks off at a tangent from all domestic restraints, when the flagrant outbursts of his corrupt nature are allowed to burst out in all their fury without being reprov'd or checked, when no attempt is made to develope and strengthen the faculties of his mind, and when every sound instruction is neglected which might tend to subdue the evil tendencies of his corrupt heart, and rear him in an intimate knowledge of divine truth, he becomes really a curse, not only to the family in which he was born, but to the community at large.

THE DESOLATE ONE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

She only said, "My life is dreary."—TENNYSON'S POEMS.

UNHAPPY lady! musing here in gloom,
 Why from thy window jealous hide the light,
 Anticipating, as it were, the tomb?
 Oh! has earth lost all charms for thy dimm'd sight?

Splendour surrounds thee, yet thy vacant eye
 Bestows no praise upon the rich profusion ;
 E'en when I came thy bosom heav'd a sigh,
 As friendship now, alas ! were deemed intrusion.
 Her wasted hand I took, purpled with cold,
 Though I was panting with the summer heat :
 Forbid ! that I should ever be as old,
 And lonely dwell in such a dull retreat.
 'Neath youth's warm pressure her *age* did revive,
 Her wan lips smiled the smile which is *not* mirth,
 Then whisper'd ahe, " I mourn I'm still alive,
 " For my worn soul weary is of earth.
 " There was a time—there *was*—'tis gone ! 'tis gone !
 " When this hush'd room was vocal with the glee
 " Of children's laughter—clear as lark at morn,
 " But oh ! far more harmonious to me.
 " Then slept I but to dream a mother's bliss,
 " The dream that comes from seraphs' land divine ;
 " Then waked I but to feel my children's kiss,
 " And see their blue eyes plunging into mine.
 " One by one those saints redeem'd departed ;
 " How from my horrent eyes they fled in haste,
 " Leaving me completely desert-hearted,
 " With no fresh spring to irrigate its waste.
 " I know the Christian ought to be resigned,
 " And, uncomplaining, sorrow's chalice quaff ;
 " That God the broken reed will surely bind :—
 " Resigned I am, but I can never laugh !
 " I never doled out prayers to stint the Lord,
 " In *curt* devotions on fix'd holy days ;
 " But every one a Sabbath did afford,
 " When I praised him, and felt it joy to praise.
 " How thrilled my heart to hear each infant voice
 " Appealing to the Lord of heaven with me ;
 " At childhood's prayer the seraphim rejoice,
 " For it resembles theirs in purity.
 " Here now I'm left, like ancient Grief, alone ;
 " Appalling are the woes that years reveal !
 " Yet wherefore breathe the unregarded moan ?
 " The world opines that *age* forgets to feel.
 " Oh ! I *can* feel the heaviness of years—
 " Acutely feel ; how my 'reft bosom craves,
 " To be released from this sad vale of tears,
 " *Where mocking sunbeams sport o'er infants' graves.*
 " Impatiently I wait the blissful call—
 " Counting the ling'ring hours, wishing them sped,
 " When the blest mandate breaks my spirit's thrall,
 " And I am summon'd to rejoin the dead.
 " Come then, Lord Jesus, tarry thou no more,
 " Behold I sorrow for eternity ;
 " Land me, then, quickly on thy heav'nly shore,
 " ' For where our *treasure* is our heart will be.' "

THE BANKS AND BOSOM OF THE THAMES.

THE Thames is dear to the Londoners. It is the scene of half their pleasures. In the summer season it is ever in their thoughts, and they are often on its bosom. He who in treating of the mighty metropolis would omit to devote a chapter to the Thames, would, in Cockney estimation, betray as great a want of judgment as the itinerant player who proposed performing Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet without the character of Hamlet himself. The Thames is the life and soul of London. The latter owes all that it is in commercial greatness to the river which runs through its midst. Were it possible to dry up the Thames, a deadly blow would be given to the grandeur and prosperity of London.

The Thames is a noble river. It is incomparably the most important river in Great Britain; and, in some respects, is unequalled by any river in Europe. Its source has been the subject of great disputes among topographers; nor is the point yet settled; some maintain that it has its origin in one place, some in another. Many writers affirm that it has its origin in the neighbourhood of the town of Thame, in the county of Oxford; but the most general opinion seems to be, that its source is in a spring in Wiltshire, within five miles of Cricklade, and two and a half miles of Cirencester. In this locality there are several small rivulets, which unite near the village of Lechlade, and form what may be considered a rather respectable river. It is maintained by many—and there is reason in the opinion—that this ought to be regarded as the origin of the Thames. It is the place at which it is at first navigable by boats. The distance from London is 138 miles. The Thames, by means of its numerous tributaries, gradually increases in size from this spot until it reaches Richmond, where it enlarges and subsides with the flowing and ebbing of the tide. The influence of the sea is not perceptible in the Thames above Richmond. With its course from its origin in Wiltshire, there are associated many incidents and circumstances occupying a prominent place in the page of history. To refer to these would be wandering from the path which we have prescribed to ourselves. And yet in tracing its course in the neighbourhood of Windsor, it is impossible to pass by Datchet without mentioning that it was close to it that the carcase of Sir John Falstaff was thrown out of the buck-basket into the river by the special command of Madams Page and Ford. The exact spot where the body of the fat

knight displayed such a wonderful alacrity in sinking, cannot now be pointed out; but the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, taking tradition for their guide, direct the stranger to within a few yards of the ever-memorable spot.

Following the river in its downward course, the traveller comes to one of the most celebrated localities in English history, namely, Runnymede, the place where the barons of England assembled together to confer with King John on the great charter of English liberty. Almost opposite to this hallowed spot—hallowed in the estimation of every lover of liberty—is a little island on which King John with his little army lay. What the name of the island then was is a point on which antiquaries are silent. Its name from that time till the present has been *Magna Charta Island*; the renowned charter of English freedom having been there signed and sealed.

The next famous locality on the banks of the Thames is *Cooper's Hill*, charming for the rich and varied view it commands, and celebrated for its association with English poetry. Denham's "*Cooper's Hill*," a poem which for more than a century was considered the best of its kind in the English language, has made the locality familiar, at least in name, to all the admirers of English poetry. It was written two centuries ago, and yet is, in many respects, as descriptive of the place as if it had been written only yesterday. Pope also, in his "*Windsor Forest*," eulogises the beauties of *Cooper's Hill*. Thus sings the latter poet:—

"The sequestered scenes,
The bowery mazes and surrounding greens,
On Thames's banks, while fragrant breezes fill,
And where the Muses sport on *Cooper's Hill*.
On *Cooper's Hill* eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow."

Passing over many intervening localities with which are connected many interesting incidents, the pedestrian on the banks of the Thames, or the voyager on its bosom, comes to *Hampton Court*. Of that celebrated place we say nothing, because the subject would be too vast for our space. There are historical associations connected with it that would fill many goodly volumes. A little farther down is *Strawberry Hill*, one of the most unique spots to be found in England. The house originally was very unpretending in appearance; but even then was not without interest, for *Colly Cibber* lodged there for some time, and in one of its apartments wrote some of his best comedies. *Strawberry Hill*, however, derives its chief interest from its associations with the name of *Horace Walpole*. It was that celebrated minister, but hollow and heartless man, that made it what it now is—one of the most charming places, as already remarked, to be

found in England. It is quite a fairy spot, surpassing in beauty anything of which the imagination could form an idea.

But we must not linger on the spot, lovely as it is; nor must we expatiate, however inviting the scene, on the unparalleled beauty of the scenery along the banks of the river in the neighbourhood of Bushy Park. From this locality down to Richmond there is a variety, richness, and picturesque effect in the scenery, far exceeding anything described in the page or picture. It may be doubted whether, during the summer season, earth has many more lovely spots. Ascending Richmond Hill, the view is at once one of the most varied and picturesque on which the eyes of man ever gazed. The mind of the spectator is lost in the profuse richness of the panorama which spreads itself before him. No wonder that the enraptured poet exclaimed, as he surveyed the wondrous scene—

"Enchanting vale! beyond what'er the muse
Has of Achæia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of hills! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towers, and gilded streams!"

Nor ought we to omit to mention, that there are other than natural beauties at this part of the Thames, which, in the estimation of every cultivated mind, very greatly add to its charms. Who can visit Twickenham without recurring in his mind to the name and writings of Pope? It was his favourite place—a spot which he regarded with more than a lover's affection. His love for Twickenham was a passion; he cherished an enthusiastic attachment for this beautiful spot. It inspired some of his happiest poetic effusions; and, as he lived, so he died and is buried in the lovely locality. In Richmond, again, a little further onward, is the tomb of Thomson, the author of "*The Seasons*." Nor are these the only names consecrated in the page of English literature which are to be seen on the stones which point out the resting-place, in these two burial-grounds, of persons who have flourished in former periods. Several authors of eminence lie buried in Twickenham and Richmond; and the fact superadds a moral interest to the matchless natural beauty of the scenery by which these places are surrounded.

Hitherto our observations have been rather of an introductory kind, inasmuch as the parts of the Thames to which we have referred could not be said to be closely connected, if at all, with London, while our main object is to speak of the river as associated with London. From Richmond, however, down to Gravesend, the river may be considered essentially a part of the

metropolis. The intercourse carried on of late years between Richmond and London has been so great, that the former may, in some respects, be considered a suburban portion of the great city. Following the course of the Thames, you no sooner pass Richmond than you see the river studded with an innumerable host of skiffs and pleasure-boats of various sizes and descriptions. Steamers, too, crowded with passengers, are constantly to be seen ploughing their way to and from town. The scenery on the banks is still beautiful in the extreme. No man, who has a taste for the picturesque, could behold it without emotions of rapture. Of the spots and houses on the banks of the Thames, between Richmond and Hammersmith bridge, which possess historical interest, we have no space to say anything. Passing the bridge just mentioned, the river grows in dimensions, but the scenery on either side loses much of its richness. You have exchanged the charms of sylvan scenery for the more matter-of-fact realities of life. Brick and mortar, and all the indications of being in the vicinity of the modern Babylon, now crowd on the vision. As you pass Battersea bridge, you begin to feel that you are entering London. On the left is Chelsea; and though on the right the houses are comparatively few, you see in the distance—and at no great distance either—a world of brick and mortar. The romance of the river is now gone. Everything has an aspect of reality about it. Indications of commerce are everywhere visible. Water-works, tall chimneys, boats lying along the margin of the river, meet your eye as you look in a forward direction. You are at the Nine Elms. Little is there to be seen indicative of the grandeur or greatness of London. On the right hand the houses are small in size and dingy in appearance. On the left, the aspect of matters accords somewhat more with what might be expected as you enter so mighty a place. What the Surrey side of London, at this part of the river, seems to have been more than a century ago, it still is, as any one will see who reads the description which Pope has given of it in one of his short pieces. Were you to form your opinions of London from what you see on your right as you glide along this part of the river, you would come to the conclusion that you were entering some old, miserable, decayed town, instead of the greatest metropolis to be met with in the world. As you descend the river, there is more appearance of bustle and business on either side. You near Westminster bridge, and are struck with admiration at the richness of the architecture of the new legislative houses now in the course of erection there. Passing that bridge, London bursts in all its greatness and glory on your astonished view. On the Surrey side indications of active commerce everywhere meet the eye; on the Middlesex side, while there is no want of proofs of commercial industry;

the gardens, grounds, and houses, which line the margin of the river in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, expressively proclaim the ease, the affluence, and the luxuries of persons moving in a higher sphere of life.

The boat which has carried the stranger from Richmond, stops at Hungerford wharf. Hundreds, sometimes thousands of persons are assembled there (we are supposing it to be a fine day in summer). Some are wanting to embark on board steam vessels bound for various destinations on the river; others are waiting to welcome relations or friends from their pleasure excursions; while the remainder, constituting the great majority, have been attracted thither merely to spend a few idle hours in gazing on the busy and varied scenes which on a fine summer's day are always to be witnessed there.

The stranger is now in the heart of London. He is confounded by the scenes and circumstances which surround him. He feels himself in a new world. He had no conception before of what he now witnesses. His imagination could not have pictured to itself what he beholds wherever he turns his eye. A little behind him is Westminster bridge, with its streams of passengers, some in carriages or other vehicles, some on horseback, but most of them on foot, passing to and fro. Before him is Waterloo bridge, one of the most splendid structures in the world, with its crowds of passengers hurrying along. Steamers sweep past him, with a frequency of which no one who has not been in London can form any idea; their wheels enveloped in the spray they have created, while the atmosphere is darkened with the curling volumes of smoke which they leave in the track through which they have passed. The bosom of the river is studded with pleasure-boats and little skiffs, plying for hire. The margin of the water on either side resembles a sort of wooden embankment, formed of coal and other barges. You pass Waterloo bridge, and begin to be amazed at the magnitude of the river, as well as at the vast amount of bustle and business visible on its bosom. Here the Thames, at full tide, is a noble river. There is something majestic in its aspect; something well fitted to call forth poetic strains from the mind of the poet when he first beholds it.

Of the interesting local associations, historical and otherwise, connected with the Thames, from Battersea down to Waterloo bridge, we have said nothing. Our limited space would not admit of any reference to these. It must suffice in general terms to say, that this part of the river, on the left hand, or Middlesex side, is replete with historical associations as interesting as any to be met with in the annals of England.

Somerset House never fails to attract the attention of the stranger, as he passes Waterloo bridge. It is a large and sub-

stantial edifice, one in which a world of public business is carried on. Incredibly great are the sums of money which daily find their way into the national exchequer through the doors of Somerset House. The machinery by which taxation of every kind is extorted from the public, is worked within the walls of that establishment. A few yards farther on, and you are opposite the Temple, celebrated alike for its ancient church and the legions of lawyers constantly at work, to the cost of their clients, in its innumerable chambers. You have hardly withdrawn your eye from the Temple, than you find yourself passing through one of the arches of Blackfriars' bridge. You advance a few yards farther, and are overpowered by the magnificent edifice of St. Paul's, of the dome of which you had already caught occasional glimpses in your downward voyage. Even now you behold it not in all its colossal proportions; you only see the upper portion of the building. You witness enough, however, to be able to infer what the superstructure as a whole must be, when one part of it makes so deep an impression on your mind. Your ideas of the importance and greatness of the metropolis is now considerably enlarged, owing to the spires, and steeples, and domes of sacred edifices which raise their heads in all directions. Indications not to be mistaken of increasing commerce, are to be seen wherever the eye is turned. The numerous and raised wharfs, all animated with the signs of industry, along either margin of the river, to say nothing of the countless barges, either floating on the bosom of the water, or resting on its banks, tell the stranger that he is now in the heart of a city which, though not properly speaking a place for manufactures, is remarkable for the extent and variety of its trade and commerce. As yet, it is true, he sees no ships; but that, he knows, is to be accounted for from the fact that he has not yet passed London bridge, which necessarily interposes a barrier to the further navigation of the river by the ordinary trading vessels. In a few minutes more the steamer darts through one of the arches of London bridge. And what a scene bursts on the gaze of the stranger, with paralysing power! Not more novel could he conceive the circumstances by which he is surrounded to be, were he suddenly introduced into some new planet. What a bustle at the adjoining wharf! and how great the assemblage of human beings! What can have attracted the thousands you see congregated there, or leaning over the parapet of the bridge? Many appear simply in the character of spectators; many more are there to receive their friends on their arrival from Boulogne, Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, Gravesend, or some other favourite watering-place. Crowds have come to see their friends depart, and to bid them a temporary farewell. Then there are the voyagers who have arrived, or those who are about to em-

bark on board of vessels on the eve of starting. See how they hurry off and on the steamers! You would imagine that those in the act of embarking were running for their lives. "Time and tide," says the proverb, "wait for no man;" neither will the steamers. The bell has given its last clang; the steam is up; the wheels begin to move; the vessel is impatient to be off. A few moments more, and those not already on board will be too late. It is altogether a most exciting scene. The dark volumes of smoke emitted from the funnels of some vessels; the vapour emitted from the safety-valves of others, accompanied by loud noises which it is impossible to describe; the at first slow, majestic, and afterwards rapid, motion of the wheels, tearing the water through which they revolve into innumerable infinitesimal drops; all concur in producing an impression on the mind of the stranger which he never felt before, because he never was before surrounded by similar scenes, and never imagined, nor could have imagined, anything like what he now beholds.

The vessel continues to glide down the river. In a few minutes he is in the midst of what may, without any great stretch of language, be called a floating city. What a number of vessels! As far as the eye can reach in a downward direction these crowd on his vision. They are of all sizes and kinds. They have come from, or are about to start for, all parts of the habitable globe. They are engaged in every department of commerce; the flags of all nations float from their topmasts. Behold, also, the innumerable smaller craft sleeping on, or skimming along, the bosom of the water. The river is instinct with life and motion. Many thousands have their temporary home upon it. It has inhabitants of its own—a population apart from that which tenants the world of brick and mortar through which it steers its course. The steamer which bears you along is now about two miles down the river. See the colossal ships in the docks of either Indies! Who could suppose it possible that either the winds or the waves could vanquish such mighty and strongly-built structures? And yet there are occasions on which the elements obtain the mastery; occasions on which these mighty ships are mere playthings in the hands of the billows. What tales of imminent peril and miraculous escape could the crews of the various vessels which still continue to crowd on the stranger's vision, unfold, were they disposed to record them! Theirs, indeed, has been the romance of real life. But we must not proceed further this month in the downward voyage. The remainder of the river will furnish materials for another contribution to the pages of this periodical.

A. D.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

[The following scene of Ignéz de Castro, with her children, supplicating for their lives, before the King of Portugal and his Council, constitutes the opening of the 5th Act of the above Tragedy. Our readers should be apprised that the Tragedy is founded on a well-known historical event which occurred in Portugal, about the middle of the 14th century.]

(The King in Council with Gonsalves, Coelho, and Pacheco, in an apartment of the Convent of Santa Clara, at Coimbra.)

GON. Our lodgment is complete—our arm'd men
On every point around—and scouts, beyond,
Are charged to bar new comers; are they not?
At hand, within, your body guard and friends
Forbid all exit, and o'erawe control.
Our spies have laid the Spaniard by the heels;
Intruder, desperado, tool, or kin,
None here can penetrate, although she call
In shrieks upon her paramour—your heir—
That heir, with those who would resist your will,
Is far away—so now's the time to act.
No halting, now, when heaven hath smooth'd the way,
And placed the sacrifice within your grasp!
Her Majesty, and Braga's meddling priest,
(We had your royal leave) are leagues remov'd,
Misdread to seek the gracious King we serve
Where, since he sits before us, he is not.
We strike, to put away from our dear land
Thy Pedro's bane—the mischief which would, else,
Grow to dispute succession.

KING. We have heard! (*angrily.*)
This is not new; the novelty is this,
We are within a sanctuary—

GON. Whereat
Nothing unclean should harbour: yet, my King
Had no such scruples yestereve?

GON. The King
Himself's a sanctuary.

GON. And at his shrine
His people's fate craves refuge!

KING. Is no plan
Patent to spare her blood?

GON. My sovereign liege!
Oh, dread the fiend, the canting, glozing fiend,
Who'd whisper in your generous nature's ear,
"Spare, spare her blood!"—yes, spare her—to revolve,
Her life was in debate in Pedro's ear,
Thy son's to pour fresh poison—and to urge,
(Ambition then, hell-mated with revenge)
New disobedience, hardihood, and crime,

Till doating Pedro shall displace his heir,
 And "save her," and her bastards—for the throne!
 There is no going back since we are launch'd;
 Our presence speaks our purpose!

COEL. Past dispute!

KING. Ye'd have me in a trap!

GON. Our ruler owns

He came of his accord?

KING. We will not strike

Here, in this holy house.

GON. Altho' the blow

Is purposed holily?

COEL. The holier place

Stamps the deed holier.

PAC. Is it so?

GON. Dost doubt?

PAC. I? No—the King approves Gonçalves' view?
 And reason seems to prompt it.

(*inquiringly.*)

KING. Ye conspire! (*Pac. is abashed.*)

GON. To save thy heir from ruin; to preserve (*rapidly in reply*)

The Lusian diadem from stain; to keep

Succession lawful; civil war afar

From Prince and People; by some drops of blood,

To obviate a deluge; to redeem

An erring son to duty; and his son,

(The first-born to the throne, when, thou and Pedro,

After long and glorious lives are laid in rest)

To hold secure from bastards of the line,

Without this sacrifice, preferr'd to him.

(*A Deputation of Nuns enter.*)

CHIEF NUN. Our sister, our superior of this house,
 Sends to the King her homage, which the King
 Left her no chance to tender as he cross'd
 Her threshold: choosing, when he hurried through,
 So unexpectedly, and so begirt,
 To pass unusher'd—but her duty's call,
 Her pledge to heaven, and her respect for him,
 Bid her demand an audience.

GON. Of the King? (*interrupting fiercely.*)

CH. NUN. Ay, of the King, our King, sir, as thine own.

KING. Another time!

CH. NUN. No other time than now!

We speak as we are bidden.

GON. Ye are bold.

COEL. No other time than now?

PAC. Our hope is wrath.

KING. Dismiss them—warn them, we will not be known.

GON. Our Lord will not be known.

CH. NUN. The King is here,

A visitor—the house belongs to God.

GON. The King is God's Vicegerent. Get ye hence,

Each to her cell, or men who wear a sword

Shall turn the keys upon ye: warn your dame,

The King will not be known; and bid her keep

(As she would have no treasons to her charge)

Her closet, till her King and we go hence.

CH. NUN. The King doth warn our Dame—and she, by us,
Doth warn the King—demanding to be heard!

GON. Another cause for promptitude—
(*The Nuns depart.*)
(*pointing after them.*)
O King,

My Master, who hast made me what I am,
What other motive can thy servant have
Than the King's safety?

KING. Safety?

GON. Nothing less!

For should this she, whose offspring comes so near
Fernando, thy sole grandson, as to be
Of his own mettle by the father's side,—
Should she, alas, the sorceress who beguiles,
And doth forbid this son to wed again,
As thou art pledg'd he shall—the state, in thee—
Should she—as sure she doth—affect the crown—

KING. Thou know'st she doth?

GON. By instinct—I may add,

By observation, and some tokens, passing strange,
That warn'd, and warn me still.

PAC. Some omens? Nay,

I have great faith in omens!

KING. Name them not!

And, yet—but, no, thou shalt not.

COEL. Would'st thou, Sire,

Be well assur'd,—

KING. Thou'dst say, that we should hear,

Whether we would or no?

PAC. Long live the King!

His will be ours.

GON. The omens are suppress'd.

KING. And yet my conscience craves them.

GON. Wouldst thou act,

(And, as I live, the time for action's come,)

They might keep peace betwixt thy need and thee,

A peace that's not to spurn.

PAC. The King will hear!

COEL. And, then, for action!

GON. Well, thyself should learn,—

Have I thy leave to utter? I was call'd—

'Tis since we are in Coimbra—to the bed

Whereon a ruined gentleman was laid;

And he was near to pass; his long career,

His many failings, errors, and his sins—

And they were sins of weight—distressed him not

Beyond his hope of pardon, save one crime—

Tho' unaccomplish'd—

KING. Ha!

GON. Which he had sold

Himself to perpetrate; —

KING. Go on, go on!

GON. But, at the threshold of his dread attempt,

He fail'd thro' accident; and, bearing fate

Unto another,—

KING. Whom?

GON. Himself was found

A cripple, to be carried to his bed;
And, ere he died, to send for me.—

KING.

Thee, thee?

GON. I found, despite his faintings, and his fears,
Coherence 'midst their incoherencies:
One hideous revelation glar'd thro' all,—
There were—conspirators! and he was hired
By one whom first he screened; but—

KING.

Who comes here? *(in alarm.)*

(Ignez enters rapidly, with her children, Dinis and Beatriz.)

IGNEZ. There, there he sits—your royal Grandsire, babes!
Our Pedro's father ye ne'er saw before.

Look on him, till he note upon your brows
The stamp of Pedro, and his own true line.
Thou wouldst not hear, O King, my advocate,
God's servant, and, in this his house, thy host:
Therefore, of mine own right, as Pedro's wife,
(The time is come to tell the, and proclaim—

(Gon. offers to interrupt.)

Forbid that traitor's tongue—that such I am.)

As Pedro's wife I stand before his Sire,
And do demand, while Pedro is away,
For these dear pledges of his boundless love,
And one beside, who's sick, and could not come,
Protection of their father's father,—thee!

GON. Believe her not, my Sovereign! Had thy son
So fearfully transgress'd,—

IGN.

Transgressed?

GON.

So marr'd

Thy every royal purpose, as to wed
Yon woman,—

IGN.

Woman?

COEL.

Ag!

IGN.

What, ruffian, thou?

KING. Peace!—

(to all.)

IGN.

I will have no peace.

KING.

Until I hear.

GON. I say, had Pedro so embroil'd the state,
So parricidally defied thy will,
He would have blazon'd his offence betimes;
He who lacks not the hardihood.

IGN.

Therein,

Thy son, O King, for very love's excess,
Did wrong, as now is prov'd, to wish conceal'd
That which he should have blazon'd to the world:
Were't only to protect his lawful wife
From outrage in his absence; from attempts,
First, to seduce—

KING.

Seduce?

IGN.

And, next, to kill.

KING. Said'st, to seduce?

GON.

The king's in council, here.

IGN. No place for kings in council, as no place
For hoary traitors to attempt the wife
Of the king's heir.

GON.

She raves.

CORL. The trick is stale!
PAC. The children weep. (as somewhat moved.)

GON. The bastards!
IGN. He in heaven

Blight thee unto thy centre, fiend, not man,
Who would disparage such poor lambs as these
(Oh, kiss me, cling to me, my Pedro's babes—
I can no more.) (sobs.)

GON. Dismiss her, sire.

IGN. Nay, nay,
We will not leave. The Great All-seeer knows,
Who hears me to the king again proclaim
(And may I speak my last if I speak false)
I am the Infante's wife—thy heir's—thy son's;
And there sits he who, foil'd of his desires
To make me an adulteress, for revenge,
Would kill me and my babes, my precious babes,
And set thy son in arms against thee.

GON. Cease!

KING. I must hear more.

IGN. Our Pedro is like thee,
Woe will betide who arm us.

GON. Once again,

O King, dismiss them.

IGN. Father, king, in one!
Dismiss thy false advisers—here I stand,
A weak, lone woman 'gainst a band of men;
A mother, trembling for her sweet babes' lives;
A wife without her husband; one that's wrong'd,
Before a dread tribunal, where she sees
Her plum'd wrongdoer plac'd beside her judge.
I plead at disadvantage, such as ne'er
O'erwhelmed a helpless female.—

KING. You plead well.

IGN. I plead not for myself, but these, and him
Whose love is adoration; whose despair
(Let it not loose to rend ye, thoughtless men!) (to the three.)
Were frenzy drunk with blood: I fear not death,
But I do fear for these the orphans' doom,
And madness wrought to bloodshed, for their sire.
Dismiss thy false advisers— (pauses.)

For a space,

Some paltry seconds?

GON. Let the king beware.

IGN. The king is not afraid: the king is fam'd
A brave man, as the moorish widows' mourn.
Most dangerous indeed must I appear,
A Mother, with her babes—a timid wife—
A daughter, suppliant at her Father's knees—
Ye are afraid! Your king would scorn to fear.

KING. 'Tis reasonable.

IGN. Pity in his breast
Shows valour merciful. Look up, my gems,
Your Grand sire yields us privacy.

KING. A space! (waving the three to retire.)

CORL. We are undone: (aside, retiring.)

PAC. But, how could he refuse?

GON. We must refuse—in action !

PAC. If we can.

GON. Beware the Sorceress—beware, beware !
She raves, or schemes—you'll need Gongalves soon.

*(They retire slowly, Gon. and Coelho furiously scowling and whispering.
Ignez draws nearer to the King.)*

IGN. I knew my King a man ! unmanly those
Who would excite him 'gainst our harmless lives.
Oh, let me weep for thankfulness, my babes,
That your good Grandsire hath dismiss'd our foes,
And grants his hapless kin his unwatch'd ear.
Down on your little knees, and pray that Sire,
Who is the sire of all, he spare his life,
(Your father's father's, whom we come to claim),
Unto a ripe and glory-crown'd old age ;
Make his white hairs, when they shall snow his brow,
A reverence, and a balm ; and this kind deed
To us, so weak for want of Pedro near,
Be canoniz'd on earth, and writt'n above
First of such deeds, on heaven's recording spheres.

KING. If thou be wife to Pedro, he hath used
Both thee and us most ill to hide the truth.

IGN. If ? I have sworn. Thou dost not doubt my oath ?

KING. Then, dost thou doubt thy husband used us ill ?

IGN. He us'd me ill,—my pride of all the earth,
In whom I live ?

KING. *Ourself*, at least, may chide ?

IGN. If he hath err'd, as we have cause to rue.
My suffering is not blinded by its pangs
To blame this sad concealment, nor perceive
It sprung of perfect love ; and I can vouch
Of filial fear to give his parent pain
When need was not immediate.

KING. We are warn'd
Thy love for Pedro would affect the throne,
And thrust aside succession.

IGN. Who is he
The king of lies hath enter'd, to destroy
Thy peace and ours ?—Gongalves—whom I charg'd,
And charge again, with treason to the throne,
In 'tempting to seduce, and, now, to crush
The heir apparent's wife : a simple thing,
So happy in her Pedro—unto whom
He is the world, and all for which she'd live—
Could she persuade him to renounce his claim,
And place his young Fernando next to thee,
She would rain tears of ecstasy, and fly
With her soul's idol, and her being's stay
To blessed privacy, which none should learn,
And none till death invade.

KING. Thou speak'st me fair.

IGN. Thou know'st not how we love thee : I, as stirr'd
Of instinct to regard my husband's sire,
The Author of *his* being, who is mine ;
And he, thy Son, altho' unduteous once,
To mark some fascination in poor me,

Unworthy as I was, and so to wed,
Yet, in each best respect, as mov'd and bound,
To hold thee dear; to have thee in his thoughts;
To pray, while we repeat him, for thy life;
To fear to anger thee, and give thee pain,
As this concealment proves.

KING. The fear to pain
Should work prevention, not limp forth to cure.

(interrupting.)

IGN. Did he not name our first-born after thee?
And, when our cherub died—I thought the wound
More heal'd, more heal'd, but nature will have way—
Did not the strong man, for his anguish, howl,
And call the sweet corpse, which he hugg'd for grief,
His Father's miniature?—thine, thine—while I
Was firmer to console him, since my pangs,
Divided 'twixt my infant and its sire,
Wanted the oneness to be so intense
As his—that long distraction of the heart
I scarce could calm at last.

KING. Enough, enough!
You talk too piteously: forbear such strains,
They touch some chords which rack me past support.

IGN. *We* do not love thee? *We* affect thy Crown?
Here is thy own Queen's namesake—Nearer, babes,—
Your Grandsire melts, to love ye as his own.
Oh, for her sake, your virtuous, duteous wife,
Kiss the poor child you never saw before,
And, if she irk thee, ne'er shall see again.
Look in their little eyes, and bless them both,
And him, the tiny suff'rer, laid within.
They ne'er shall baulk Fernando of the throne.

KING. Ignez, you conquer; all shall yet be well.

IGN. Oh, couldst thou see how like to God they grow
Who help the helpless—smile, my charmers, smile—
Thou wouldst believe me, when I look my thanks,
And have not words to pour them. Once again,
Give all thy benediction. Oh, my King,
My Father, let me kiss thy generous hand;
Nor, since thou, now, wilt shield us, take more heed
Of those who have assail'd us than t'ensure
They serve *thyselves* with loyalty; if so,
Forget their wrongs to us, and let them thrive.

KING. All shall be well.

(caresses children.)

IGN. We'll send for Pedro home.

THE COHEIRESSES.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Oh! weighs the chain less heavy because wrought
 Of gold of Acanny,* without alloy?
 Or, galls the marital contempt the less
 Because 'tis utter'd by proud titled lips?
 I'd rather call the veriest peasant lord,
 So my equality he *stated* not,
 Than call the lord I am law-thrall'd to name
 My husband—feeling him my *king*, while he
 Deems me his contemn'd *slave*!

MS. POEM.

EMILY and Grace Marston were the sole offspring of Mr. Joseph Marston, or Joe Marston, as he was more familiarly designated by his intimate associates; a man who had realized an enormous fortune by furnishing government stores to the army and navy, during the whole of the late war. It might be truly said of him, "*Qu' il étoit du bois dont on fait les negocians.*" Shrewd and observant to a degree, with that unwearied application and perseverance in business which must, ultimately, conduct a man to wealth and eminence; never having been known to miss the opportunity of striking a favourable bargain, or of being seduced from the even tenor of his way, by any of the dazzling but evanescent bubbles of the day, to speculate in what was not absolutely certain to return almost *cent-per-cent* for the money embarked. He neither took shares in canals, bridges, nor railroads; his axiom being, "that people were not absolutely obliged to travel, but they must eat and drink, particularly those whose trade was war;" and it was his boast to the latest period of his life, "that he had never been over-reached by the superior sagacity of another, nor a loser by any affair he had undertaken, since he laid the foundation of his fortune with the only ten guineas he had in the world;" indeed, his exaltation on these points was almost offensive to those who did not, like himself, possess the luck of Polycrates,† literally crowing over the less wary and prosperous.

He was, in fact, proud of his money—arrogantly proud of it; he *felt* its importance; he *felt* that it gave a man consequence (almost virtuous) in the eyes of his fellow man; he had been taught to *feel* this from the deference that was paid to his opinions on all occasions; to the toleration afforded them, notwithstanding their being attested with dictatorial tyranny, and often clothed in vulgar and ignorant prejudices.

* The gold of Acanny is said to be the purest in the world. "Acanny is a country of Upper Guinea, long famous for producing and trading in gold, which is so pure as to become proverbial."—*National Library*.

† "A tyrant of Samos, well known for the continual flow of good fortune which attended him. He became very powerful, and made himself master not only of the neighbouring islands, but also of some cities on the coast of Asia."—*Lempriere*.

He was a perfectly matter-of-fact character, never indulging in any Utopian idea of a visionary eldorado. London was the Colchis where he alone sought for the "toison d'or;" London was the Ultima Thule of his land of wealth; and the bank notes of his Excellency the Baron de Rothschild the Urim and Thummim of all perfection; and never was he so lucid, so potential in argument, as when, erect to his full height, with his hands buried deeply in the pockets of his drab-coloured small-clothes, ginging the gold in them, which sounded more harmoniously to his ears than the harp-like statue of Memnon* would have done, he expatiated on the money that *could* be made in that delicious London, to a knot of attentive and needy auditors, who listened to the rich merchant, whose eloquence caused "venir l'eau à la bouche," so forcible was it.

Fond, however, as he undoubtedly was of the money he had made with such incessant toil, he could occasionally expend it with the ungrudging generosity of a miser's heir; "par exemple," the wife of a favourite domestic, dying in giving birth to a son, he took the child and had it brought up in his own family with the tenderest care, and placed him, when of a proper age, in an excellent and lucrative situation.

It was for his darling girls he prized it most; it was for them he went on adding to his pyramid of wealth. For himself he had no wants to supply, no ambition to gratify; but for his daughters his ambition was unbounded.

"Make them ladies," said he to Madame Doweement, to whom he entrusted their education, "make them ladies, for such I intend them to be—Countesses, at the least—Duchesses, if possible—spare no expence, teach them everything."

"Certainly, sir, as far as the young ladies' abilities——"

"Nonsense about abilities! money can do everything. God will give them abilities, never fear. Why, ma'am, what said Christopher Columbus on that head—an excellent judge?—'With gold we form treasures; with gold we procure everything desirable in this world—we carry even the soul to paradise.' Is it not folly then, ma'am, to suppose that gold will not enable my girls to sing like *Grisi*, and dance like *Cerise*?"

"Le plaisant original," thought Madame, "Mais, c'est une bonne vache au lait." So, I should be an idiot to endeavour to convince him of his absurdity.

"I am their only natural protector," continued Mr. Marston, "I promised their poor dear mother to do my duty by them as far as I possibly could; and I will keep that promise. Ah! her death was a terrible blow to me; for I loved her dearly; and in her last illness I offered her everything in the world except a coffin, but she had taken a fancy to that, she would die, ma'am; but there is no use dwelling on old grievances. I have only those two precious creatures to care for; now

"What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motions stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!"

Campbell's Poems.

for, though I am far from an old man, either in age or constitution; I never mean to give them a mother-in-law to browbeat them, the darlings."

"That's almost a pity, sir," observed the governess, a young widow, "you really look so *young*, that it must be quite a sacrifice."

"Not the slightest, ma'am; I could never have the heart to put another in my poor Emily's place. She married me when I was a comparatively poor man. She encouraged my labours, consoled my disappointments, and always rendered my fireside a sunny spot—winter and summer. She *was* a wife, if you please; would she had been spared for us to have gone together. Do your best for her children, ma'am; they are pretty enough for anything; so, as I said before, be sure to make them accomplished. Why, they'll have half a million each, if they have a farthing; and there are plenty of ruined noblemen who will be too glad to repair the broken *spokes* of the wheel of Fortune out of the *timber* of old Joe Marston's strong box, no doubt;" and he laughed aloud at his own wit.

"Oh, sir, the personal merit of the young ladies, I am persuaded—"

"Personal merit, indeed—pish! Don't fill their heads with such ridiculous ideas, ma'am. I know you women, full of the milk of human kindness, believe as thoroughly in the disinterestedness, the honour, the generosity of mankind, as you do in the Creed or the Lord's Prayer; but you draw your deductions from *your* imagination, I draw *mine* from what I see on 'Change daily. That is the great school of the world; there you behold the heart, as it were, unveiled to your scrutiny; and I tell you between ourselves, that selfishness—avarice, if you will—is its predominant feeling. Talk no more, then, of personal merit availing anything. Look at Kate Hamling, the ruined jeweller's daughter—what did personal merit do for her as soon as her father's name appeared in the Gazette? Nothing! and yet she was an angel of goodness and virtue—the apple of her father's eye, the core of his heart. God grant that my girls may possess only a fraction of her real worth. Yet, where are the friends—friends! sycophants, vampires—to crowd around her now? Gone! gone! fled, like the swallows, at the first chill blast of the winter of adversity. I am a plain-spoken, nay, an ignorant man, but I understand the world."

"La pauvre fille!" said Madame Doucement, in a tone of genuine compassion, "how does she live now, alas?"

"By teaching, ma'am. With her accomplishments she keeps herself and her father, too, with a little of my assistance. So, make my girls accomplished, for we know not the changes of this world; and if it do not enable them to marry lords in their prosperity, it will enable them to live independently of them in misfortune, should it ever overtake them, as such does, at this moment, poor Kate. No one need starve with well-cultivated talents, ma'am, in England."

"How singular," thought Madame Doucement, after his departure, "that, with so just an appreciation of mankind in general, he should still deliberately resolve to sacrifice the two beings dearest to him on earth, on the shrine of a false and fatal ambition; yet such is the inconsistency of human nature. Ah! c'est bien dommage."

For the next five years we will leave Mr. Marston to continue mak-

ing interest and compound interest of his money; eat his plain wholesome leg of South Down mutton, which, he said, and said advisedly, too, "he preferred to all the French kickshaws that ever were invented."

Shade of the illustrious Carême, pardonne son grossèreté. Magnificentissimo Ude, pitié son ignorance suprême. What! are côtelettes à la Soubise, kickshaws? Boudins à la Richelieu, kickshaws? Or, is pudding à la Nesselrode a kickshaw? Yes, to such Goths, whose greatest gastronomic delicacy consists in a beefsteak à la Cherokee—i. e. nearly raw; or tripe à l'Hottentot, de haut goût, en vérité, if it retains a partial intestinal odour. And drink his pint of port, or, on great occasions—such as a lucky spec. or his daughters' birthdays—his bottle of claret; Sneed's "par excellence." And his two girls to grow up as beautiful and accomplished as his most sanguine wishes could desire.

When the time came for their finally leaving Madame Doucement, who had watched over them with truly maternal care, he bought a magnificent house in Eaton Square, and gave Dobeegin a carte-blanche to furnish it in the most sumptuous manner. Hobson built the carriages, Elmore found horses, Carson bonnets, and Victorine dresses, for the lovely coheiresses to launch into the "beau monde" in a "comme-il-faut" manner.

When the doating father heard their innocent expressions of joy at the splendour and elegance with which he had surrounded them, tears of delight inundated his full ruddy cheeks, and, snatching them alternately to his bosom, he exclaimed, "My darling children, I am rejoiced that you are pleased with my exertions to render you happy. I promised your poor dear dead mother to do my best for you. Oh, would she was alive now to witness your womanly beauty, my precious ones! Oh, would that she was!" And here he turned away to dry the tear that ever sprang to his eye at the remembrance of that lamented wife, and which he felt was too sacred to meet the young beaming eyes of his daughters; too direct from the heart's fountain of sorrow to bear their brief and inconsiderate sympathy—"the tear forgot as soon as shed" being theirs only. Heavy and enduring grief is incompatible with youth: it, surveying the world through the prism of Hope, assisted by the sweet flatteries of a sanguine and undisciplined imagination, beholds it only as the theatre of perpetual and unmitigated enjoyment, with never-fading flowers, never-louring skies. Yet, sickness and death, treachery in friendship, treachery in love—"envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness"—want and penury for the virtuous and gifted, honours and prosperity for the vicious and profane,—are in this beauteous-visioned world. And what, after a few years of rude experience, remains of the iris hues that tinted it so exquisitely in early life? Nothing! Clouds and darkness have overshadowed it, and the disappointed heart has nought left to console and comfort it, save the glorious persuasion of St. Paul—that persuasion which more than reconciled him to the frail vanities of earth; it taught him to despise them, to be sensible of their utter worthlessness—the persuasion, in fact, which he felt as an inspiration from Heaven, "That neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness,

nor peril, nor sword, were able to separate him from the love of God."

It was not long before the Misses Marston became celebrated for their beauty and fortune. Emily, the eldest, then eighteen, was tall, and although rather slight in her figure, yet it presented nothing of the angularity sometimes seen, every limb being as finely rounded as the Hebe of Westmacott; her complexion was dazzlingly fair, with that delicate *pinky* flush suffusing the cheek, which tinges the ultimate petal folded up in the bosom of the rose odorata; her eyes were of a blue "azure," with dark lashes, rather curling from the lids, which gives to the eyes, when raised, an almost seraphic expression, resembling radiations of cherubim; her hair of a light brown, soft and silken, was in luxuriant profusion; her neck long and swan-like in its graceful curve; and her whole appearance expressive of artless and innocent beauty. Her mind was an exact counterpart of her lovely person—gentle, loving, confiding, and of a charity that "hopeth all things."

Her sister Grace, one year her junior, was the complete antipodes to Emily. She was a rich brunette, one of those velvet-skinned creatures who are deemed *pale* at a cursory glance, yet, through whose diaphanous cheek the roseate blood is seen meandering, ready to flush it with a startling crimson, when excited by emotion, if observed more narrowly. Her eyes recalled those magnificent orbs, such as we are wont to worship in the Spanish maids of *Murillo*, full of fire—the fire of a passionate, ardent, determined soul; her lips were lusciously red, and dewy, like coral just plucked from the sea; her teeth, which partially appeared, were of a snowy whiteness; her hair black as the midnight cloud; her eyebrows strongly marked over her high rounded forehead, and her long straight lashes lay on her mellow cheek as if in pity to temper the lightnings of her eyes. Haughty and impetuous in her disposition, she scorned to yield to the slightest control, or be swayed by the opinions of another, however much for her real advantage.

Although so diametrically opposite in every respect, the two sisters lived in the most perfect union. If it were *natural* for Grace to dictate and domineer, it was equally *natural* to Emily to smile and yield. Indeed, there could be neither jealousy nor rivalry between them in any one respect; in every taste, inclination, and habit, they were so totally dissimilar, as if Nature had studied to prevent the possibility of animosity existing between two of her loveliest creations, to mar the felicity of their young hearts.

To their father they were equally dear, his mind dwelt with serenity on Emily's quiet loveliness, or swelled with exultation at Grace's more daring and queen-like beauty. The one was grateful and soothing as the calm twilight of a summer's eve; the other, dazzling and overpowering as its full meridian sun.

A few months after their "début," Emily received an offer of marriage from the young, handsome, volatile Lord Henry Lorraine, second son of the Marquis of Seville. Although possessing only the "mesquin" allowance of a younger brother, who inherited no splendid estates in right of his mother, as many do; still, that was of no importance in the opinion of Mr. Marston. "Emily would have money enough for both," he ob-

served, "and articles so valuable as *titles* to a contractor's daughters could not be too dearly purchased. His father was old and horribly gouty; his elder brother sickly, studious, and unmarried; so, all things considered, he really thought Emily could not do better than wed the almost *pauper* nobleman, as her immense fortune would render her an object of consequence in his estimation, and compel him to treat her with affection."

The artless delighted Emily was influenced by no ambitious motives in consenting to the union; she loved Henry with all the warmth of young and true affection, and sacredly credited his ardent protestations that such was his for her. Indeed, for a time, nothing could be more felicitous than their union. Henry gave up his dissipated habits, withdrew from the Clubs, and only appeared at the Opera in his wife's box; and presented to the eyes of his astonished friends, that most wonderful metamorphosis, a really reformed rake. But he was not reformed, he was scarcely changed, he was merely under the bewitching power of *novelty*, which, at the first, lends a fascinating *prestige* to everything (even to sickness, sorrow, and incarceration); he was charmed with the agreeable change from riotous confusion—vicious society—the persecutions of *duns*—the impositions of *usurers*, and all the thousand daily annoyances which beset the falsely-imagined flowery path of the young fashionable "*roué*," to the tranquil elegance of domestic life, surrounded by every luxury, with money at command, and a lovely, amiable, endearing wife lavishing on him the modest love of a fond and virtuous heart; she, whose every look sweetly expressed—

"To be beloved is all I need,
And where I love, I love *indeed*!"

But, long-indulged propensities are not speedily forgotten; the parasites of vice still cling round the heart, or, if severed from it, their roots are not eradicated, they spring up to bind it stronger than ever, at the first fostering heat of forbidden inclination. A sudden reform is never a permanent one; it requires years of cruel struggling to overmaster the corruptions of passion, and substitute *virtue* for *vice* in the bosom.

Gradually Lord Lorraine assumed, one by one, every former habit; once more he frequented the Clubs, where he was greeted with the hearty and vociferous congratulations of his old associates, "that his wife had not made quite a Methodist of him;" once more he played, betted, set up race horses, hunters, and once more took his seat in the omnibus-box, instead of his wife's, at the Opera; once more was he declared to be, by the prima donna, "*le plus bel jeune homme qu' on puisse imaginer*," whose select charming "*petits soupers*" he was nightly inveigled to attend; in fact, once more he became the notoriously celebrated Lord Henry Lorraine, "the man about town;" the midnight inmate of police stations; the reprovéd culprit at Bow Street; the victim of sharpers, and the "*enfant gâté*" of actresses and singers, harpies, who live like the *Entozoa*,* on the very *vitals* of their fellow creatures.

* "The whole of the extensive tribe, named *Entozoa*, live in the interior of animals, in the brain, liver, lungs, intestines, in short in almost every part of their viscera, frequently producing serious and fatal diseases."—*Parasitical Animals*; Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*.

Long, long did affection blind the eyes of Emily—the still-confiding patient adoring Emily—to the sad irregularities of her husband ; concealing them from every friend, or palliating them, if mentioned ; never allowing her tears to rise above her heart ; never allowing the smile of welcome to forsake her lips at his approach ; never allowing her thoughts to reproach him, her prayers to forget him. But at length the cruel conviction of his utter depravity was forced upon her, by himself, in all its horrible magnitude, by his quitting her for ever, to live in open and undisguised crime with another.

Her father, her almost broken-hearted father, offered all the consolation in his power ; her sister showed her every mark of the tenderest affection and sympathy, more than could have been expected from her imperious nature ; but, alas, who can console a young fond heart, whose every hope of happiness is wrecked so entirely, so irreparably ?

Mr. Marston took her home again, that he might devote every moment to her comfort. Oh ! the hours that he watched her in silence ; then bursting out into the most extravagant grief, he execrated the villain who had trodden under foot the young blossoms of an affection such as is seldom met with.

This frustration of his brightest expectations for her, brought on a serious illness, from which he never rallied ; and on his death-bed he left Emily's fortune strictly tied up to herself, hoping by that means to punish her faithless husband in the most vulnerable part, forcing him from poverty to feel the loss of such vast wealth, by his base dereliction from rectitude.*

But what was the use of money to her ? None, for herself ; yet her benevolence rejoiced in its possession for others ; for those it would, and *should*, render happy.

Grace, influenced solely by ambition, gave her hand, a year after her father's death, to the sexagenarian Duke of Glenferne—rank being all her soul panted for—her every thought dwelling with proud delight on the triumph of her superb beauty ; when a ducal coronet should adorn her brow ; when female envy should glare at her with its adder eyes, and the heart's fever spot on its hollow cheek ; and mall admiration should coin new words to extol the loveliness which had suddenly become

“ The cynosure of wondering eyes.”

She thought not of the heart's loathing, the disgust, the “ennui” that ever attend such marriages.

“What has the heart to do with the affair ? Nothing ! it must remain neutral for ever ! Would it ? Had not Emily listened to it ? had she not married for love ? And to what had it brought her ? Misery, hopeless, cureless misery ! Pshaw ! love, indeed ! ‘follicle !’ aways to be subdued, always.”

And, reasoning thus, the beautiful duchess steeled her heart against

“ Many of the class, *Entozoa*, resist the action of boiling water for several minutes, and sometimes come to table with the fishes they have infested, actually moving on the dish ; and, in the north of Europe, still continue to live in fish which have been frozen for a considerable time.”—*Lancet*, vol. ii, No. 9, p. 304.

* A fact.

every tender emotion. "Mais, elle était désirée par trop de gens pour n'être pas victime de l'élégante médisance, et des ravissantes calomnies qui se débitent si spirituellement sous l'éventail ou dans les aparté," at Almack's. Grace defied these petty scandals—they only added to her triumphs—only raised a deeper flush on her cheek, a brighter flash in her eye, as she looked with contemptuous scorn on the malignant *coterie* who propagated such reports. "But let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It was on the evening of the first performance of *Donnizetti's I Puritani*, in which Grisi and Lablache acquitted themselves so wonderfully, and to the world's delight, and eighteen months after her marriage, that the duchess took possession of her new opera-box, one in the most conspicuous part of the house, and which had cost the duke infinite trouble to procure, there being so many candidates for it among the fair portion of the aristocracy; but the omnipotence of money prevailed, for the duchess had *resolved* not to be out-bidden by the legitimate daughters of nobility, who generally possessed more pride than wealth, she knew.

She had bestowed more than usual attention on her toilet, and appeared splendid and "radieuse" as the gorgeous queen of Belshazzar, on the night "when he made a great feast, and commanded the golden and silver vessels to be brought which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken out of the temple of Jerusalem;" that proud queen who exhorted the impious monarch to have no fears to defy the warnings of his God, "to be of good countenance" in the midst of His threatenings. So Grace, elate in conscious loveliness, felt her heart swell with proud defiance, and would almost have scorned the handwriting on the wall, that had predicted the annihilation of the beauty she deemed immortal, so arrogant is youth in the full flush of prosperity.

The diamond flash'd around her brow,
But brighter flash'd her eye;
Oh! to such beauty man must bow
In rapt idolatry;
And angels, if they glanc'd from heav'n,
Seeing the fair excuse,
To hope his worship be forgiv'n,
For pity can't refuse.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE BRILLIANT LOCKET.

A TALE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER,"
ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER. I.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the republican army under Ney, Moreau, Lamb, Cyr, and other of its bravest generals, was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, that the circumstances we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition, and money, in the republican armies, and the hope of plunder then so frequently held out to the French soldiers as the reward of victory, caused no inconsiderable alarm in the breasts of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were considered likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call *EBRISTIEN*—had ample reasons for their misgivings; the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kinmayer, a merchant-citizen of great wealth, was amongst those most agitated by the afflicting intelligence. His household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence. His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places; for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. Their mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining; from thence, in the evening, a man might easily steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should, at night-time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that he should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so much wealth, and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time, Paul Kinmayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence? The domestics were old and infirm, and they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others not akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future; when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of them,

and that, deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way.

"I go," he said, "and I leave you in the trust of One whose all-powerful hand will protect you; unless, indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall as an example and terror to the guilty."

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket, with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitated to part; and he placed it again around her neck with the same fervour and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and to his daughter, the namesake of her mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any one but themselves.

It was in the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed that the roll of the drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants without, proclaimed to the inmates of the mansion that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed, filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

All chance of the merchant being enabled to reach his house, or even to obtain admittance within the town previous to the termination, was now entirely shut out. The wife had but little doubt that his reputed wealth would not permit the house to pass unmolested; and after causing the doors to be barricaded, and the windows and shutters secured, she proceeded with her daughter to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

CHAPTER II.

ON the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town. Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open storehouses, rifled of their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there, the trim gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market-places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austria and France. Still Paul stopped not to join in the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own home. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety he rushed through the open portal! The servants had evidently fled; the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine them, or he would have seen that they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting-room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him. On the ground lay his wife, stabbed through the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of the slight gold chain to which had been attached the diamond-mounted portrait.

Of his daughter there were no traces. Loudly did he call, and wildly did he seek, first in his own house, and then through the whole of the town, until it was whispered abroad that he was mad; and so, for a time, he was; but anxiety brought weariness, and repose led to reflection.

How deeply Paul Kinmayer reproached himself for not taking the miniature with the other valuables, need not be related, since he little doubted that his wife's resistance to part with it had led to the fatal catastrophe. One redeeming thought only flashed across his mind, that by its agency—if indeed she had not shared the fate of her mother—he might be enabled to discover his missing daughter. To this end he resolved to devote the whole of his future existence; and after the funeral of his wife, he disposed of his house, the wreck of his household goods, and prepared to travel; whither, he knew not; but anywhere to fly from the scenes where all his hopes of earthly happiness had been blighted by the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

"And these," he said, as he turned from his native town and home, "these are the deeds perpetrated under the sacred banner of liberty! Alas! how is the divine attribute desecrated! How little, but the name, exists in the bloodthirsty dynasty of France!"

CHAPTER III.

SHALL we follow the steps of Paul Kinmayer for twelve years? Shall we relate how he travelled in strange lands, ever in the wake of the French army—sometimes in disguise—how minute, but yet how cautious were his inquiries, and, alas! how fruitless? Shall we say how the hale man grew grey and feeble, as though half-a-century had passed over his head, in scarcely more than a tithe of one? No; for we could relate nothing that would interest the reader—nothing but the patient suffering of a bereaved man; hoping, but hopeless; seeking, but finding not; until it almost seemed that the faculties of the wanderer had ceased to embrace the original object of his mission: but they did not—they only slumbered.

It was something beyond twelve years after the scene related in our second chapter took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafés of Paris, to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of the inglorious retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the few survivors. His age could not have exceeded thirty; but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened features. War, however, had not tamed, but had evidently added to, a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing, with

savage satisfaction, the horrid torments of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities he had but just escaped, and to which so many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively was a stranger, who sat, almost unnoticed, smoking in an obscure corner of the room; an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes were immediately turned to where he sat.

"I'll wager a Napoleon," said the officer, "that the old German never smelt powder but on a review day; and never saw more smoke than that which proceeded from his own meerschaum."

"Better if others were like me; who, remembering only that they are soldiers, forget that they are men."

"How!" exclaimed the officer, starting on his feet, "such sentiments here are dangerous; but you Germans are ever mystical. However, I'll tell you a German adventure; so, garçon, another bottle of *coti roti*, and then——"

"Do you happen to know the German town of *EBRISTIEN*?" inquired the officer.

The dull eye of the stranger seemed suddenly lit with a liquid fire as he answered in the affirmative.

"It was my first campaign," continued the other; "my father had been one of the bravest" [he meant the most bloodthirsty] "leaders of the revolution. His influence obtained for me a commission; and, crowned with success, I found no difficulty in earning for myself promotion. In the action I alluded to we were allowed but two hours to make what pillage we could in the town of *EBRISTIEN* before we proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories. Well, there was a jeweller of great wealth, whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but in which neither jewels nor portable valuables could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance; the wife and daughter alone remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room which we soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpets had already sounded "To horse!" and I was preparing to leave the house, when a gold chain around the neck of the elder female, attracted my attention. There was attached to it"——

"A portrait?" asked the stranger, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety.

"Don't interrupt me," said the narrator; "the story is *droller* than any one would imagine."

The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and, putting down his pipe, he was observed, for the moment, feeling about his pockets, as if in search of some missing article.

"You're right; it was a portrait; and in a most valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I demanded it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted; nay, more, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and, in the heat of my passion—for it was no time for reflection—I stabbed her."

"Have you that portrait still?" asked the German.

"I have; though it has been taken from the setting, in which one of my own now glitters. You said you knew *EBRISTIEN*."

"I did; years ago."

"And probably the original of this picture?" said the officer, producing it.

"Well, well!"

"Ah! is he alive?"

"He is—to be *THE AVENGER!*" And, before a movement was observed by the bystanders, Paul Kinmayer had, with fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

CHAPTER IV.

MORTALLY wounded, but not quite dead, he who had braved the heat of a hundred battles, and whom death had spared that he might make a more suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion, did not attempt to do so; and he was, of course, taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firmer step and a lighter heart than usual. One portion of his mission had been accomplished; he had avenged his wife's murderer, but he had found no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination, he was commanded to stand forth; a shriek—a long, agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless on the floor.

Restoratives were applied, and on her recovery the cause of her agitation was soon apparent.

"It is my father!" she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain. Paul Kinmayer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circlet of brilliants; but now it contained the portrait of—whom?—of his daughter's husband—the *murderer of his wife!*

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man smote his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

"Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure!"

In consequence of the state of the witnesses, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner, together with the chief of the police, might attend him.

On their arrival life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retribution: he further confessed that the daughter, being almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the army; that she was forced from the apartment previous to, and knew nothing of, her mother's fate; and that, repenting of his act, he had had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her

years, her loveliness increased; and she, knowing him only as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was reprieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for the "Sisters of Mercy;" and in the still beautiful abbess, whose piety and benevolence so many have, with justice, lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter of Paul Kinmayer.

OUR OWN DESERT ISLE.

A DUETT.—BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

EWAN.

DEAR Jessie! how blest was the day,
When, won by thy beauteous smile,
I bore thee from friends and from rivals away,
To dwell in our own desert isle.*

JESSIE.

Oh! blest was the day! and in sooth,
Thou soul of affection and truth,
More dear to my heart,
At this time thou art,
Than e'en in our spring-time of youth.

EWAN.

When faithless Glengarry betray'd,
I was still unsubdued, though oppress;
When Corrybuie yielded nor shelter nor shade,
This isle was our haven of rest.

JESSIE.

Dear Ewan! my joy and my pride!
Believe me, whatever betide,
In sunshine or storm,
With a heart true and warm,
Still, still will I cling to thy side.

EWAN.

Sweet lassie! the time is gone by,
When harass'd by traitors and foes,
Though I laugh'd in the light of thy bonny blue eye,
I knew not the bliss of repose.

JESSIE.

Oh ! the days are now blessed and bright,
 For I look for thy coming at night ;
 When thy song and thy smile,
 In our own desert isle,
 Crown the ingle with love and delight.

* About the centre of Loch Quoich, surrounded by high mountains, is a small island scarcely more than half-an-acre in extent, on which grow a few birch trees. On this wild and solitary spot dwells Ewan McPhee, a hardy Highlander, now advanced in years, who lives a free denizen of nature, paying rent and owing allegiance to no one. Some forty years ago, Ewan McPhee, then a fine, sprightly, athletic Highland lad, led a roving life amongst the neighbouring hills ; when one day a file of soldiers suddenly appeared amid these deep solitudes, to search for and apprehend him, on some supposed charge of having enlisted and afterwards deserted from his regiment. With the concurrence of the late Glengarry, Ewan was seized, handcuffed, and carried off a prisoner. As the party proceeded through Stratherick, the dauntless young Highlander watched a favourable opportunity, made a tremendous leap over a precipice, and bounded off from his escort. The soldiers discharged their muskets after him, but without effect ; and, breaking off his handcuffs by dashing them against a rock, Ewan was again a free man among the hills.

He established himself on Loehiel's property in Corrybuie, an out-of-the-world retreat, where he lived (like a second Cirisee) unmolested for many years, hunting, fishing, and rearing goats, without any man daring to make him afraid, or presuming to speak of rent. As a companion was wanting, to soften and enliven his solitude, Ewan wooed, won, and ran off with, a fair damsel of fourteen, now his wife, and the mother of five children. At length, however, the bold adventurer, being legally ejected from Corrybuie, took refuge in this little island in Loch Quoich, where he deems himself safe and impregnable. With turf and birch trees he raised a hut ; and he likewise made a boat to enable him to communicate with the main land. He has about fifty goats, which he quarters on the neighbouring hills, and his gun and rod supply him with fish and game. In winter, however, the situation of this family must be desolate in the extreme. Ewan's strong, muscular, and handsome figure is still clad in the Highland costume, and he never ventures abroad without his dirk by his side.

When Mr. Ellice, a short time ago, visited Glen Quoich, after purchasing the property, Ewan called upon him, and presented some goat's milk as a sort of peace offering. He told Mr. Ellice,—not that he would pay rent for his island, but that he would not molest the new laird, if the new laird did not disturb him in his possession. The dauntless aspect, intrepid bearing, and free speech of the bold outlaw, struck the Englishman with surprise ; and Ewan instantly became a sort of favourite. It is not probable that he will again be interfered with, or driven forth in his old age from his rude domicile ; for the island is not worth much to any one but Ewan McPhee. He is now upwards of sixty years of age ; but his wife is still comparatively a young and agreeable-looking woman ; and as she had the advantage of some education, it may be presumed that she has taught her children to read, and instructed them in those moral and Christian duties in which the Scottish peasantry are hardly ever deficient.

Ewan is strongly attached to his family ; and of this the gentleman, from whose narrative our account is taken, had, indirectly, a proof on the day he visited the glen. One of Ewan's children had died in his solitary Patmos, which was destitute of neighbourly aid or consolation. Overwhelmed with grief, he took his boat and crossed to a shepherd's hut, begging the shepherd to assist him in making a coffin for the dead child, as he could not steady his hand under the blow of this calamity.

"One touch of nature makes the world akin."

The assistance was, of course, readily given. Some birch staves were formed into a coffin ; and the spot in which the child was interred was one exactly suited to Ewan's tastes and character ; for the ancient church-yard used by the simple people of Glen Quoich, is also an island, small in extent, which rises out of the waters of the Quoich, near its junction with the lake.

A BACHELOR'S BLISS.

It is a trite observation, that the wheel of fortune is constantly turning round. If a person happen to be of that temperament which renders contradiction a dangerous experiment, and that person resolve to tell a story, it is well to commence with an assertion to which all the world is prepared to assent. A tenable position is thus secured to the narrator, and expectation as to any amusement that may be afforded to his hapless auditors is held in politic subjection. Now, "*gentle reader*," I particularly desire to obtain a quiescent nod of silent approbation from you, inasmuch as I cannot bear to be contradicted. I can obey, for I have been a lieutenant,—I can command, for I am a general,—anything but my own temper. This is an awkward exception to the universality of my power, you will say. Granted; but then I can give you one or two cogent reasons why the pungency of my temper is not very likely to be mollified. It is not of that kind which heartlessly inflicts suffering on others—so my conscience is not troublesome to me on that score; and, secondly, I am an old bachelor, and therefore, when my valet (who is a capital fellow in his way), and my grooms, and my horses are all in that condition, health, and spirits which suit my taste and convenience, I am, for the most part, insensible to the existing infirmity of my nature. There is a period in a man's life, when youth is past, that brings before him—if he be a *bachelor*—some melancholy reflections; when the excitement of professional engagements becomes an annoyance; when the fascinations of the "*beau monde*" begin to reveal their frivolity to his mind; when the young and the lovely amidst "*beauty's daughters*" look upon him with only a fleeting glance "*en passant*," reserving their radiant smiles for those whom he may be conscious are his inferiors in all save the charm which green youthfulness possesses for blue eyes; when, turning from the bustle, the fatigue—ay, and from the applause and approbation of the world, his heart longs for the repose and solace of domestic life, and he feels it is too late to hope for those *home* joys which gilded the dreams of his early days, and which so frequently vanish before the machinations of worldly policy.

Such were my reflections as I leaned back in my travelling carriage on the evening of a dark gloomy day in November, some *few* years ago; and to what dangerous conclusions they might have led, it is impossible to say, had they not been interrupted by the circumstance of the wheelers and leaders of my

carriage taking it into their four heads to place my life in jeopardy by suddenly upsetting it. The refractory animals were duly punished; my man and the postillions were far too vociferous to permit me any chance of active service in the scene which presented itself; and having emerged, therefore, from a ditch, sound, wind and limb, and superintended the interesting process of landing my vehicle on the king's highway, I omitted for that time the evident *duty* of being in a rage. I must do my valet the justice to say, he saved me a monstrous deal of trouble by acting my part to perfection; and, all things considered, it is perhaps, generally speaking, more gentlemanly to be in a passion by *prozy*, though, of course, there *are* cases when every man is called upon to "*forget himself*" in self-defence. In due time we "came up in the *cool* of the evening" to the quarters I had fixed upon for the night, and halted at "The Royal Hotel," in the county town of ———shire. With that celerity habitual to military men, I had posted incessantly the whole day, and at eight o'clock P.M. I found myself without any definite idea whether to order dinner, or tea, or go to bed. A bill of fare was read over to me in a most insinuating tone by mine host, and making a halt at *woodcocks*, I forthwith ordered dinner, and sat down to my solitary meal without any taste for my birds or my own company. A second series of sombre thoughts were stealing a march upon me, and the sight of a sensible-looking sofa promised me the opportunity of indulging them after dinner, when, with the desert, was placed on the table a ball ticket.

"It is expected to be extremely well attended, sir, by the county families. Our rooms have all been engaged for some time," and, with a kind of hesitating twirl of the napkin over his left hand, the polite waiter added, "extremely sorry, sir, that your room is up two pair of stairs, but"

"Ball ticket! county families! up two pair of stairs!" I repeated, "What do you mean me to understand by all this jargon?"

"Sir," replied the waiter, "my master begs to offer you a ticket for the ball, in case you feel disposed to join the company this evening."

"My compliments to your master," said I, "and I am in no mood to join any company whatever. I have been overturned to-day, and I would advise him to think about ordering me horses for to-morrow that will keep clear of a ditch."

The man bowed, retired, and left me to the enjoyment of my sofa, my fire, and my wine; and I prepared to spend the two hours that intervened between a rational, sober bed-time, in that half-sleeping, half-waking, half-dreaming sort of state, which may be presumed to be natural to a gentleman of fifty-five, after travelling twice as many miles. Alas! how fleeting is human

felicity! How transient the repose vouchsafed to mortals in this ever-shifting scene of things! Carriages began to roll; horses, in numbers sufficient, I dare say, to mount a whole troop of cavalry, were curvetting and prancing on the stones; and the bustle of setting down and starting off was all enacted under my windows. Doors opened and shut fifty times in five minutes; waiters were calling and answering in every possible cadence of which the human voice is capable; and the staircase, from time to time, resounded with what appeared to me the steps of a whole army. The dreadful truth flashed upon my mind. The ball is in this very house, thought I; and, unable longer to bear the suspense, I rang the bell—nearly down, I dare say—I wish I could have fired a cannon. Fisher made his appearance. Now Fisher is about the very best valet that ever existed, and for this reason—he invariably says the right thing in the right place; he uniformly does the proper thing at the proper time; besides which summary recommendations, he understands me and my ways, which are, occasionally, somewhat mysterious to ordinary observers, and he not unfrequently comprehends what I like and what I dislike better than I do myself. I know it has been said that Fisher manages his master—a regular impossibility!—But to resume the thread of my miseries:—

“Well, Fisher,” said I, beating quick time with my left heel, “what news?”

“The ball,” said he.

“Confusion!” said I, “plague on all balls, save cannon balls. I’ll go to bed.”

“I fear, sir, you will not find your room altogether agreeable, as it is immediately over the orchestra of the ball-room; but I have laid out everything for you to dress, should you please, sir, to go to the ball.”

“I’ll *not* go to the ball,” replied I, in a tone that was, in Fisher’s ears, a signal that he should be silent; and silent he was; but all “attention” to divine what next was to be said or done. I continued to pace the room exactly as if I had been measuring paces for a duel, and looked at the ball ticket as if it had been a challenge from the first shot in the empire. At length, thinking it best to follow the advice of my common council and face the enemy, I accoutred for the ball, and entered the room with a stiff, dogged sense of annoyance—hating myself and everybody else. A pillar at the upper end of the room seemed a sociable “point d’appui,” and, unknowing and unknown, I there took up my position, inspected the people as they arrived, and reported them (at my *own head* quarters) tolerably well-dressed and well-appointed for a provincial assembly. Feathers waved, and diamonds sparkled; the gentlemen bowed, and the ladies smiled; and many a gay and pretty

damselflitted past without either attracting my eye or inviting my attention. I am no longer young, thought I, that's certain! contrasting my own feelings with those portrayed in the countenances around me; and for the third time in one day I was in danger of falling into a reverie à la "Mundungus Trist," when one of the stewards kindly rescued me from such an inappropriate employment. He came towards me to offer me those attentions which are awarded to strangers who are stranded in a ball-room. I am not such an unequivocal fool as to be caught dancing, and I was far too much out of humour to play at whist; therefore, I declined accepting his polite invitation to play—the fool—or a rubber, and remained constant to my friend the pillar. A quadrille was forming near me; three couples were in order and waiting for a fourth (or from the relative position of the parties I believe I ought to say the first) couple. There is a moment when a race-course is cleared, and steeds, jockeys, and spectators are all waiting for the signal to start; there is a moment when the launching vessel slips from the last stay, and glides majestically on her element of future conquest; there is a moment—a single second only—between the word of command and the roar of fierce artillery, teeming with the fate of contending mortals. These intervals are characterized by silence and expectation. Thus was it with the quadrillers. The first couple came not, and murmurs of disapprobation at the delay were beginning to be audible, when one of the stewards appeared, and forthwith led his partner to the head of the quadrille. The band struck up, and, in due time, the tardy "fourth" moved forwards. I am, in various acceptations of the term, "an old soldier," and by no means a novice in a ball-room; I have, in my day, seen much of the world, and nearly "from Indus to the pole" have I had an opportunity of contrasting the varied charms of female beauty which may be viewed in nearly every possible latitude; but never had I seen—stay—once, and but once, had I looked upon a female form and countenance as lovely as that of the prima donna of the quadrille. She was very young and very beautiful; but it was neither her youth nor her beauty which gave to her the most fascinating characteristics. There was a peculiar elegance and simple dignity in her every movement; a depth of expression in her dark, liquid, blue eye; a charm in her complexion, which changed with every passing emotion of her mind; a glowing radiance in her sunny smile; all betokened that *soul* and *heart* were enshrined in the sweetest casket. It was "heart on her lips and soul within her eyes" which stood personified before me—a "something than beauty dearer." I never in my life could *describe* anything, save, perchance, a bivouac or a field of battle; therefore the foregoing hackneyed quotations must suffice. Then, again, I am totally un-

able to give any idea of the costume of my enchantress, except that it was very simple, and the only ornament she wore was a diamond bandeau, which confined her dark, glossy hair. Having looked as long and as intently upon the fair danseuse as courtesy permitted, it occurred to me that I had supported the pillar long enough, and that it became me to look as if I were alive. I therefore made an advance to mix with the gay world, and the words "heiress," "only child," "engaged," "lovely girl," "belle of the room," met my ears on all sides, but no name; so that the usual query, Who is she? still remained unanswered. An elderly gentleman stood on my right, whose point of attraction being, as I soon perceived, similar to my own, I ventured to ask of him if he knew her?

"She is my daughter, sir," was the reply, and at that moment the quadrille ended.

The master of the revels reluctantly resigned his fair partner, and as she placed her arm within that of her father, she looked up at her parent with such an expression of devoted affection as no time will ever efface from my recollection. Once only in my life had I seen such looks, and, for a moment, the remembrance of "love's young dream" stole over me. But away, away—it were better I should speak, write, think, of the belle of a brilliant hour in the ball-room at ———, than revert to days when the sun rose for me in brightness, and set in a gloom that cast for ever a shade over the remainder of my life. Therefore, to return: it must not be supposed that my beautiful debutante was inaccessible to universal admiration; yet the smile which played upon her rosy lips as she listened to the complimentary remarks of her partner, was cold, lifeless, and insipid, compared with that which thanked her father as he threw her shawl around her. The gentlemen protested that the shawl was hideous, as a token of her approaching departure; but she simply answered she had no wish to stay, and shortly after the bright vision passed from my eyes. Was it *natural* that a young creature should have "no wish to stay" at a ball where, for the first time, she had received the homage of admiring eyes and whispering tongues? Was it *natural* she should have *time* to love her father in her looks, when half the men in the room were by their looks loving her? Perhaps not; but if there be any objection raised (on the part of a keen and accurate observer of human nature) relative to this part of my tale ———why—as on all other occasions my words are few—it was a fact, and there's an end of the matter!

As soon as the fair incognita had quitted the field, I began to think it was time for me to march and reconnoitre my tent over the orchestra; however, I encountered the steward in the ante-room, who was returning from the arduous duty of handing the

dowager lady S—— to her carriage, and to him I addressed the query yet unanswered—"Who is she?"

"The beauteous *she* is Miss Courtney," he replied, "an heir-ess. Mr. Courtney is a man of fortune, and lives in excellent style. His place is on your left on the road to ——."

"Thanks, and good success to you," said I; but the gentleman shook his head, and added—

"It is currently reported that Miss Courtney is engaged to a young clergyman, the third son of Sir G. S——; yet as talents, family, and amiable character are but inefficient recommendations when fortune and preferment are wanting, papa won't hear of the match at present."

"She is a sweet creature," said I.

"Ah! quite enchanting," rejoined my friend; and with a bow and a smile he passed on.

I pursued my way to my room, "to sleep—perchance to dream"—ay, but not of the beauteous Miss Courtney; no, but of one to whom she bore a striking resemblance, of one even more lovely, more fascinating. I was again a young lieutenant, loving and beloved—but, no matter; I hate dreams and dream-recorders. "So no more of that, Häl, an' thou lovest me." I had no very exalted idea of the breakfast which was likely to be presented on the morning after a ball at an hotel, therefore I consented to a forced march, much to Fisher's astonishment.

Two years and a half after the incidents above related, I was requested to join the Christmas festivities at Edgcomb Park, and accepted the invitation of my old friend Sir George E——, to become his guest. Poor Sir George! he is an excellent person in his way; he possesses a fine understanding, fine principles, fine fortune, fine establishment, and a *fine* wife; finer than any finery I ever beheld. Poor Sir George! perhaps few persons can tell exactly why they marry; and very possibly, were I to break my own regulation on the subject, I might be posed to give a satisfactory solution to the problem; but he, I rather believe, could only give the same answer to this query which suffices to account for all the unaccountable actions of his life—namely, that "Lady E—— made it *her* most particular request," &c. &c. I never liked her; she is cold, calculating, and ceremonious; her countenance is as immovable as her features are faultless; her manners are characterized by the uniform observance of the forms of politeness. She is well read and well dressed; very observant of deficiencies in the "style" of her acquaintance; very haughty; in short, to my taste, very disagreeable; and thankful am I that it was her will and pleasure to offer to my luckless friend rather than to me; for, as I presume escape was impossible, I should have writhed, and, I fear, turned restive, when entrapped for life in her ladyship's silken chains.

I did not reach Edgcomb Park till the close of the festive campaign, and the party had sobered down to a sociable set of intimates; in fact, so few guests remained, that the music-room was nearly deserted, and the evening quadrille was not formed without the aid of recruits of various ages and qualifications. The second or third night after my arrival, having left the dinner-table early and rejoined the party in the drawing-room, a little, rosy, laughing girl, the daughter of my friend, came playfully towards me, and begged the favour of me to dance with her, assuring me that unless I consented to her request it would be quite impossible to make up the quadrille. "And," added the little prattler, "if you do not know the figures, I will teach you; and I am almost sure you could dance if you would try, for you are not so *very old*!"

I was pondering on these ominous last words, and about to decline the honour intended me, when a stately old dowager, with a supercilious toss of the head (for which same "toss" I have taken the liberty of hating her ever since), said to lady E——:—

"Cannot you *desire* your governess to come in, just to make up a set?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the polite lady E——, "if our friends will have the goodness to accept her services. She is very much out of health, and it was my particular request to sir George that Louisa should be taught by Madam B——; so that I really know nothing of her capabilities in dancing. But Louisa, my love, you may go and bring her in *after* tea, I dare say she *can* dance."

"At any rate," observed the odious dowager, "it is her place to make herself generally useful, and I dare say will feel honoured (as she ought) by your kindness."—Another toss of the head.

Now would I rather bivouac all my life—nay, I should infinitely desire to be shot at once, rather than be this poor, helpless, hapless governess, thought I; and, with no very cordial feelings towards the old lady (whom I found it my appointed duty to hand to the card-table), I established myself as her adversary at whist. While meditating alternately on the odd tricks and the honours of the game of whist, and the honours and odd tricks of the game of human life, I overheard lady E——observe, that she was quite concerned that the quadrillers should be detained by the non-appearance of "the governess." Not the first time, thought I, that I have seen three couples waiting for a fourth; and, as I dealt the trump card, the door opened, and Louisa appeared, leading in Miss Courtney.

I could not be deceived;—no! that face and form, once seen, was neither to be forgotten nor mistaken. But how changed

since the festive night when I first saw her in the ball-rooms at ——! Her garb of deep mourning, the deathlike paleness of her cheek, and the dark blue eye, which (raised for one moment only) evinced all the wretchedness of hopeless grief,—all told that death and misfortune had combined to complete this work of miserable dependence. Yet she appeared more lovely, more interesting, infinitely more lovely, than amidst the gay assemblage in the ball at ——. There was in her whole air and manner a conscious dignity that might have awed the most presumptuous coxcomb. “Affliction *had* touched her looks with something that was scarcely earthly.”

“‘She walks in beauty like the night,’” drawled out lady E——, as she held a volume of the noble bard in her hand; and was proceeding to read the succeeding lines, when I involuntarily exclaimed:—

“By Jove! so she does!”

My three companions at the whist-table seemed electrified; they now looked up—the lady looked round.

“General! you are dreaming,” said one.

“Absent without leave,” said my partner.

“Yes, that’s clear,” said my adversary; who, showing up my revoke, claimed the rubber.

I forgot to be angry with her or myself; I had but one idea—it was to rescue Miss Courtney from the irksome situation in which she was so cruelly placed. I discovered a sudden inclination to escort my little friend through the quadrille; and, requesting that Miss Courtney would kindly yield her place, I went through the *manœuvres* with the delighted Louisa much to my own satisfaction, occasionally muttering an apologetic something to the wondering bystanders about the whims of old bachelors. The ladies pronounced me a promising pupil in an accomplishment which was so nearly forgotten as to be almost new to me: and I acquitted myself so greatly to their satisfaction that my services were in requisition to the happy exclusion of Miss Courtney, who was permitted to retire.

I eagerly inquired her history, and learned that her father’s banker had suddenly declared himself insolvent, and, either by fraud or mismanagement, had involved the whole of the personal property of Mr. Courtney. But this was not all; the titles to the very estates for which Mr. Courtney had (since his marriage) changed his name, became disputed; a chancery suit was instituted, and, at least for a time, the rents were vested in the hands of trustees, and thus all source of independent income was cut off. The sensitive mind of Mr. Courtney gave way, his health declined, and the succeeding spring saw him extended on the bed of death, leaving his beloved daughter a portionless orphan. It did not occur to me to inquire the former name of Mr. Court-

ney; I was absorbed in listening to the details of those misfortunes which affected his child. I had seen her young and lovely, the centre of public attraction, with much of this world's gifts in her possession; and beheld with astonishment the change that calamity had wrought in her destiny.

My reader may very possibly insinuate, that had the young lady in question been an awkward, gawky, red-faced, red-armed damsel, my sympathy would have been as common as the change which excited it; and, be assured, gentle reader, I am by no means prepared to contradict you; for had she indeed been this uncouth creature, she could not again (and more forcibly than ever) have brought before me the image of her whose memory from life's earliest years I had cherished with such enthusiastic fidelity. Unconsciously, perhaps, I owed to this likeness an earnest desire to know Miss Courtney, and, if possible, to benefit her; and, however Utopian this last design might be, yet I found it impossible to suppress my inclination to attempt it.

The heartless sang-froid of Lady E.'s manner—the very tone in which she commanded her power of being *useful*,—formed a strikingly mournful contrast to that homage which marked her debut at the county ball, to the tenderness of that parent who formed her protection, whose eye watched, whose fostering hand caressed her:—he was no more, and his child stood alone in a cold, unfeeling, selfish world. O ye who bask in the gay sunshine of prosperity! let not ease and affluence render you unmindful of the trials which oftentimes bring to your families those females, who, well born, well bred, well educated, are as capable as yourselves of appreciating the appendages of wealth to which they, in prosperous days, have been accustomed—who, in all that renders woman estimable and attractive, may be your equals, perchance your superiors; with talents, acquirements, accomplishments, hearts, and dispositions, that render them worthy of those courtly scenes from which adventitious circumstances have banished them:—if ye be women, surely the common sympathies of your sex *ought* to secure to those placed in a dependent situation near you that courteous respect and gentle kindness which common humanity proclaims their due. If ye be men, and, above all, if ye be enrolled in the band of your country's gallant defenders, the chances incident to your profession will bring your thoughts home to domestic claims—to your wives, sisters, daughters—think of these ties, and the treatment you wish those relatives to experience, were misfortune to doom them to a state of unprotected dependence, and *respect* the feelings of one who, possibly, “has no one to stand up for her.” The following day I rose early, and, without any defined plan of action, though the lonely governess was predominant in my mind, and, lounging into the library, mechanically took up the first

book which presented itself. The name of Mary Evelyn Courtney met my eye; the book fell from my hand; I saw the truth—the delightful reality of all my wild imaginings. I thanked heaven for its mercy, and, in a tumult of mingled emotions, in which pleasure outweighed all others, I again took up the book, and in a short time placed it in the hands of its owner, with the following hasty note:—

“Will Miss Courtney pardon the liberty I have taken in appropriating a volume of hers which chance threw in my way, the first page of which has awakened in my mind associations of no ordinary interest. Be not startled, lady, if I avow that the name I there beheld was dear to me ere you trod this earth. I would seek to converse with you alone; but I cannot, will not intrude on your attention till I have established some claim to that confidence I so earnestly desire to cultivate in your mind. It is then to the child of my first, my only love, that I intrust the history of my early life, in the hope that the communication may induce her to consider me as her future friend. I was only twenty when first I saw and loved *your mother*—a creature more perfect in form, more captivating in mind, than I have power or *wish now* to describe. My heart, through the many vicissitudes of a soldier's career, has borne testimony to her superiority. I loved her, and have never loved another—but I was a younger son, with expectations remote, if not precarious. I could not quit my profession—I could not endure the idea of involving a being so delicate in the hardships of a soldier's life. She smiled upon me, and we parted—my tale of love untold, my only solace, the resolution to pursue my military duties, and, if life were spared, to return and lay my laurels at her feet. Years rolled on before I visited my native land, and when at length I came to England, it was to find your mother the affianced wife of Mr. Evelyn. I need not say that your father's high character bespoke the world's applause, and proclaimed his bride was happy. To me that world appeared a blank. The camp furnished occupation and excitement to exertion, but the main spring of action was gone; and when, at the period of your birth, that pure spirit fled this world to seek one where its purity would be made perfect, all those feelings rushed to my heart, which, since her marriage, principle and duty had combined to subdue. I saw you, for the first time, in a gay and festive scene, but I will not touch on that period now—it is sufficient to say, that a resemblance to your sainted parent induced me to ask your name. I had not while abroad heard of the change of name which your family had adopted, and while that of Evelyn would have at once justified my discovery of the likeness to which I have alluded, Miss Courtney brought no associations to my mind. Last night, when you entered this drawing-room with the traces of grief on your

countenance, again the still more evident similitude came to my mind—for in grief I last saw her whose image lives again in you. As yet I am to you a stranger; I presume not to express my feelings on beholding that mourning garb; I forbear, for sorrow is a theme on which I am not privileged to enter, yet I cherish the hope, that while I shrink from profaning the sacred name of father, time and farther intercourse may prove to you the sincerity of my wish, that you should ‘eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, and be unto me as a daughter!’ Think of me as one whom your beloved mother honoured with her regard—think of me as—call me—grandfather! If it so please you, I entreat you to confide in my friendship, and, above all, to believe me,

“Yours most respectfully,

G. H. S

It required much to convince my young friend of the apparently romantic assertions contained in the above communication, but there are few novels half so romantic as real life. However, in time I gained some insight into the events of her past life, and drew from her the confession, that at the period of her father’s misfortunes she was engaged to a young clergyman, who at that time possessed neither fortune nor preferment. When the wealth of the “heiress” vanished, the approbation of his family was withdrawn. His father resorted to the usual threats of tender parents, and vowed eternal displeasure and ultimate disinheritance. What was to be done? Love cannot live on love, let poets say what they please—so the lovers parted.

Now, were it to be asserted that I at once determined on making Miss Courtney my heiress, it might be doubted; or, if credited, might be set down as the freak of a romantic and disappointed old bachelor. But, however this may be settled in your mind, gentle reader, true it is, that within a very few weeks, at a neighbouring church, the lovely Miss Courtney was standing at the altar while the emphatic words, “I pronounce that they be man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;” and, “Lo, thus shall the man be blessed!” were being uttered; and, as if to render the scene complete, by her side stood one whose looks betokened more than words can well describe, and who, gently taking her hand, invested it with that indissoluble link which binds two hearts in one. All seemed happiness:—the bridegroom was happy—the bride was happy—and there stood by one on whose bosom she laid her head to hide her emotion. Was he happy? Did he say “Amen” to the whole scene? If the suffused eye,

which stays the utterance of softest words, and the warm embrace of paternal love, are evidences—he was.

It may here be added, that the softening of the obdurate hearts of relentless parents had been effected by the signing of certain deeds and documents, in which it was necessary that I should take a prominent part; and that the young couple returned to the rectory which was henceforward to be their home, and whither I accompanied them, to end my days as an adopted parent.

FUTURE DAYS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Slowly we marked our lov'd one pass away,
 Yet still her cheek retain'd its roseate bloom ;
 Still her dark eye beam'd forth a dazzling ray ;
 She reck'd not she was hast'ning to the tomb :
 And though her voice its full rich tones had lost,
 And though she trembled by the hearth's warm blaze,
 She watch'd the breaking of the winter frost,
 And talk'd, with smiling hope, of future days.

Oft spoke she of the pleasant summer-time,
 The gay and vivid wild-flowers of the glade,
 The breezy heath, the fountain's tuneful chime,
 The cool recesses of the forest shade,
 And the fair bower upon the verdant hill,
 Where the sweet song-birds pour'd their joyous lays ;
 Thus would she mingle with our converse still
 Glad sportive images of future days.

Oh ! how it wrung our hearts that she should cling
 Thus, in fond trustfulness, to hours in store ;
 We knew that never should the buds of spring,
 Or flowers of radiant summer, greet her more :
 And we reveal'd to her the mournful truth—
 Shunning the while her sad and startled gaze—
 That darken'd was the sunshine of her youth—
 That brief and number'd were her future days.

And God, whom she had serv'd, forsook her not ;
 Some few faint sighs she heav'd, then rais'd above
 Her thoughts, and dwelt upon the happy lot
 Won for the faithful by their Saviour's love.
 She died ; we saw her laid in peaceful rest,
 Ere yet the trees were clothed with blossom'd sprays.
 Oh ! earth had granted her no boon so blest,
 Had Heaven fulfill'd her hopes of lengthen'd days.

PHELM DOOLAN, THE RIOTER.¹

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

PHELM Doolan remained unheard of for several months ; conjectures of course were rife as to what had become of him, some averring that he had got involved in a riot in County Clare, and died of the wounds inflicted on him by a gigantic antagonist ; whilst others, puzzled perhaps to account for his wandering so far from home, very kindly gave out he had joined a French privateer that had for several days been hovering about the coast, and having fomented an insurrection amongst the crew, had thrown the captain overboard, and now reigned in his stead. This report was much more likely to be true ; so, for the present, we will give it the benefit of our belief, and leave the reader to determine Phelim's present fate for himself.

Katty Mc Keoun—noble Katty ! believed neither of these reports ; nay, she seemed to listen to the wild tales that were bruited about concerning Phelim, and averred that he would turn up, some day soon, and sober down into an honest quiet man ; so the shebeen was still kept open and prospered bravely, for Katty drew quite as much custom as her master had done before her : some went for the sake of the good liquor she kept ; others because they were sure to meet the pleasantest company in the parish at the " Ould Jontilman ;" but by far the greater number went because they very sagely fancied that Phelim would never have the face to turn up again, even if he was alive, and in that case the " Ould Jontilman," with all its goods and chattels, not to mention the heavy bag of " goold " Katty had hid under the lucky stone behind the chimney, together with the buxom landlady herself and Busear, would be a very good investment for their trouble in courting its present possessor ; so Katty drove a brisk business, and became quite blithe and merry again, when bustling about amongst her heterogeneous guests, more than one of whom fancied himself the lucky dog on whom she bestowed her coveted favours. Katty, however, kept her own counsel, and never troubled herself to deny the hints and innuendos she had poured in upon her on every side, but managed to keep friends with everybody, and lived in the enjoyment of her popularity.

Charles Beauvais had in the meanwhile in a great measure recovered from his wound, although he was not yet capable of much exertion. His illness had, however, ripened the attachment between himself and Rose Butler, who now smiled and hoped once more, as time wore away without any report of Doolan's return. Patrick Butler was very anxious for their union to take place at once, and after a good deal of coyish timidity on the part of Rose, and impatience on that of her lover, it was at length fixed to be solemnized at the end of autumn, when everybody would be able to share in her happiness. Rose consented more readily than she would otherwise have done, because a change had taken place

¹ Continued from page 336, vol. XL.

in Patrick Butler's character which filled her daughter with much uneasiness.

Ever since the night of Shrove-Tuesday he had grown more reserved and silent towards his family ; his melancholy at times deepening into moroseness, if the luckless party chanced to be mentioned in his hearing. Why this should be so, is hard to say ; but, in all probability, the grief that followed the death of his wife had only slumbered in his mind, and had again burst into existence and action, when his old age had become embittered by Phelim's brutal ferocity. Unfortunately for himself, Patrick Butler was too proud a man to seek for sympathy in those in whom he might naturally expect to find it, and his feelings being unable to find vent in any other channel, at last burst out in a shape the most prejudicial to his future safety, as it embittered the minds of the surrounding peasantry to one whom they had been accustomed to look upon as their friend, but whose wealth and superior attainments did little more than keep them in awe of his presence, if any of his actions chanced to destroy their inherent love of his character.

Coul Shane, Phelim's ally, held a tumble-down crazy tenement under Patrick Butler, or, rather, had built one the preceding summer, on a piece of land belonging to him, without his permission. Patrick had long disliked the sneaking currish villain, who was too idle to work, and too dishonest to starve, whatever his family did ; and as a proof of his dislike of such a tenant, he sent some of his men down to Coul's shebeen one morning with strict orders to raze it to the ground and turn Coul off his property. The men overstepped their orders, and, not content with destroying the hut, thrashed Master Coul so unmercifully, to prevent his ever returning to the spot again, that the whole parish rang for weeks after with the brutal act. Coul fomented the popular feeling after his own fashion, and was rewarded for his pains by having his family and himself received into the best houses in the neighbourhood, until something could be done for them, which the idle villain sincerely prayed would not be very soon.

Patrick Butler, as may be expected, was entirely blamed for this. Meetings were secretly held almost every week to devise some means to punish him for his tyranny. Coul Shane was exalted into a martyr, and by his orations worked his auditors up to a state of phrenzy so wild and reckless, that it needed all the casuistry of their leaders to prevent a general outbreak. These meetings were held so secretly that none of Butler's adherents dreamed of their being carried on under their very noses ; and the old man himself still continued his acts of severity without being aware of the fearful consequences they entailed upon himself and his family.

It was thus, when matters were as critical as they well could be, that a small, neatly-rigged, swift-sailing sloop hove into sight off Bantry Bay, one night in the commencement of October, and, reefing her sails, dropped anchor, as if her crew were afraid of making for the harbour in the hazy twilight that was at that moment coming on. The wind was high, and a keen frost had set in, so that very few people were abroad ; and those who were, after the first view, failed to satisfy themselves as to what were her intentions, owing to the approaching darkness.

"Bring the glass, Jacques; you'll find it lying on the table in my cabin," said the captain, as he walked towards the stern of the vessel. "Curse the fool, what a time he is! *Sacré!* Monsieur Jacques, you'd make the devil swear at your tardiness."

"Oui, monsieur," muttered the seaman, as he thrust his grizzly head up the companion ladder very gravely.

"The glass, Jacques. Damn your stupidity," roared the captain, as he sprang towards the offending Jacques; whereupon, Jacques made a hasty retreat, and presently reappeared with a telescope in his hand, which he presented to the other very humbly.

"Get about your business, fellow—but hold; send Couthon here; and harkee, sirrah, try to do what I order you a little quicker in future," quoth the other, shouldering his glass.

Jacques shrugged his shoulders, and grinned an assent as he walked away; and in the next moment, the lieutenant of the vessel (which, it may be as well to mention, was a privateer) joined his superior, and a long and eager conversation was maintained between the pair; during which the glass was often pointed towards the shore, as if they were discussing the practicability of running their neat little craft further into the bay, which, though attended with some danger, the captain fancied could be done before nightfall.

"There's a neap-tide running, monsieur," muttered the inferior officer, as he scanned with a wistful eye the dark expanse of water that lay between them and the coveted cliffs that loomed afar off in the distance; "and as far as I can judge, there's a nasty reef lying down there, just where the surf boils up so;" and he pointed, as he spoke, to a long white crest of foam that hung like a sheet over the dark angry waves in front.

The captain gazed in the direction his subordinate had pointed out. The waves rolled heavily towards the shore with a dull sullen sound, as if they were brooding over the storm that was about to burst so soon upon them. The darkness was closing in quickly, and, from time to time, the leaden-coloured clouds to windward were lit up by a short vivid flash; the thunder rolled nearer at every moment, and sounded the more awfully from the unwonted stillness of the wide watery gulf around.

"We must lower the long-boat, M. Couthon," said he, at length, as he turned himself round after his survey. "If the *Fleur de Marie* cannot, with safety, be brought nearer ashore, we must employ our only alternative. Pipe the men on deck, and send *Le Diable* to me at once."

The lieutenant walked away at once, and, whilst he is executing these various orders, we shall take the opportunity of describing as far as possible, the appearance and character of the captain of the privateer.

Monsieur Jean Guiscard was in person the very epitome of a jolly skipper; being a trifle under five feet nine in height, with a round, merry, jovial-looking visage, well tanned with the sun, but which yet had plenty of colour and vivacity in it to protect its owner from being condemned to the epithet of a sallow-faced man. His eyes were small,

but they had a merry twinkle in them that made amends for their diminutiveness, and had a spice of roguish devilry as well at times, that betrayed his love of mischief and adventure. He wore no whiskers; a very finely-trimmed moustache and imperial adorning his upper lip and chin, and, when not otherwise engaged, he might generally be seen walking up and down the deck, smoking a cigar, and chatting loquaciously with his ally and assistant, Couthon, who was as long, lanky, and sulky, as Monsieur Guiscard was the reverse. The latter's figure was, or rather had been, a very good one, but one of the glorious mischances of war had shot off his left arm at the wrist. Couthon was lame in one leg, but, being a very wiry restless man, was but little disabled by the misfortune, when fate doomed him to a hand-to-hand encounter with an antagonist; for the lame lieutenant generally came off victor. *La Fleur de Marie*, despite the infamous purposes to which she was devoted, was the most beautiful little craft that ever skimmed the ocean. Her slim tapering spars shot up to a dazzling height from her deck; and when her snow-white sails were hoisted, and *La Fleur de Marie*, left to her own free will, danced over the scarcely-parted waves, with every tack of sail swelling out to the breeze, not the most magnificent man-of-war that ever shot terror into the hearts of England's foe, could excel her in the light yet stately bearing of her movements. She was too lightly built to weather a greatly prolonged storm; yet, when a storm was threatening overhead, so complete was the discipline to which the pirate's crew were subjected, that in five minutes all her sails would be reefed, her jib-booms taken in, everything made taut and safe fore and aft, on deck and below, and *La Fleur de Marie* lay floating on the waters with no more front to present to the approaching hurricane than a huge log of wood would offer.

At that moment the man whom he had designated as *Le Diable* approached, and Captain Guiscard cried out in English,—

"Ha, Monsieur! we shall have a tough job of it, I fancy; the wind has chopped round to the south'ard, and blows like a fury on the rocks to our right.

"A storm is brewing to a certainty, captain," rejoined *Le Diable* sternly, as his eyes wandered over the boiling waves; "but who cares for such a capful of wind as we're likely to have? a chestful of golden guineas would recompense even you for the risk you would run in getting them into your clutches."

"Not to mention a pretty lass whose fair form a friend of ours, Monsieur, is anxious to lay his hands on," returned the pirate, winking his little dark eyes knowingly as he spoke; "but, bustle, my lads, bustle," cried he, springing towards the hatches, "we'd better make the landing before the shore is quite invisible, I think—Couthon, man the boat—Monsieur *Le Diable*, jump into the prow—it will be as dark as midnight before we get to our destination.—How many miles did you say it was from here?"

"Four," returned the other carelessly as he threw his large athletic figure into the bottom of the boat, which was in a moment filled with a dozen dark, swarthy, stern-looking villains who almost rivalled him in their powerful exhibition of limb and muscle. *Le Diable* had, however,

the advantage in the majestic bearing that characterized his movements, and was, in all respects, a fine specimen of youthful yet manly beauty and vigour.

"Starboard, my lads, starboard!" cried the pirate apprehensively, as he took his seat a-port.

"Starboard it is," rejoined a black muscular villain, whose smutty features seemed well acquainted with powder and ball.

"Very well, now row easily at first, till we get into the tide—gently!—did you bring plenty of weapons with you, Couthon?"

The lieutenant nodded a grim assent, and rested on his oar; they were now getting amongst the rough water, or swell, which on account of their propinquity to the ship they had not yet experienced the violence of, and many a wistful glance was cast towards the half-hid cliffs, which seemed to recede the further into darkness the nearer they approached them; at last the boat grated against a reef, and, in a moment, the silence was broken by a dozen "*sacré's*" and "*mon dieu's*," as fear or surprise alternated in the speakers' breasts.

"Port a-helm, my lads!" cried the captain promptly, as he half sprung from his seat.—"Jacques, you devil, ground your oar—there's no damage done, as yet—keep to leeward, and we'll be high-and-dry in ten minutes. *Sacré!* you have run us into the reach; port a-helm, you devils—port! port! there, now row for your bare lives."

"Have we struck a rock?" demanded the lieutenant in a low voice of *Le Diable*, who seemed to be examining the bottom of the boat at this juncture.

The latter started up hurriedly, and replying in the negative, turned away from his interrogator and fixed his gaze on the approaching shore. Couthon eyed him narrowly, as if the fellow's manner aroused some suspicions in his mind, but at that moment a sudden lurch of the boat, occasioned by an immense wave bursting unexpectedly upon their frail craft nearly washed him overboard, and the suddenness of the danger made him instantly forget them again; in another minute they were riding in still water, and the captain's voice rang loud and clear above every other sound, as he directed them to run the bow of their little skiff into a creek which his experienced eye assured him would afford them a safe landing place.

"Now, form yourselves into file," continued he, as they sprang upon firm ground; "let every man put a couple of pistols into his belt, in addition to his cutlass and short sword. Couthon, give *Le Diable* a sword, and bid him lead on—he knows the road best—and now for Fairy Lawn."

Whilst the pirates, headed by the singular being whom the captain designated by the title of "*Le Diable*," are proceeding towards Patrick Butler's house, we will beg the reader's company to another and a different scene, which, however, we think will be found to bear some analogy to the one we have just quitted.

It was a dark September night—the moon was on the wane, and would not rise for several hours to come; a keen searching wind was abroad that made the bones ache again with its severity; but cold, and dark, and comfortless as it was, it had not prevented some dozen or more of Patrick Butler's friends from honouring Fairy Lawn with their presence,

all of them being actuated by the very laudable desire of assisting at the solemnities attendant upon the marriage of the fair Rose with the young Frenchman, Charles Beauvais.

The ceremony had not yet commenced, as the priest, who lived at a distance of several miles, had not yet arrived; the most impatient of the sunny guests had, ere this, more than once hazarded a conjecture as to the probable reason of his non-appearance, but for a time these whispered suggestions met with little attention, every one being able to remember some similar scene at which he had been quite as long in coming; and to prove that they were not apprehensive of his not coming at all, they began to divide into groups, under the pretence of discussing the topics of the day.

Rose sat apart from her father's guests, with Charles Beauvais by her side; both were laughing merrily, although a shade of sadness at times stole over the features of the young bride, as her eyes wandered from her lover to the form of Patrick Butler, who, silent and reserved, where all appeared so happy, seemed to be brooding over some secret sorrow which even his daughter was ignorant of, and which he evidently did not wish her to share.

"You look, sad Rose," broke in the bridegroom elect, after he had failed to win a smile from his companion at some sally.

"Nay, Charles, only thoughtful," and the smile played round the bride's lips again.

The Frenchman shook his head sorrowfully, for it died away again as suddenly as it had been called up, and drawing his arm round the waist of the blushing Rose, he began to beguile her sadness by a legend of his own fair Provence. Rose listened and smiled again, and forgot how time sped, until Beauvais was interrupted in his recital by the entrance of the Priest, who, wet, heated, and breathless, ere he was well into the room, began a long string of compliments and witticisms, which, from the readiness with which they were brought out, and the merriment that followed their delivery, seemed to be his regular stock-in-trade for an occasion like the present.

"Ah, Miss Rosy, you have sent for me at last then—I wish you luck and happiness, darlint," and the blue lips of his reverence were forthwith pressed against the fading damask of the bride's fair cheek; "and where's Beauvais, the villin—och! ye're here, you rapsallion, are ye?—faith, and Miss Rose might have made a worse choice, Patrick—hould up your head, my lad, and don't stick so near her, as if you were afraid I was going to run off wid her—ha! ha! and whom have we here? not Biddy Cassidy—faix, is it? you look bravely, Biddy."

"Shure and who has a better right, plaise your reverence?" cried Mistress Biddy, with a rather contemptuous fling of her plentifully befavoured cap—"it's meself that has a right to do that same. Dr. Nangle and I brought her up from the day she came a among uz—nursed her whin she could'nt lift hand or foot, from the very night her poor mother died—it's a good right I have to look bravely, and this her wedding night to the fore."

Biddy had run herself out of breath, and now paused to recover it.

"She does honour to your bringing up, Biddy, alanna," continued

the reverend priest approvingly; "she's the toast of all wide'Cork, and has gone far to turn the heart of many a gay bachelor."

"And Dr. Nangle's amongst the rest, please your reverence," continued the old nurse, as her brown wrinkled visage crinkled into a smile—"sure you may say that too, and be very near the thruth too.—Ay, ay, my purty Rose is peerless, and none know her worth better than meself."

As if to clench the argument, and prevent his reverence from saying another word on the subject, Biddy, at this juncture, squatted herself down in a large, well-stuffed chair, which, from time immemorial, that is to say for the last fifty years, had been sacred to her use, and began to croon away to herself the tune of an old song that had been popular in her youth, and the priest, after another survey of her short, stout, yet still erect figure, and deeply-lined visage, turned away to converse with the rest of the guests.

He came, at last, to the head of the room, where Patrick Butler was standing with the oldest and most valued of his friends, and although they seemed to be very deeply engaged in the discussion of a serious topic, the mirth-loving priest, relying on his power at such a time, did not scruple, for a moment, to intrude upon their privacy with his own uproarious voice, which, in sooth, well nigh annihilated that of all the guests put together.

"How does time go? demanded he, with a tug at his watch-chain, "it must be getting well on to ten o'clock."

"No, it wants half an hour, doctor," rejoined Mr. Butler, "at ten you had better begin the ceremony. How does Rose bear herself?"

"Superbly! Her self-possession is wonderful, although it is softened down by a bewitching modesty that quite tells upon one. Ah! my old friend, the groom is a lucky dog! and I have told him so a dozen times at the least."

"For which he is, doubtless, very much obliged to you," rejoined Patrick, smiling; "but what delayed you so long? more than once we fancied you were not coming."

"Faix, and I was a'most afraid of that same myself," said the priest, mysteriously. "I set off early, you may be assured, for I had no fancy to ride so far in the dark, all by myself, but when I left the high road and was coming near to Daly's—you know the place, just where the road takes a bend—there's an ould gibbet standing there yet, if I'm not mistaken, with some cut-throat racal on it—I came upon a score or so of men, who, before I left them, nearly frightened my life out of my mouth."

"Indeed!" ejaculated three or four of the auditors, whom the priest's narrative had attracted around him, "and who were they?"

"Faix, and that's what I'm puzzled about," continued he, attempting to laugh; "I can't for the life of me divine what they were after, for though they didn't abuse me, I more than once detected the fellow that acted as pioneer, a great gigantic fellow that would be a host in himself if a squabble came near him, looking very oddly at me, as if with an eye to finding out whar I was the most vulnerable."

"That's very likely, docther," broke in one of his auditors.

"And so I thought it at the time, Teddy, avick; but I hadn't long an opportunity of thinking about the circumstance; for, whin we came to the Ould Jontilman, the whole party turned in there to dhrink, and, whether I would or not, they forced me in with them, though, if I had consulted my own taste, it's not in Katty Mc Keoun's shebeen I'd a been, but here, where I'm safely housed at last—thank God and the houly Vargin."

"And is that all your advinture, docther?" cried three or four voices in chorus.

"I wish it wuz," rejoined Dr. Nangle, with the same uneasy laugh. "It's not meself that's given to talk of what one meets wid on a dark night; but whin a dacent sarvent of houly Church is forced into the company of a set of tearing, swearing, lying pack of highwaymen when on his way to a widdin' it 'ud make a stone spake."

"And so it would, docther."

"Hould your paice, Tim Conolly. As I said afore, nolens volens—which manes against one's will—hem! the villains forced me to go wid them into the Ould Jontilman, and compelled me to drink raw brandy and whiskey, whilst they kept up a continual clatter in an outlandish gibberish of a tongue that would make a dacent Christian's hair stand on end with listening to it."

"But didn't they drink, docther?"

"Houly Virgin, if they didn't. French, or Spanish, or German—let them be what they plaised, they bet me all to chips at that same; and the strangest thing about it all was, that the more they seemed to dhrink, the steadier they grew; and at last, at a look from the rest, a couple of them seized hould of me just as I sat, and carried me by main force out to the front of the house, where my pony stood as quiet as a lamb, and chucked me into the saddle, and with an awful yell set the baste off; and Tilisy never pulled up until we got here."

"Faix, docther, you've met wid as many adventur's as Saint Patrick himself when he walked across the Giant's Causeway wid his head under his arm," cried Tim Conolly, with a hoarse laugh.

Doctor Nangle frowned, and averred that every word he had spoken was the truth.

"Och, I didn't doubt that in the laste," cried the sceptical Tim, laughing; "the ounly thing that staggered me was, that they had so much thrubble to git yez into the Ould Jontilman, as you say they had."

"Blood and thunder, Tim—"

"Whist, docther," cried Tim, hurriedly, "them's not fit words for such a time as this. There's tin o'clock athriking; so get on your robes, and we'll have the ceremony over at wanst."

"Shure, and I'll do that, Tim;" and away bustled Doctor Nangle to array himself in his vestments, and away fled Biddy Cassidy to the side of her foster-child, who, trembling and abashed, shrank from the vicinity of her betrothed with all the coyish modesty of an unwedded bride.

"Cheer up, darlint Rose, accushla," murmured the nurse as she folded poor Rose in her arms. "Look up, mavourneen deheelish—"

my graceful fawn, and smile on thy ould sarvint. Be aisy for a little, agra! there—now the dochter is ready. Ah! here comes Norah Desmond and my own Grace to be thy bridemaids. Peace, little one; it will soon be over.” And Biddy once more embraced the object of her humble love, and then drew back to resign her right into the hands of the impatient bridegroom.

The rest of the guests came forward, and formed a circle round them; Patrick Butler alone standing a l’le in front by the side of the priest. He had shaken off the gloom that had heretofore darkened his aged features, and a smile now overspread his visage as he gazed on the beautiful and glowing face of his child, on whose ruby lips an answering smile rested for a moment. All his fears seemed to have died away in his bosom. He stood erect and composed, neither looking to the right nor the left; and presently the voice of Dr. Nangle, clear, composed, and solemn, as befitted the occasion, broke the almost overpowering stillness of the scene.

“In the name of the great and holy God, wilt thou take unto thyself this woman to cherish and nourish her until death?”

Beauvais was about to answer, “I will,” but before the words could escape his lips, a loud shout rang through the room, the door flew open, a troop of wild savage men rushed pell-mell into the room, the lights were flung down and extinguished in an instant, bride and bridegroom torn rudely asunder—on, on they came like a troop of furious bacchanals, scattering terror and dismay into every bosom; oaths, shrieks, screams, groans, and the tread of a hundred feet mingling in dire confusion with the report of pistols and carbines, the clashing of swords—and then, higher and louder than all, drowning every other sound, a strange overpowering crash, as if a thousand fearful elements were warring without and within; aiding, as it were, the terrible work of vengeance and destruction that was going on within the precincts of that room, which, but a few short minutes before, was as still and silent as the grave.

“It’s them! it’s them, the villins!” ejaculated Dr. Nangle in a tone of horror as the book was snatched from his hands. “Oh, for the love of Heaven, spare her! Och! kill me if you will, but spare her! spare her!” and he sprang wildly forward to save Rose Butler from one of the rioters who, sword in hand, rushed towards them at this juncture.

“Touch but one hair of her head, murderer!” shouted the bridegroom, grappling with the wretch, “and that moment shall be your last.”

A hellish laugh was the only response, and then the Frenchman felt himself well-nigh suffocated as his antagonist flung him upon the floor, and, placing one foot on his breast, snatched Rose from her father’s arms, and consigned her to the care of one of his confederates, who at the same moment disappeared with her.

Patrick Butler had sunk down in a fit, and this accident saved him from a violent death. At the same moment Beauvais felt himself raised from the ground, and transported swiftly from the dreadful scene; whether his captor intended taking him he could not divine, for the passages, through which he fancied he was being conveyed, were so densely filled with smoke, that his gaze could not penetrate beyond the space of a single

yard. The same wild appalling sound still rang in his ears, and increased at every step; he had little time to conjecture from whence it proceeded, for, in a few moments, they reached the open air, and then he was horrified on discovering that the whole range of buildings, from the dwelling-house itself to the barns and hayricks, were in a blaze.

Feigning insensibility, as the only chance of discovering what was going on whilst his bearer hurried swiftly across the lawn, he had presented to him in quick succession, as if in a panorama, building after building enveloped in fire, and surrounded by groups of dark fitful beings, who rushed from spot to spot, heaping fresh fuel upon the roaring blaze which had long ere this shot up in a high spiral flame towards heaven, tinging the dark masses of clouds with a lurid glow that was visible for many miles round.

It was an awful spectacle to witness the large corn-ricks catch fire and mount up with appalling rapidity, as if they strove to outstrip the more slowly-consuming buildings in their destruction. At times, a horse or cow, maddened by the danger that menaced it on every side would dart across the dark foreground, and be lost the next moment in the gloom that hung to seaward; and then a harrowing yell broke on the ear, the very impossibility of knowing from whence or what it proceeded adding to its horror.

There was one of the old hinds who had been bedridden for many years, and, in the general confusion, having been forgotten, he had managed to crawl to the window and remained there rooted, as if by magic, a spectator of all that followed; he knew that if no one came to deliver him, he would be destroyed, for there was not the slightest chance that the building in which he lived could escape the general conflagration: terrible, however, as was the death that menaced him, it but once came across his mind, and then was forgotten again.

"Och! houly mother of God, help *him*," muttered he, folding his arms over his breast in an attitude of prayer,—"*lave me; lave me; let me die, for I am old and useless, but purtect him and poor Rose, aghrah!*"

There he knelt in front of the window; his long grey hair streaming wildly over his withered visage, still and motionless as a statue; his tall yet drooping figure flung out in bold relief against the dark wall behind, every feature of his face, every fold of his garments, as clearly visible in the ruddy blaze as in broadest noon. He never stirred; he scarcely seemed to breathe, so intense was the feeling of desolation his heart felt, not for himself, but for his master. It was the noblest sacrifice one man could make for another. Life—sweet as it is—even when disease and sorrow have done their worst—life was forgotten; death, in one of the most horrible of its many forms, stared him in the face; yet, with a heroism not the less exalted because none beheld it, did that hoary peasant, whose only instructor through life has been that undying voice that God has implanted in the heart—"prepare to meet the destroyer!"

"It's breakin' out in the buttery; och! there's no hope now; God help him," muttered he, grasping his hands tightly together as if with agony; Och! they're coming this way now—one, two, three—and the groom himself in the midst of them, his arms pinioned to his side, poor fellow! I wonder if he can see me—ay! jeev away, you villains that ye

are! it's not one nor fifty that would be afther making Darby Blake lave his post."

At this moment a ball whizzed past him and lodged in a small closet behind; old Darby changed his posture a little, though he was quite as much exposed as ever to their violence, and shouted as loud as he could an intimidation against them; the roaring of the fire, which had by this time reached the next building, fortunately rendered his speech inaudible; and, save that from time to time they saw his jaws move, the uproar at every moment grew so furious, that, for all they knew, he might be just as well entreating for assistance as imprecating their violence.

"Move on, you idle villains!" shouted a stentorian voice at this moment, and the pirates who had Charles Beauvais in custody hurried forwards, as the speaker, who was none other than the villain termed "*Le Diable*," sprang into the midst of them.

"Whom have we here?" demanded he, shading his face with his hand as he gazed upward to the old hind. "Ould Darby Blake, who swore wanst that I'd come to the gallus—ha! ha! my old prophet, you shall see whether you speak true or not;" and, as he spoke, he seized a blazing pole out of the next building, and laying it at the bottom of that in which Darby was placed, began piling straw and brushwood upon it to the height of several feet.

"Now, you old liar! look there!" and he pointed triumphantly to these fearful preparations; "but wait! you shall fare yet worse—you shall know your destroyer," and, as he spoke, he flung off the large slouched hat and false hair he wore; and the dark bushy curls, high brow, and flashing eyes of Phelim Doolan assumed their place.

"Vengeance! vengeance! it is our turn to make terms, or root out those who refuse them," cried he, wildly, as he folded his arms over his breast and gazed with a hellish smile on his work.

Slowly the flames mounted through the pile until the whole was in a blaze, which quickly communicated with Darby's retreat. Phelim watched them with all the fiendish glee of a devil incarnate; and as every fresh crash told him that the work of destruction progressed towards completion, he would clasp his chest more tightly, and mutter wildly to himself, as if communing with the revengeful spirit that prompted him to such lawless and murderous deeds.

"Thaur! God will reckon with you, fiend, for this," screamed Darby at length, in a voice which, feeble and exhausted though it was, was yet plainly audible above every other sound, and ere the rioter could raise his eyes to the place, where but a moment before he was visible, the whole building fell in with a tremendous crash, and in a few minutes nothing was left of it or its inhabitants, but a shower of sparks and a few smouldering rafters.

"The reckoning must be speedy," muttered the wretch with a sneer as he turned away, "or it will not find me at all; but the work of retribution seems accomplished—Couthon promised to secure the girl—*we* shall see whether she scorn the lowly shebeen-keeper or not."

"His cogitations at that moment were interrupted by the appearance of the lieutenant himself, who dragged, rather than carried the prize for which Doolan had planned and perpetrated this daring outrage.

"What is this, villain?" cried the rioter, springing forward on beholding the manner in which poor Rose was being conveyed from her father's house—"did I not lay the strictest injunctions upon you not to harm her in the least."

"Oui, Monsieur—mauvais je ne pas——"

"None of your gibberish here, Monsieur Couthon," cried Phelim madly, as he tore his unconscious victim from the lieutenant's grasp—"let that teach you in future to be more careful of anything I trust you with;" and Monsieur Couthon received a blow in front that made him stagger again.

"Where is Guiscard?" demanded the rioter, after he had vainly attempted to recall Rose to life.

"I dont know—how should I?" muttered Couthon sullenly, as he stood with dogged firmness in front of his corrector.

"Villain! dare you answer me thus?" cried the other in a furious tone—seek him out this moment, or by all that's holy I'll murder you outright."

"What do you want with him?" demanded the lieutenant, who knew, from past experience, that his lanky frame was no match for the gigantic proportions of his antagonist. "I warrant me he's not far off."

"So much the better—tell him it is time we were off—the money, I know, is all safe, for I stowed it away myself before I came here—I shall carry the girl to the car we have at the gate—you must follow with all the men that remain."

"And the old man——"

"Butler, do you mean?"

"Yes—need we bring him."

"No—I saw him laying down under the table, dead; leave him alone, but bring anything worth the trouble—only you must not delay a moment, for I fear the country is alarmed, by this, and if so, we shall have hot work—now, off with you;" and, without waiting another moment the lieutenant hurried away to execute these orders, and then Phelim Doolan—with another triumphant glance backward on the smouldering buildings, the blackened ricks, the turfy lawn, in which lay scattered in every direction a great part of the furniture belonging to Patrick Butler, and the farm yard, across which, at intervals, a half-scared figure, scarcely human, in the still-glowing light, crept like a ghostly shadow, all and each of which bore witness to the revenge he had so long and so madly nurtured at his heart—strode on with his senseless burden in his arms, and in a few minutes gained the rendezvous he had pointed out to his ally, or foe.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Young Widow. A Novel. By the Author of "The Scottish Heiress," &c. &c. In 3 vols.

THE "Scottish Heiress" was a work of talent, and its success, we presume, has induced the author to return to the cultivation of the same field of literature. The scene of the present work, like that of the one just mentioned, lies in Scotland, in the county of Aberdeen. We are acquainted with the leading localities which figure in the volumes, and can bear our testimony to the faithfulness of the author's descriptions of Scottish scenery. His portraiture of Scottish life are vivid and graphic; the simplicity and ease which characterize his manner, constitute, however, the principal charm of the book. In this respect the writer occasionally reminds us of the greatest of all modern novelists. If the author of the "Young Widow" fails in anything, it is in the management of his dialogues. We miss, in many of these, the vivacity and the point which alone can render dialogue effective. His forte lies in description, intermingled with episodic trains of moral and philosophical reflection. In this respect he has few equals among modern writers of fiction. Some of his reflective passages are, indeed, gems in their way. They work well, doubtless, because popular, especially in Scotland. It is every way worthy of the author's previous reputation, and justifies the hope, as it is only the third production of the same pen, that many other similar works are in store for us.

Walter Clayton. A Tale of the Riots of 1780. In 3 volumes.

MUCH has been written on the memorable riots of 1780, but comparatively little in the form of fiction. Mr. Dickens, in his "Humphrey's Clock," is, we believe, the last novelist who has referred at any length to these riots, and even in that work they only occupy a very subordinate place. A better subject for the pen of a novelist could not be chosen. The author of the work before us has turned the Lord George Gordon riots to good account, but the reader will regret with us that Lord George himself should not have been made the subject of the work. To choose any other hero for such a subject, is a great error of judgment. The tale is one of deep interest, and the descriptions of the scenes which the metropolis exhibited at the eventful period in question, are graphic in no ordinary degree. The author has wisely introduced a plot according to the orthodox plan of novelists. In the management of his imaginary incidents he displays much skill, and infuses great spirit into his dialogues. His excellence, indeed, as a novelist, chiefly

lies in the effective manner in which he works up his dialogues. The following scene would do no discredit to the most experienced novelist of the day. The principal actors in it occupy a prominent place in the pages of the book :—

“ The hour was nearly half-past ten, and Clayton jumped into a hackney-coach, with directions to the driver to set him down at Westminster Abbey. The day had been fine, and was succeeded by a hard frost towards nightfall, which had almost peopled the firmament with stars, and they shone in glorious splendour, glittering with diamond brightness; some looking down on the earth with a calm fixed gaze, and others shooting across the sky as if they would borrow brilliancy from their more powerful neighbours. Few people were in the streets at that hour, the shops were almost closed, and with little to see or hear, Walter gave himself up to silence and rumination.

“ The coach stopped at Westminster, and Clayton jumped out, paid his fare, and remained standing where he was until the vehicle had disappeared from his view. The night was cold, and he walked rapidly up and down the pathway before the gate, for it wanted yet some minutes to eleven. Scarcely had the church clock tolled that hour—the reverberations of the sounds had not completely died away, when a female, muffled, her face shrouded in her veil, stopped beside him, where he had paused in his walk, on hearing the tones of the bell, and pronounced, with a slightly foreign accent, the word ‘ *Madeline*.’

“ ‘ Lead on, and I shall follow,’ said Clayton, motioning her with his hand to proceed.

“ ‘ *Oui, Monsieur*,’ his guide replied, and she walked on some yards in advance of him.

“ Walter was by no means acquainted with the town, a knowledge his guide seemed to possess in high perfection, for she tripped down the streets before him without any hesitation, and at last left the broad, open thoroughfares, and verged down a small lane that seemed to lead into a lonely and desolate part of the city. More than once Clayton felt a slight alarm as to the designs of his guide, but young blood, and the mystery of the occurrence, urged him on, and he determined to see it out.

“ A clock had struck a second quarter after eleven, and still the woman proceeded before him without halt or hesitation, until arrived at the corner of a covered court, when she paused for a moment, and he joined her. The court opened upon a broad and splendid looking street, but in what part of London he was he could not tell, and the female, without giving him time to utter a word, passed into it, and mounted the steps leading up to a hall-door, beckoning him to follow. He sprang up, the door yielded to her touch, and he and she stood together with the door closed between them and the street. The hall was completely dark, and the woman paused for a moment as if to listen.

“ ‘ On your courage and silence,’ she said, laying her hand on Walter’s arm, ‘ depend your success. Take my hand, and if you do not repent of your undertaking, follow me.’

“ ‘ Go on,’ said Walter.

“ She ascended a flight of stairs, turned into a long corridor, upon whose well carpeted floor the footsteps of both fell with noiseless pressure. At its termination she stopped, opened a door, and pronouncing the words, ‘ *Mr. Clayton*,’ closed the door upon Walter, whom she gently pushed into the room.

“ It was a small, elegant apartment, brilliantly lighted by a chandelier suspended from the roof, but Clayton did not heed its furniture nor its embellishments, his eyes were rivetted upon its only occupant, a woman, before the full blaze of whose luscious and seducing beauty everything he had either heard or read of charms was nothing. Her head reclined pensively upon her

arm, which was supported against the pedestal of a small figure of Cupid, and a harp lay at her feet. There was a dreamy look, an expression of sadness upon her brow, whose whiteness rivalled the marble which almost kissed its smooth surface, that went home to Clayton's heart, while the full pouting ripeness of her lips, and the delicately formed contour of her face and neck, were superior to anything he had ever seen. Her dress was pure white satin, and she wore no ornament upon her neck or arms, save one bracelet upon her wrist, whose brilliants sparkled as her position changed like stars stealing upon the receding day.

"Clayton could gaze no longer, he advanced towards her, and whispered, 'Madeline.' The sound of his voice seemed to call her to life and motion, and she sprang up from her position, murmured his name, and burst into tears.

" 'Dearest lady,' said Walter, tenderly taking her small delicate hand in his own, 'why are you thus agitated? Let me dry your tears. Surely you do not repent what you have done?'

" 'No, no,' and as she spoke, the soft silvery tones of her voice sounded upon Walter's ear like distant music, while her small fingers twitched and throbbled within his: 'no, no, but I fear your good opinion. I have acted wrong, very wrong.'

" 'Do not ask me for confirmation of this judgment upon your conduct, for my own happiness would forbid my sanctioning it,' replied Walter, looking into the face of the beautiful being who sat beside him.

" 'Oh, Walter, Walter, Mr. Clayton.'

" 'Nay, let it be Walter—your Walter.'

" 'Would that it were so!'

" 'And why, dearest?' said Clayton, and the hand that was disengaged had now stolen round her waist. 'Why not your Walter?' Ages could not have made them more acquainted, and, in the full enjoyment of the moment, Clayton forgot much that he might otherwise have remembered.

"The passion for adventure was mastering his judgment; and he found himself in a gorgeous apartment beside a woman whose beauty almost dazzled the brilliants she wore; he was there by her own invitation; she had professed love for him, and was he to draw back? No, that would be impossible. The night was fast wearing away, and Walter, who knew no other name for his companion than that of Madeline, was drinking from the cup of her fascinations, Lethæan waters for time seemed nought to him, and hours passed by on wings whose speed rivalled the eagle's in his quickest flights. They both talked much of other lands and other scenes in which they had moved; while Madeline wound up every reminiscence by either seeing Clayton there, or by the consciousness on her part that he must be there; and how happy to tread the spots where he had stood! More than once Walter felt that there was too much open admiration for him in his companion's manner, but when he looked up in her pensive blue eyes, whose mild radiance seemed almost to reproach him for his thoughts, he attributed her manner to her feelings for him, and found an apology in her love. How easily are we deceived in women; they can mock and laugh at us, whilst we think we have a secure dominion over their hearts, and our vanity enables them to act with impunity. Our feelings and our vices shield them against us, and our delusions afford them enjoyment. Madeline's head hung upon Walter's breast, and he played with the long ringlets that fell over her cheek and neck, and bosom, while he whispered the words of warm love into her ear, and fondly pressed the hand which he clasped in his. She seemed as if she had surrendered her whole being along with her affections, had devoted soul and body at the shrine of his love. There was a fascination about her he could not resist. It was not alone her beauty, nor her manner; but there was a certain voluptuousness in her every action and look, that drove the warm blood through his veins in wild exciting

torrents. He pressed his lips to hers, nor did she refuse, but returned his his caresses with equal warmth.

" 'Madeline, Madeline,' he murmured, in the midst of his endearments.

" 'Walter, dearest Walter,' whispered the syren.

"The lamps grew dim, the room seemed to whirl round before his eyes. Emily, his uncle, all were forgotten in the madness of the moment, and murmuring 'Madeline, Madeline,' through lips almost glued to hers, he poured into her ear the words of passionate love.

"The morning was breaking lazily over the eastern hemisphere, and its dim light protruding through the small crevices in the window shutters, when Clayton drew back the blinds altogether, and peered out into the street below. It was either too early for business, or the people were not much addicted to stirring out in the morning, for not a soul did he see passing by. Regret sometimes comes after the commission of crime or folly, or of vice, and Clayton would fain have rubbed that night out of the tablets of his memory, but it was passed and could not be recalled.

" 'You leave me now,' said Madeline to him, when he had returned to her side; and she looked beautiful as ever. 'Louisa will conduct you to the abbey gate, then you can easily reach your hotel, for it would be danger for you and me if you would remain any longer here.'

" 'You speak wisely,' said Walter, who in the morning had lost much of the burning ardour of the preceding few hours. 'Call her, and I shall quit you.'

" 'To come again to-night with her?' answered Madeline.

" 'To come as I have promised,' said Clayton.

"Louisa entered the room, and Walter, muffing himself up in his cloak, followed her as before."

For what follows we must refer the reader to the book itself. We have no doubt that he who reads the above, will be impatient to peruse the work from which it is extracted. The book is not without its faults, but no one can read it without such a measure of gratification as will make him desirous of again meeting with the author in the regions of fiction.

The Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?

London: D. and A. Macmillan, 57, Aldersgate Street.

THREE more important questions it would be impossible to put to a reasonable and immortal being. They are inseparably associated with man's true dignity in this life, and world, and his everlasting happiness in the world to come. They are ably discussed in the little volume before us. The author, who is, we believe, a young man, applies himself to a consideration of their import with the seriousness of spirit which becomes their momentous character. His theological views are sound, and his talents undoubted. There is an originality in his diction. Generally, there is a want of simplicity: it is too laboured. The remark, however, is not of uniform application. There are passages which rise to true eloquence—an eloquence in some measure worthy of the deeply-interesting theme. The object of the writer, and his manner as an author will be at once perceived from the following extract, which constitutes the first chapter of his little work:—

"There are few individuals who will not in the language we have selected as the motto for our title-page recognise a train of thought which has at some time, and in some shape or other, passed through their own minds. The languages of all nations attest the proneness of mankind to indulge in such reflections

upon human life, and whether we examine the proverbs of an unlettered race, or the poetical similes of a polished one, we shall find them alike teeming with similar illustrations of the brevity, the vanity, and the uncertainty of existence, drawn from every object in nature, which can express fragility and decay. Absorbed as we are all apt to be, indeed, in the business or pleasures of life, there are moments in our experience, when the thoughts of futurity will flash upon us with appalling vividness, and when the questions, "WHAT AM I? WHENCE CAME I? WHITHER DO I GO?" will demand an answer. Few things are more astonishing, however, than the ease and celerity with which such reflections are dismissed from the mind, and the little attention paid by the generality of our race, to the practical results which ought to flow from them. The most opposite effect might have been expected to be produced, by even the most transitory glance at the curious nature of our position in the universe. We find ourselves brought into existence, without any wish upon our own part. We discover that we are not alone in this position, but that millions of beings are in a similar one; that myriads have shared the same nature before us; and that after we have fretted our brief hour upon life's stage, other myriads will, to all reasonable appearance, follow in our train. We are totally unable to explain, why we appeared no sooner or no later; why we were born in one part of our globe, and not upon another, although our happiness and misery are in many cases fixed by causes like these. The speculations of philosophy and science, prove alike unequal to the solution of these problems. The inability of the former is best shown by the countless theories which it has paraded upon the subject, and which have passed in rapid succession into oblivion, while the glass of science, instead of throwing light upon the mystery, serves only, on the present occasion, to deepen our gloom and perplexity. It discovers to us indeed, by the telescope, worlds, suns, and systems, scattered in the firmament like sand upon the sea shore, and reveals by the microscope, in the minuter objects around us, a vast system of life, stretching as much *below* the grasp of our faculties, as the other subject soared *above* them. The veil which hangs over our moral being, however, it can render us no assistance in raising.

"Were the terms upon which human life is held, indeed, those of perfect happiness, and were it evident that our Creator in framing the fabric of society, had intended that his creatures should here enjoy uninterrupted pleasure, there might be some apology for the indifference, with which mankind regard these important questions. The tenure of human existence is, alas! however, of a widely different character. Abounding as the world does in marks of benevolent contrivance, and in sources of overflowing enjoyment, a system of pain and suffering is but too evidently interwoven with the whole creation. At the present hour, the vast majority of our race are shrouded in the gloomy pall of heathen superstition, but little removed above the lower animals in point of intelligence, and still less so with regard to morals. Drawing near to more polished shores, we shall find the term war in the dictionary of every civilized nation. Inquiring what it means, we shall learn that it refers to a state in which man employs his noblest intellectual powers, in devising methods for reducing multitudes of his fellow-creatures to a painful and agonizing death. Confining our glance to another range, we cannot wander through the most pastoral of our districts, so often represented as the abodes of innocence and peace, without finding a prison; nor sail down our noblest rivers, without being reminded of the existence of crime by the convict hulk. We discover, too, hospitals, and recollect not without a feeling of apprehension, that our feeble frame has some hundreds of diseases attached to it; that it may be prostrated by a thousand accidents; and that even our most impalpable and ethereal part is not free from disarrangement, but that its powers may be destroyed by a host of maladies, from the capricious feelings of the unhappy hypochondriac, to

'Gloomy madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.'

"Well might an eloquent writer exclaim, "When and where have the cries of misery ceased to resound? The groans of suffering have echoed from California to Japan. The stream of sorrow has flowed without interruption for six thousand years. On all the public concerns of man, on every nation, on every age, have been labelled 'Lamentation, mourning, and woe!'"

"The anxiety which must arise in every reflecting mind, respecting the nature of our existence here, which is not lessened on a sober review of facts, like those given above, is considerably heightened by the opinion which has been common to every age, that this is not the only state of our being, but that we are destined after death to pass into another. We are led naturally therefore to inquire, whether there be any mode of discovering the character of this future life; whether the pain which abounds here will also accompany us there; and to what extent the pleasures which are so profusely distributed here will be enjoyed in such a state. If, however, the voice of nature throw so little light upon the character of the existence here, still more palpable is the darkness in which it envelopes that of existence hereafter. One fact is, at all events, displayed with appalling certainty, that the entrance to these unknown regions must be through the gloomy portals of the tomb. In vain, however, do we attempt to strain our vision farther,—at this point the prospect terminates.

"The feelings of our race, while musing on this subject, have been but too well described in the following lines, by the great poet of English literature:—

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice; .
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

"Must we, then, remain in this state of uncertainty, upon a subject so vital and important? Must we, as another poet has suggested, "Humbly wait the great searcher, Death?" May his instructions, alas! not arrive too late? Is there no chart to guide us across the unknown ocean of eternity, to which we are so fast approaching? Let us awake from this lethargy. The surge of that vast ocean will soon begin to sound more distinctly upon the ear. Innumerable barks that started in company with us upon the voyage of life have already disappeared. Our own must soon prepare to follow. Must we abandon hope? Is there no chart to be found?"

The author, in the next chapter, proceeds to answer one question, with which the above extract concludes. In another part of his little volume, he makes a quotation from one of the works of Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist, prefacing the quotation with the remark that Mr. Combe has written much true as well as false philosophy. We wish he had been more specific and unguarded in his condemnation of the moral tendency of Mr. Combe's writings. His "Constitution of Man" has done infinite mischief. It has undermined the foundations of many a young man's faith in revelation, and sent him adrift into the world without rudder or

compass; depriving him of happiness in this life that now is, and hope in reference to that which is to come. The book in question is full of a lurking infidelity, which is all the time dangerous, because unseen and unsuspected.

"The Three Questions" is a book which no one can read without pleasure, and few, we should hope, without profit. We confidently promise ourselves the gratification of again meeting him, ere long, in the same or some similar walk of literature.

Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843. By Mrs. Shelley. In 2 vols.

Mrs. SHELLEY, the widow of the late Mr. Shelley, the poet, and the friend and companion of Lord Byron, is a pleasing and tasteful writer; but there is a want of substance in these volumes which is likely to interfere with their success. Like most lady travellers, Mrs. Shelley deals almost with the frivolous and superficial. No one must look in this work for solid information respecting the modes, manners, habits, and opinions of the people of the two countries to which her work relates. The staple of its contents relates to the most common-place incidents—incidents which are inevitable to all travelling in foreign lands. She decidedly prefers Italy to Germany. That is not to be wondered at, were it for no other reason than that her earliest and happiest days were spent in the former country. All her sympathies are with Italy. She is full of hope of its political regeneration, and one object she had in view in writing her work appears to have been to aid in accelerating that event. In the Preface, which, to our minds, is the most interesting part of her book, she thus speaks of the present and prospective state of Italy:—

"Time was, when travels in Italy were filled with contemptuous censures of the effeminacy of the Italians—diatribes against the vice and cowardice of the nobles—sneers at the courtly verses of the poets, who were content to celebrate a marriage or a birth among the great:—their learned men fared better, for there were always writers in Italy whose names adorned European letters—yet still contempt was the general tone; and of late years travellers (with the exception of Lady Morgan, whose book is dear to the Italians), parrot the same, not because these things still exist, but because they know no better.

"Italy is, indeed, much changed. Their historians no longer limit themselves to disputing dates, but burn with enthusiasm for liberty; their poets, Manzoni and Niccoli at their head, direct their efforts to elevating and invigorating the public mind. The country itself wears a new aspect; it is struggling with its fetters,—not only with the material ones that weigh on it so heavily, and which they endure with a keen sense of shame, but with those that have entered into and bind the soul—superstition, luxury, servility, indolence, violence, vice.

"Since the date of these letters Italy has been much disturbed,—but the risings and their unfortunate consequences to individuals, are regarded by us with contempt, or excite only a desire of putting an end to them as detrimental to the sufferers, without being of any utility to the cause of civilization and moral improvement. Yet it ought not to be forgotten, that the

oppression suffered in that portion of the country which has been recently convulsed, is such as to justify Dr. Johnson's proposition, that 'if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.'

"Englishmen, in particular, ought to sympathise in their struggles; for the aspiration for free institutions all over the world has its source in England. Our example first taught the French nobility to seek to raise themselves from courtiers into legislators. The American war of independence, it is true, quickened this impulse, by showing the way to a successful resistance to the undue exercise of authority; but the seed was all sown by us. The swarms of English that overrun Italy keep the feeling alive. An Italian gentleman naturally envies an Englishman, hereditary or elective legislator. He envies him his pride of country, in which he himself can in no way indulge. He knows, at best, that his sovereign is a weak tool in the hands of a foreign potentate; and that all that is aimed at by the governments that rule him, is to benefit Austria—not Italy. But this forms but a small portion of his wrongs. He sees that we enjoy the privilege of doing and saying whatever we please, so that we infringe no law. If he write a book, it is submitted to the censor, and if it be marked by any boldness of opinion, it is suppressed. If he attempt any plan for the improvement of his countrymen, he is checked; if a tardy permission be given to him to proceed, it is clogged with such conditions as nullify the effect. If he limit his endeavours to self-improvement, he is suspected—surrounded by spies; while his share in the odium that attaches to him. The result of such persecution is to irritate or discourage. He either sinks into the Circæan Styx, in which so many drag out a degraded existence, or he is irresistibly impelled to resist. No way to mitigate the ills he groans under, or to serve his countrymen, is open, except secret societies. The mischievous effects of such to those who are implicated in them, are unspeakably great. They fear a spy in the man who shares their oath; their acts are dark, and treachery hovers close. The result is inevitable; their own moral sense is tampered with, and becomes vitiated; or, if they escape this evil, and preserve the ingenueness of a free and noble nature, they are victims.

"While thus every passion, bad and good, ferments—a touch is given, and up springs armed revolt. This must be put down, or the peace of Europe will be disturbed. Peace is a lovely thing. It is horrible to image the desolation of war; the cottage burnt, the labour of the husbandman destroyed—outrage and death there, where security of late spread smiles of joy; and the fertility and beauty of Italy exaggerate still more the hideousness of the contrast. Cannot it be that peaceful mediation and a strong universal sense of justice may interpose, instead of the cannon and bayonet?

"There is another view to be taken. We have lately been accustomed to look on Italy as a discontented province of Austria, forgetful that her supremacy dates only from the downfall of Napoleon. From the invasion of Charles VIII. till 1815, Italy has been a battle-field, where the Spaniard, the French, and the German, have fought for mastery; and we are blind indeed, if we do not see that such will occur again, at least among the two last. Suppose a war to arise between them, one of the first acts of aggression on the part of France would be to try to drive the Germans from Italy. Even if peace continue, it is felt that the papal power is tottering to its fall—it is only supported, because the French will not allow Austria to extend her dominions, and the Austrian is eager to any change that may afford pretence for the French to interfere. Did the present Pope act with any degree of prudence, his power thus propped might last some time longer; but as it is, who can say how soon, for the sake of peace in the rest of Italy, it may not be necessary to curtail his territories.

"The French feel this, and begin to dream of dominion across the Alps—the occupation of Ancona was a feeler put out—it gained no positive object except

to check Austria—for the rest its best effect was to reiterate the lesson they have often taught, that no faith should be given to their promises of liberation.

"The Italians consider that the hour will arrive, sooner or later, when the stranger will again dispute for dominion over them; when the peace of their wealthy towns and smiling villages will be disturbed by nations meeting in hostility on their soil. The efforts of their patriots consequently tend to make preparation, that such an hour may find them, from the Alps to Brundisium, united. They feel the necessity also of numbering military leaders among themselves. The most enlightened Italians, instead of relying on the mystery of oaths, the terror of assassination, the perpetual conspiracy of secret associations, are anxious that their young men should exercise themselves in some school of warfare—they wish that the new generation may be emancipated by their courage, their knowledge, their virtues: which should oppose an insurmountable barrier to foreign invasion and awe their rulers into concession."

Walks in the Country. By LORD LEIGH.

LORD LEIGH is an amiable man, and possesses a mind highly cultivated by literary studies. To the character of a poet, however, in the proper acceptation of the term, he has no pretensions.—He lacks originality, power, and variety. The notes appended to the short poetical pieces which compose this little volume are the most valuable part of the book. The subjoined affords a fair specimen of the noble Lord's poetical talents:—

NAPOLEON.

"WHAT has he done, great man, for France,
Has he her mind sought to advance,
To cherish aught but lust of strife?
The 'fire-eyed maid of smoking war'
His Goddess was, and to her car
Yoked the foul fiends that trouble life.
Millions on battle-field lay gory,
That France might cover'd be with glory.

Shaker of many an o'er-rank state,
He could destroy but not create:
Though monarchs in his presence quail'd,—
No institutions free he gave
To Nations, none sought he to save
By neighbour-tyrants when assail'd.
Chivalrous aid to suffering man
Was no part of his selfish plan.

His power that soon colossal grew
Through fear, opinion overthrew,
When arm'd its terrors to oppose:
It had not in the social frame
Permanent place, since none became
Wise or happier as it rose:
To renovated states allied.
It might have stood, and worlds defied."

Christian Politics. By the Rev. WILLIAM SEWELL, B.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford.

MOST of our readers are acquainted with the name and works of Mr. Sewell. His "Christian Ethics," published a few years ago, excited much attention at the time. He is known, besides, to be a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, and to have been the author of a paper advocating Tractarian views, which appeared in that journal four or five years ago. He is a close and continuous thinker, and often an eloquent writer. His views, however, are not always sound. In the present work, which is written with much talent, and in parts displays an eloquence of no common order, contains many exceptionable portions. One vicious principle pervades it throughout. He advocates, though not always openly, the subjugation of the human mind to the dicta of the Anglican church. In one principle to which he assigns a marked prominence, we fully concur with him. We refer to his position that all legislation ought to be based upon divine revelation. The book is well adapted to awaken reflection, and cannot be read by any thoughtful mind without high admiration for the talent and learning, and enthusiasm of the author, however much the reader may differ from some of the positions advanced.

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A FEW DAYS IN DUBLIN.

I HAD long had an anxious desire to visit Dublin. Circumstances enabled me to gratify my wishes a few months ago. My impressions of that celebrated city I shall now convey, through the medium of "The Metropolitan," to the English public.

The stranger who visits Dublin, as most strangers do, either by railway from Kingston, or by steamer up the Liffey, is favourably impressed with the place as soon as he proceeds towards the centre of the city. In the outskirts of Dublin there are fewer indications of misery—though, as will be afterwards seen, there is no want of that article in Dublin—than in the leading entrances to any other large town I had ever visited. The houses, if not large or fine, have all the appearance of comfort, as compared with the suburbs of the great majority of populous towns in England and Scotland.

The favourable impression created by the suburbs of Dublin is confirmed when the stranger has reached the heart of the city. The streets are open, wide, and airy ; and in many parts—that, for instance, where Nelson's monument stands—run parallel to each other. Lower Sackville Street is the widest street I have anywhere seen. It is more than twice the width of the widest of our London streets. The better class of streets are all macadamized. The rooms in the houses are mostly lofty and spacious, and the houses themselves have an atmosphere of comfort about them which more than compensates for the absence of the excessively ornamental appearance of many of our English apartments. To my eye, the greatest drawback to the better class of streets in Dublin, is the number of shops which are everywhere to be seen. In London, at the West End, there are scores of streets where you in vain look for a single shop, or any symptoms of your being in a place where trade of any kind is carried on. You do not meet with more than two or three instances of this kind in Dublin. Tailors, wine merchants, grocers, haberdashers, booksellers, &c. are to be found, in nearly all the leading streets, next door neighbours to families of rank and title. Grafton Street, Dame Street, Westmoreland Street, D'Olier Street, as well as Sackville Street, are severally streets which would do credit to any metropolis in the world.

The houses in Dublin, as in London, are, with very few exceptions, built of brick ; but there is a greater variety of colour in the bricks of the Dublin houses than those of the English metropolis. The public buildings are all constructed of stone.

The public edifices of Dublin cannot fail to excite the admiration of every visitor. They are far superior to ours. Our parliament houses cannot bear an instant's comparison with the magnificent building which is now the Bank of Ireland, but which, previous to the union of the two countries, was the place in which the Irish legislature assembled. Outside and inside, it is worthy of all admiration. The Irish feel a special interest in this imposing structure. With it, many of the best and brightest incidents in their national history are associated. Nor does the interest which it possesses in their eyes arise merely from the past. The anticipated future invests it with a sacredness in their esteem which none but an Irishman can form any idea of. Right or wrong, it matters not; but the Irish, as a nation, firmly believe that their domestic legislature will, ere long, be restored to them, and that the Bank of Ireland will once more become the theatre in which Irish patriotism will not only vent itself in eloquent speeches, but embody itself in solid, substantial acts of parliament.

Then look at the Dublin courts of law, usually called the "Four Courts." How poor are our courts of law compared with the Four Courts of the metropolis of Ireland! The latter edifice is one of the finest and most imposing public buildings I have seen in any country. It is an ornament to the town. Every stranger makes a point of visiting it, and no one ever yet saw it without being filled with admiration at its architectural excellences.

The Custom-house is another of the public buildings of Dublin which throws into the shade anything of the kind we have in London. It is a singularly fine structure, one which has but few parallels in any part of the world. The citizens of Dublin are particularly proud of their Custom-house; and so they may. It is well situated for being seen to advantage. It is quite in a central part of the town, on the north side of the river.

The Post-office is also one of the Dublin public buildings which never yet failed to draw forth the admiration of the stranger. It is a handsome and substantial edifice, situated in the centre of the western side of Sackville Street. It contributes very much to set off to advantage a street which is otherwise one of the finest in the world.

To the other public buildings, in their architectural aspects, in Dublin, I will not now particularly refer; because I am anxious to look on that city in as many and as varied lights as the limited space I am able to devote to it will allow. With the Castle I felt somewhat disappointed. It is a substantial and very commodious edifice, but has very little of architectural beauty. It is situated on an eminence called Cork Hill, to the south of

Dame Street. In England the impression is universal that the Castle is the place of residence as well as business, of the Lord Lieutenant. This is a mistake. He only transacts official business there. His residence is in the Phoenix Park. At a short distance from his Excellency's mansion in the Park, is the residence of the Secretary for Ireland. Both are comfortable edifices, especially when considered in connexion with the salary, the power, and the importance associated with them. Neither of the two, however, has much to boast of in the way of architectural excellency.

Trinity College is another public building which never fails to attract the attention of the visitor to Dublin. It is in the immediate vicinity of the Bank of Ireland. It faces College Green, a place inexpressibly dear to Irish hearts. Externally its appearance is not very imposing. You would fancy it was the front of a barracks rather than of a celebrated seat of learning. When you enter the gateway, you are surprised at the magnitude of the building. You imagine yourself in a large square, consisting of many houses, inhabited by persons of various pursuits and occupations, instead of being one building, or rather, several buildings attached to one another, all erected with the same funds, all built with the same design, and all devoted to the same purpose. Beyond the first square there are three sides of a second square, and a very large plot of ground on the right belonging to the College. On the left side of the first square, immediately as you pass the chapel, is another square of more limited dimensions. The entire number of apartments in this extensive range of buildings can seldom be mentioned with certainty, because alterations are constantly going on, sometimes converting two rooms into one, and at others dividing one into two. At present the number of apartments is nearly 300. The average attendance of students is from 1400 to 1500; but there are only about 200 who permanently reside in the college. The others come to town once a year, and qualify for their degrees by undergoing a series of examinations. The moment these are over, they return to their respective localities, where they remain until the period appointed for their next examination arrives. In passing through Trinity College, I was surprised at the number of names I saw on the doors with the prefix of "Sir" to them. I thought it must be something new if so many of the titled of the earth had been seized with an anxiety to spend their days and nights in the prosecution of those literary studies with which we usually associate the idea of a College. Guess my astonishment when I was told that the distinction of "Sir" was a mere college honour, and that the parties whose names bore the prefix were no more baronets or knights than the porter who stood at the gate. No

less extraordinary, and still more incomprehensible to my mind, was the fact, when first mentioned to me, that any student attaining the degree of B. A. is entitled to the distinction of "Sir," but that when he attains the higher degree of M. A. he is stripped of the "Sir," and reduced to the plain common-place prefix of "Mr."

The room appropriated to the library of Trinity College is said to be the largest library-room in the world. The library is exceedingly valuable and varied. It contains upwards of 120,000 volumes; many of them exceedingly scarce. A catalogue is now in the course of preparation, the printing of which, it is believed, will cost nearly £20,000. It is expected to be completed in four or five years.

The river Liffey runs through Dublin, as the Thames does through London, and the Seine through Paris. At the bridge connecting Sackville Street with Westmoreland Street, the water may be about a fourth of the width of the Thames at London Bridge. As the river advances in a downward direction, it widens considerably. Opposite the Custom-house there is a sufficient depth of water to allow vessels of large tonnage to enter the docks connected with that extensive establishment. The Liffey, which is crossed in Dublin by seven or eight bridges, suffers sadly when compared with the Thames in reference to the bustle and business on its bosom. It is never without a considerable number of ships, and along the quay there are at all times unmistakable indications of trade and commerce; but still the whole thing seems dull and tame beyond conception in the view of him whose eye is accustomed to the scenes which are always to be witnessed on the bosom and banks of the Thames.

The streets of Dublin are kept remarkably clean. Even in the poorer localities there is much more of the quality of cleanliness than is to be met with in similar localities in London, Paris, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, or other populous places. The circumstance which most excited my surprise in connexion with the streets of Dublin is, that the best of them are not sufficiently lighted—not so, at least, in the eye of a resident in London—while some of the most beautiful and best frequented thoroughfares leading into the city have no lights at all. Look at Rathgar Road, for example. What a pity that it should be enveloped in pitchy darkness after sunset. It is strange that the civic authorities should have so long tolerated the absence of lights in the leading streets in the suburbs. There is no municipal regulation which can be so advantageous, in a moral sense, or so conducive to the comfort of the inhabitants of any place, as that of having the leading streets in it, and avenues leading to it, thoroughly lighted.

The leading streets in Dublin, instead of running east and west, as in London, take a north and south direction. The south part of Dublin is the most fashionable and aristocratic. Some of the squares are exceedingly handsome. Merrion and Mountjoy Squares are among the best. Stephen's Green is, to my mind, one of the most delightful places I have ever seen in the centre of a great town. We hear of places in London uniting the attributes of a town and country residence. The observation applies with a special propriety to Stephen's Green. It is one of the finest and most open places which a lover of town and country mingled together, could desire to reside in. It is more than twice the size of Russell Square in London, while there are a freshness and salubrity in its air which have no parallel in any other square, either in the English or any other metropolis which I have had an opportunity of visiting. It is a beautiful place, and is in a fine, open situation. You can hardly, while passing along any portion of it, divest your mind of the idea that you are in a rural district, breathing the fresh, pure, unadulterated air of heaven. When I first saw it I was so struck with its magnitude, that I wondered, in my own mind, whether any of last year's monster meetings could have been sufficiently large to have filled even a fourth of its space. Feargus O'Connor's greatest gathering of his imperial Chartists, would have cut but a sorry figure, if they had assembled in Stephen's Green.

I have spoken of Merrion Square as a large and handsome place. It is the most fashionable square in Dublin. It is not much less in its dimensions than Stephen's Green. From a glance of the eye, I should suppose that it must be more than a third of a mile in length, and the same in breadth. It has quite an aristocratic aspect. It abounds with magnificent mansions. It is a place of palaces. I doubt if there be another square in any city of the world which can vie with it in size, and very few squares that can be compared to it in regard to the magnitude or internal fitting up of its mansions.

One of the things which most forcibly attracts the attention of the stranger on his first visit to Dublin, is the cars which are everywhere to be found in the streets. They are substitutes for our cabs. They consist of two seats, running lengthwise, like the seats in London omnibuses, with a partition, eighteen or twenty inches wide, between them. Except, however, in the form of the seats, they bear no resemblance whatever to the omnibuses, nor, indeed, to any vehicle ever seen in this country. They are entirely open, and, consequently, in cold or rainy weather must be exceedingly disagreeable. In the winter they are laid aside, and covered cars are substituted for them. The person hiring one of these cars steps not *into* it, but *on* it. His face is not to the horse, but to the houses on the right or the left. He

has nothing but the iron railings which surround the driver's seat to hold by. If he do not mind what he is about, he will suddenly find himself, as the London cabmen say, "spilt" in the street, on the very first occasion the car gives a violent jerk. Englishmen are, at first, exceedingly shy at going into these singularly constructed vehicles. First, they would be apprehensive of being thrown out; and, secondly, they have no notion of being exposed, in the way in which these cars would expose them, to the public in passing along the streets. This feeling, however, soon passes away, and Englishmen become reconciled to Irish cars. The driver, when he has only one or two persons to carry, sits with his back to the "fare," and his face to the opposite side of the street; but when there are several persons he occupies a small seat in front. I often wondered how the carman, when sitting side ways, could retain a perfect command over his horse. And yet he has more command, and seems more at his ease than when sitting in front with his face to the horse. These vehicles are intended to accommodate six persons, and are sometimes, though not very often, to be seen with their full complement. They are, for the most part, so lightly constructed that an able-bodied man might almost carry one of them on his back. The covered cabs in Dublin, resemble that class of cabs with us which you enter at the back. There are no hackney coaches in Dublin—none, I mean, to be met with on the stands in the streets. The cars, or cabs, are hired, sometimes by what the Parisians call the course, and sometimes by the hour. The charge is moderate. For the first hour, when taken by the hour, the charge is fifteen-pence; and for every hour afterwards, eight-pence. If engaged by the course, the charge is tenpence-half-penny, provided your place of destination be not beyond the lamps of the city. The horses are small, and, in most instances, ill-conditioned, as compared with those which are to be seen in our public vehicles in London; but, notwithstanding this, they run along the streets with great celerity. Car accidents are very rare in Dublin. The circumstance may be accounted for from the fact that the streets are, for the most part, wide, and comparatively little crowded. Omnibuses have not yet found their way to Dublin.

It will be inferred, from what I have already said, that Dublin is a remarkably fine city. It is singularly fortunate in its promenades for pedestrians, and in its drives for vehicles of all descriptions. What could be finer for either, than the Quay? It extends for nearly three miles along the centre of the town. On either side of the Liffey the road is about sixty feet wide, and is beautifully macadamized. The shops are appropriated to a variety of purposes, and, from the tasteful manner in which they are fitted up, give a very pleasing appearance to this part of the

city. It may be doubted whether a finer place for walking, riding, or driving, is to be met with in the centre of any city in the world.

Then for the admirers of rural scenery there is the Phoenix Park. It lacks the richness of our Regent's Park, and of that part of Hyde Park which borders on Kensington Gardens; but it is a beautiful place, and sufficiently large for all the purposes which such places are intended to serve. It is much frequented by the citizens when the weather is favourable for out-door exercises or amusements. You miss, it is true, the splendid equipages which are constantly dashing through Hyde Park, and dazzle the eye of the spectator as they sweep along; but if you witness less aristocratic pomp and splendour in the Phoenix Park of Dublin, than you do in the fashionable drives of London, you see a great deal more real enjoyment in the former than you witness in the latter. Hyde Park and Regent's Park are shut against all but private vehicles, and, consequently, you only see in the carriages and cabriolets which whirl along their drives, the victims of an artificial state of society—persons possessing polished manners, but remarkably little heart. The gates of the Phoenix Park are as much open to the hired car occupied by the working man and his family, as to the carriage of the richest and most fashionable nobleman who resides in one of the magnificent mansions in Merrion Square.

There is one thing in which Dublin is deficient. It has but few statues or monuments erected to the memory of distinguished men. The monument which attracts most attention is the column erected in Sackville Street, to commemorate the most important and most glorious of Nelson's victories. It is surmounted by a bronze statue of the hero of Trafalgar. It is a most imposing column—worthy alike of the city of Dublin, and of the eventful occasion it is intended to commemorate. The Nelson monument at Charing Cross fades into insignificance before it. If the architectural eye can detect a blemish in it, it is that the pedestal is too high.

Of the monument to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, in Phoenix Park, there can only be but one opinion. It is altogether unworthy the man and the place. It is a poor unmeaning construction. It has no appearance whatever. It is stunted in size, and has not a single ornamental thing about it. It is an eyesore to every man of taste. It is a pity it was ever erected.

A person accustomed to the business and bustle of London looks upon the streets of Dublin as comparatively quiet, and, in many respects, dull. In the leading thoroughfares numbers of persons are always passing along, but nobody seems in a hurry. Every one appears as if he was in the pursuit of self-enjoyment, instead of being driven by the pressure of business. In London

you see every one in a hurry. Even those who have nothing to do, and do not, very possibly, know whither they are going—even they appear to be in as great a hurry as if their houses were on fire, and they were rushing onwards to extinguish the flames. But though there be less motion in the bodies of the people of Dublin than in those of the inhabitants of London, there is in the former much more hilarity of mind. There is a cheerfulness in every countenance—the countenance of every Irishman I mean—you encounter in passing along the streets of Dublin, for which you look in vain amidst the streets and thoroughfares of this great metropolis. The citizens of Dublin are a happy and humorous people. You cannot associate with them—no matter what may be their rank in society—without being delighted with the happy and humorous traits of character which meet your eye wherever you happen to be. The principal Dublin streets are often full, but they are seldom crowded as with us. A person never finds it difficult to pass along the leading thoroughfares in consequence of masses of human beings obstructing his path. You thread your way through the streets with the greatest ease and facility, meeting with no interruption of any kind, nor even the appearance of an interruption.

And here let me mention, that the pedestrians in the leading thoroughfares of Dublin look quite as well in their dress and general appearance as those whom you meet with in the streets of the British metropolis. Nor is it only that the people of Dublin are as well clad as those who are to be met with in the streets of London, but there is an aspect of comfort about them which you look for in vain among those you see in the leading thoroughfares of London. You miss, it is true, in Dublin, the splendid equipages and other indications of opulence and luxury which everywhere attract the eye in the metropolis of Great Britain; but, as before intimated, pageantry and happiness are not always, nor even usually, associated together. In my view there seems to be more of happiness in the more respectable districts of Dublin, than there is to be found in the English Babylon. I attribute this, in a great measure, to the peculiar temperament of the Irish. Providence has so constituted them, that happiness seems an essential portion of their nature. No one who has been in Ireland can doubt that they would be in the third heaven of bliss, where the people of other countries would be over head and ears in the depths of misery. To this point I shall have occasion to recur, when I come to speak in detail of the physical condition of the Irish people.

I went to Dublin prepared to witness splendour and squalor, happiness and misery, in much more striking contrast than ever I had before seen them, either in this country or on the Continent. I was agreeably disappointed. If poverty were synony-

mous with wretchedness, perhaps I did witness the extremes in question. I saw much poverty in that part of Dublin called the Liberties, and in other districts of the town; but I did not find misery associated with it to the same extent as in London. The Liberties are regarded as the most wretched and lowest locality in Dublin. Even there I could not discern any symptoms of the misery which are so visible in many parts of London. Here we often read details of destitution, ending in death, which make the blood curdle in one's veins. In Dublin such cases are exceedingly rare. In the lowest and most wretched districts of that city; I saw a measure of contentment, and a buoyancy of spirits, which filled me equally with surprise and gratification. The houses are so old and ruinous as to threaten, every moment, to fall about your ears as you pass along the streets. You are unable to discover a single pane of glass which has not been broken in a dozen places—in many instances it is a question whether there ever were any glass in the window-frames at all; you wonder how human beings can bring themselves to live a single hour in such wretched and ruinous abodes, and yet in these very abodes I found a cheerful and contented people. At almost every window you saw one or more smiling faces. The children looked redolent of health and happiness. And what pleased and gratified me exceedingly, was the fact of seeing flower-pots in the windows with flowers of various kinds, which had every appearance of being well attended to; and cages, with canaries and other birds for their inmates. I believe I did not omit visiting any of the poorer or more miserable localities of Dublin; and yet I saw nothing, which, either as respects filth or wretchedness, could be compared to many districts in London. They who would form their ideas of the lower localities of Dublin from our St. Giles's, would do Dublin a great injustice. There is no place in the latter city so low and filthy as the St. Giles's of London. The creatures who grovel in the latter locality are not fair specimens of the poorer class of Irish character; nor are their manners and habits fair specimens of the manners and habits of their countrymen in Dublin. The inhabitants of St. Giles's are, for the most part, the scum of the lower orders of Irish society.

In Dublin, as in London, there are many places which you would infer, from the names given to them, to be quite different from what you actually find them. Stephen's Green, for instance, would lead one to expect something different from a large and beautiful square. In like manner, College Green—the spot in which the Irish Parliament House formerly stood, and where the great majority of the Irish expect to see it, ere long, standing again—this place, in its present condition, has no more right to the title of a green, than has the Clerkenwell Green of London. It is in the very centre of the town, and is a fine, open, spacious

street. It is a place peculiarly dear to Irishmen, in consequence of the associations connected with its past history. There is not a boy in Ireland, who has reached his tenth year, who does not talk as familiarly about College Green as if he had been born and brought up in the locality. This, however, is still more to be ascribed to what is expected from the spot in future, than to anything which has taken place in connection with it in years that are past. Mr. O'Connell, by promising his countrymen a speedy restoration of an independent legislature, which shall hold its sittings in College Green, has made the phrase household words throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

In endeavouring to convey to the mind of the reader my impressions of Dublin, it would be an unpardonable oversight were I to omit a reference to the hotels of that city. They are of a very superior order. They are handsomely fitted up, commodious, and comfortable. I prefer the better class of them to anything we have in England. The principal hotels—the principal ones, I mean, for persons in the middle ranks of life—are in Sackville Street, the most central and most convenient street in Dublin. The largest of these establishments are the Imperial and Gresham's. The Imperial is considerably the larger of the two. I am not sure whether it be not the most extensive establishment of the kind in the world. They make up no fewer than 140 beds. Some idea of the magnitude of the business carried on in it, may be inferred from the fact, that there are occasions when every bed in the house is occupied. This, of course, is only on those occasions when there is something—such as a cattle show—which attracts an unusual number of strangers to Dublin. But, without any special cause of attraction, it is not an uncommon circumstance, during the season in which people most extensively travel, to find upwards of a hundred of the beds nightly occupied.

In the Imperial and Gresham's, and all the better class of hotels in Dublin, there are two public rooms for the accommodation of those who put up at these establishments. There is a large and handsome dining room, and a commodious and tastefully fitted up coffee room. The latter is the place in which gentlemen breakfast, write their letters, read the newspapers, and take tea, coffee, or wine in the evening.

Considering the superiority of the fare and the style in which every thing is served up, no one can complain of the charges made at the hotels in Dublin. For bed, and the use of the public rooms, the charge is, in the Imperial—and it is, I believe, the same in Gresham's—three shillings per night. The charge in the bill is not made under the head "for bed," but "for lodgings." An excellent breakfast costs you two shillings. For dinner, consisting of mock turtle or mulligatawny soup, fish, a

hot joint, cheese, &c., all of the very best quality, and served up not only in a style of comfort but even of elegance,—the charge is three shillings. In this establishment there is the best and most ample attendance. There are no fewer than thirty servants all remarkable for their civility. In most instances, too, they are more intelligent than servants in hotels usually are. I have been in a great many hotels in my time, but in none have I seen a greater or more successful anxiety evinced to contribute, in every possible way, to the comfort of its patrons.

To speak of Dublin without a reference to its women would be a sin of omission for which there could be no forgiveness. They have long been celebrated for their beauty. They are taller than those of England. I thought, when in Brighton a short time ago, that a greater amount of beauty, considering the number present, could not be anywhere met with, if the parties were brought accidentally together,—than what I have witnessed, evening after evening, on the pier and parade of that place. I will not say that among the same number of Dublin ladies, brought by chance together, you would see a greater proportion of fine faces. The claims of the ladies in the one country and the other are, in this respect, so nicely balanced, that it would be difficult to say which of the two classes of candidates carried off the palm. But this, I am sure, will be admitted by every unprejudiced Englishman, who has walked on a fine afternoon in August on the promenade at Kingston Harbour, that he never, in any part of England, saw, in an assemblage of women of the same extent, an equal number of fine figures. There is, too, in the carriage and manner of the better order of Irish ladies generally, a marked superiority to the English women. There is comparatively little in Ireland of that cold reserve, and distant demeanour, which strike foreigners as an unfavourable characteristic of our English women. The Irish ladies have much of the ease, gracefulness, and vivacity of the French, without any of their exceptionable qualities. There is not in the world a more modest race of women than the Irish—a remark which equally applies to all ranks and classes among them.

Dublin is the place of abode of many persons distinguished for their literary and scientific acquirements. Intellectual pursuits have of late been followed by all classes, and even by many in the humbler ranks of life, to an extent which had no parallel in its previous history. It abounds with booksellers' shops, and publishes many works and several literary periodicals of its own. Its circulating libraries are numerous, and the books varied and valuable.

For the cultivation of the fine arts, Dublin has long been distinguished among the cities of Europe. The Art-Unions, of

which we have lately heard so much, have taken much deeper root in Dublin than in any other place that could be named. The Art-Union in that city has been only established four years, and yet the sum that has been expended by it in the encouragement of the fine arts, is upwards of £12,000. To show the rate at which it is progressing, it will be only necessary to mention, that in 1840, the first year of its existence, its income was only £1235, while last year it was no less than £5063. How poor and miserable has been the success of the London Art-Union, compared with the success of the sister institution in Dublin. Last year, the entire revenue of the London Art-Union was only £2244; which, considering the relative population of the two places, is not a tenth part of that of the institution in Dublin. The members of the latter were upwards of 4000 at the close of last year; now they must be little, if at all, short of 5000. Do not these facts strikingly show how general among the citizens of Dublin must be a taste for the fine arts?

Within the last few years we have heard a great deal about schools of design, and several have been established in our large towns. Those unacquainted with the facts of the case would have inferred, from the way in which these institutions have been spoken of by their friends and advocates, that they were a new idea. Will it be believed, that not only are they derived from Ireland, but that the Dublin Society established a school of design full fifty years before a whisper was heard about them in this country?

To the shops of Dublin I have only as yet made an incidental reference. In the better class of streets they are, with few exceptions, equal to the shops of London. They are not always so large, but there is a style about the way in which they are fitted up, which is not often surpassed in the British metropolis.

So much for the town of Dublin and its inhabitants. A word or two, before concluding, with reference to the surrounding country. I observed, in speaking of the leading streets, that there is scarcely anything of that crowding and bustle which so much excite the attention of the stranger on his first visit to London. The same observation applies to the principal roads in the neighbourhood which lead to and from the city. You are surprised you see so few pedestrians or vehicles. You wonder where you are. You can hardly persuade yourself that you are within a mile or two of a celebrated capital. All the principal roads communicating with London are crowded with people, horses, and vehicles. The stranger, on his first visit, is, consequently, prepared for the mighty metropolis into the heart of which he is about to plunge. In the neighbourhood of Dublin it is quite the reverse. You may walk half-a-mile in one of the leading roads within two miles of the city, without meeting

more than one or two vehicles of any kind, and possibly three or four individuals.

The situation of Dublin is singularly fine. It lies in an open, airy, champaign tract of country. In the background is a range of high hills, which give a very picturesque aspect to that part of the neighbourhood. North-eastward is the sea; north-westward, is a rich and beautiful landscape, beautified, by several arms of the sea, and by several gently-rising hills in the distance. To the westward, the scenery is delightfully varied with wood and water, gentle acclivities and extensive plains. In a south-eastern direction—the neighbourhood of Bray, for example—there is some of the most beautiful scenery on which the eye of man could wish to gaze. But by far the finest view of the tract of level land in which Dublin lies, is to be had eight miles westward of the city, as you emerge from the range of mountains on your way from Kilkenny to Dublin. The panorama which lies below your feet, is one remarkable alike for its richness and extent. The eye not only takes in the whole of Dublin and the more beautiful scenery in its vicinity, but it embraces portions of six counties. The prospect is a charming one; there are few finer views to be had in any country in the world.

THE RIVALS.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF "LITERARY LEAVES," ETC.

I wish, mamma, you'd tell that man
To keep his money—and his distance;
For, let him tease me all he can,
He'll never conquer my resistance.
He slyly pinched my cheek one day,
(The wretch!) and tried to look quite charming;
While I felt anything but gay,
And thought his fondness quite alarming.
"Come now," said I, "I'll test your love:"
(The rich old hunks looked pleased and tender)
"Ah! dearest!" cried he, "darling! dove!"
"What service could I fail to render?"
"I care not for your purse or place,"
Said I, "for these could charm me never;
But grant one favour—hide your face,
And let us say farewell for ever."
He stared and stammered—stamped and swore—
You would have thought he'd kill your daughter;
"Twas sound and fury—nothing more—
Except of English words a slaughter.

At last I heard the dolt exclaim—

“I know your heart’s in secret chiming
The praise of one whose wealth is fame,
A pale-faced poet, proud of rhyming.”

“Take *that!*” I cried, and boxed his ear;
He paused, and scowled in sullen frenzy;
“Your mother, miss,” said he, “shall hear
Of this, and of your dear Mackenzie!”

And then he bolted from the room,
And banged the door as if he’d break it;
But what care I for all his fume?

Let one who loves his money take it.

You know, mamma, my heart’s my own,
And that sweet bard the old brute mentioned
Is but a *friend*. His worth is known;

No other man, though bribed or pensioned,
Though decked with ribbons, gems, or gold,
Could ever wake in me the feeling

With which I silently behold
His kindled eye, his soul revealing.

I do not *love* him, but ’tis sweet
To hear divine words breathed divinely;
And, ah! it is a heavenly sight
To see his face light up so finely.

What thought is in that forehead high!

What genius in his glances glowing!

And really, when I hear him sigh,

I feel as if my life were going.

I do not *love* him, but I own

I like his tender verses dearly;

And, somehow, when I’m all alone,

I feel his absence most severely.

Perhaps, indeed, one day, who knows

But in some silent walk and shady,

He *may* breathe forth a lover’s vows,

And I become a poet’s lady.

I wish, mamma, you would not quiz;

You vex me with your wicked smiling;

You think I’m smitten with his phiz,

And that his muse is too beguiling.

Well, have it all your own way, then,

And if it will afford you pleasure,

I’ll own he is the best of men,

And that his heart would be a treasure.

“Behold! the gentle minstrel comes!

You love each other, and you show it,”

(Exclaims mamma) “so no more hums.

Charles, take her. Mary, here’s your poet.

Exchange your vows, and laugh at sorrow,

Indulge in love’s delicious frenzy;

And Mary shall be styled to-morrow

The pretty Mrs. Charles Mackenzie.”

THE CO-HEIRESSSES.¹

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

EMILY accompanied her sister Grace, and by the simplicity of her dress, and mournful pensiveness of countenance, afforded a complete foil to her sister's "*recherchée parure*" and brilliant charms. On their return home, Emily entered the Duchess's boudoir, with her to enjoy a few moments of that agreeable "*causerie*" which generally takes place between two women who are not *rivals*, after an evening of gaiety. Flinging herself into a "*fauteuil*," and placing her feet on an ottoman, she observed to her sister, who was standing before a *Psyche* (looking-glass), intently gazing upon herself—

"I never saw you look so handsome, Grace, as you did to-night. Your matchless dark hair and flushed cheek, set off your diamonds, I assure you, instead of their adorning you. Oh! you were '*tout-à-fait adorable, ma sœur chérie*."

"Did I really look so handsome, Emily?" said Grace, almost abstractedly. "Oh! if I did, how much did my countenance belie the deformity of my heart! Off! off! detested bauble!" she continued, energetically snatching the glittering tiara from her brow, and flinging it contemptuously from her; and then, going up to the spot where it lay, she set her foot on it with the firm malignity of a fury crushing a snake.

"For Heaven's sake, dear Grace, compose yourself," exclaimed Emily, starting up, alarmed at the dreadful excitement of her sister; "what can be the cause of this violent perturbation—this strange disorder?"

"You may well be astonished, Emily, to behold my detestation—my abhorrence, for what I used to consider the only—yes, the *only*—things worth living for. But I have been forced—*forced*, Emily, to learn to despise them; yes, forced to learn that *rank* and *gems* cannot confer happiness.

'I used to laugh at what the poets said,
Of diamonds glittering on an *aching* breast;
And that ambition oftentimes had betrayed,
The dove-eyed halcyon from its love-built nest.
But, oh! my God, I know it *now* for truth,
And bitter is it to acquire such sooth.'

"But what can have changed your sentiments so extraordinarily, Grace? You have always thought so very differently."

"Love, Emily, love! Oh! if you could read my soul, you would find it was a prey to a fever which is destroying it; a fever which my tears have vainly tried to extinguish; for, Emily, I have shed torrents. But nothing can quench it; it rages like the awful fierceness experienced in the desert plains of Dadur, which is so terrible, that even

¹ Concluded from page 95, vol. CLXI.

the fainting and oppressed Persians exclaim, 'O Allah! wherefore make *hell*, when thou hast made Dadur?''* Such, my sister, is my heart—a very hell indeed, suffocating, flaming, consuming."

"Why, dear Grace, have you kept your sufferings from me? I might have ameliorated them; I might have enabled you to conquer this terrible passion."

"Conquer it! I would not for worlds; it is the joy, the felicity, the intoxication of my life. Conquer a *first* love! Emily, it is beyond a woman's power."

"No, it is not; indeed it is not. Weak, frail, feeble as is our nature, we are yet capable of wondrous things. Like the delicate and fragile *eciosperma elevata*, which can sustain, totally unharmed, the whole torrent of the waterfall, or mountain cataract, so can woman endure, uninjured, the terrible sweep of the rushing and foaming waters of passion, if she bows, like the willow-sapling, to them, humbly yet resolutely determined that their demoniac force shall not uproot her better principles. O my sister! I adjure you to try your strength on this occasion; you will find it extraordinary in the cause of virtue; for God will be with you, he will support you; for he is a shelter in the storm, a shadow in the heat."

"Emily, it is in vain; I cannot make an effort to overcome my infatuation; I am completely mastered by it; my whole soul is inebriated with its delicious, overpowering, ecstatic influence."

"Who is it that can have obtained such a sudden and fatal ascendancy over you?"

"Not sudden, Emily, not *sudden*; the germ was laid in my infant heart; but pride, ambition, vanity, prevented its growth, till too, too late; when lo! it burst into the full vigour of an inexpressible, tyrannical, exquisite passion. It is Sinclair that I love."

"Sinclair!" almost screamed Emily, "Sinclair! it cannot be possible. You must be under the power of some 'sortilege.' Think, think, for mercy's sake, of the ruin, the degradation of such an attachment! O Grace! my own, my only sister, behold me at your feet, imploring you to save *yourself*. You must not fall so utterly. You, in your glorious beauty, your regal pride—*now*, stately as a vessel bounding in the gladness of her full-flowing sails, soon, soon to be a bare and riven hulk, stranded on the barren shores of ignominy and shame. You, Grace, the envied wife of the Duke of Glenferne, to be enslaved by a passion for a being your father, from *charity*, snatched from a work-house!"

"Le sang de mon père, ne paille-t-il pas en moi?" said Grace, bitterly. "Nature has vindicated her imperious rights. Love is her grand prerogative. I thought to defy it; but I am punished for my horrible blasphemy. Sinclair *ought* to have been my husband; as he cannot be, he *must* be my lover. I cannot exist without loving him—without his love. Night and day I feel his large, lustrous eyes, like two burning lens, fixed on mine, drawing from my heart the vital principle of life. I hear his deep, almost sepulchral, voice (made so by the agony my scorn occasioned him), threatening me with the very

* Vide Letters of the late Colonel Dennie on the Afghan War, in the Dublin University Magazine, for September 1842.

passion that at this moment is consuming *him*. Yes, when my lips curled with ineffable contempt at his daring presumption, he predicted what I should suffer, and his voice fell on the silence of my heart as the crash of the lightning-riven oak is heard in the stillness of the forest. He was but a boy, Emily, when he first declared his affection; and ever since he has beset my path, following me like a shadow, writing to me, meeting me, even in the most secret places; even to-day—and to-night, this night, that fled with such unpitiable rapidity—his starry eyes dwelt on mine at the opera all the time, immovably, adoringly, idolizingly. That gaze lent the colour to my cheek, which made it so brilliant; it was burning beneath those eyes."

"How dared he to presume to obtrude his love on you? How could he reward my father's kindness with such ingratitude? Why did you not reveal the persecutions he inflicted on you, Grace? A word would have banished him for ever, and you might have been preserved from destruction—for to destruction this must lead you, alas! For it is not too justly said, that "The bee will suck honey from the most noisome weeds; but feed the snake upon peaches and pomegranates, and lull it to sleep in a rose-bed, it will still produce nothing but poison.* And so, Grace, is it with crime and innocence; honey may be extracted from even the briars of a virtuous adversity, but the most deadly venom from the fairest exotics of guilty indulgence. Oh! would you had not kept this dreadful secret from us all! What could you mean by concealing it? What induced you to act thus?"

"The fear of his resentment, and the greater fear, Emily, of losing the inexpressible charm his presence afforded me. I did not know that arose from love, then. I only knew it the morning of my abhorred marriage. Oh! do you not remember, as we were leaving the church, having literally to step over the insensible form of Sinclair, who, hurrying to stop the fatal ceremony, fell, as it were annihilated, on the threshold, when he learnt he was too late? Oh, my sister, as my foot was raised to avoid crushing him, my soul grew sick, as it is said the souls of those grew, who, in traversing the awful pass of Dereguz, came suddenly on a yawning and unfathomable chasm ready to swallow them in its horrid depths. From that moment I idolized him. I kept it, however, religiously to myself; I even resolved to conquer it, if possible; I prayed to do so; I hoped to do so. But the cold contempt of my husband—his undisguised disgust at his 'mésalliance,' to which even my youth and beauty cannot reconcile him, he not feeling that fever of the heart which many men in their dotage mistake for love, and for the gratification of which they will make every sacrifice. No, Emily, no; my money was all he wanted, to repair the old ancestral castles, whose mistress he blushes to own. This has steeled my bosom against every virtuous resolution. For whom should I crush every warm and blissful feeling of my heart? For a disdainful, supercilious, callous old man, whose soul is frozen by age and pride?"

"Your child, my sister! your boy! Where is the sacrifice too great for him? Surely he is a holy bond between you and his haughty father?"

* Persian Poet.

"He ought to be, Emily, but he is not. The scorn for the mother is extended to her child. How does he scrutinize the countenance of that handsome, noble boy? Not with the fond, penetrating eyes of parental affection, that fain would plunge into his very soul, and read each artless thought traced in the clear hyaline of spotless innocence, but with the cold, fixed gaze of curiosity, that looks to learn whether he can trace the line distinct of his aristocratic blood, and that which circulates through my plebeian veins, which, like the Ottawa dares not mingle with the proud St. Lawrence."*

"Still, dearest Grace, as Sinclair does not know that you reciprocate his affection"

"He does know it, Emily, he does know it," cried Grace, with frantic impetuosity.

"How, my sister?"

"By letters; for months we have been in constant correspondence. He forced me to it, to save his life. Oh, Emily! my money has furnished him with the leisure he has so dangerously employed. But now, *now*, letters no longer satisfy him; the tyrant insists on an interview."

"Grace, you must refuse him; you must be firm. Thank God, it is yet in your power! I had almost feared"

"Refuse him, Emily? You, who have loved, to expect such a thing! No, Emily, no! to refuse him would cost me my life. Oh! you always loved me, always. Emily, I want your love, your pity, your compassion, your assistance, now: will you promise me them? Look at me; see how miserable, how abject I am. Oh! you cannot deny me your pity. See, Emily, see! the Duchess of Glenferne implores it on her knees," and she sank down before her sister, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Dear Grace, rise, pray; I will do all I can for you. Oh! do, pray, pray rise!"

"Not till you promise me, Emily."

"I do promise you."

"But swear, Emily, swear to do what I ask."

"Indeed, Grace, you quite terrify me; what do you wish me to do? Why require such solemn asseverations? You know you may depend on my affection serving you as far as is consistent with virtue and religion."

"Ah! there it is, Emily; you are so 'horribly puritanique.' It was nothing but your cold, formal, methodistical manner, which drove poor Lorraine from his home. Gay and volatile as he was, he was sure to revolt at it; nothing being so repellant as 'une femme fanatique.'"

"Oh, Grace!" exclaimed Emily, bursting into tears of profound agony, "do not be so unkind, I implore, as to insinuate that my conduct estranged my beloved Henry's affection from me. I, who only

* The Ottawa runs into the St. Lawrence about six miles above Montreal, and for four or five miles below that city it is easy to distinguish the separate currents. The St. Lawrence is a blue tint, and the Ottawa a greyish white.—From a Private Letter of Joseph Pierce, Esq., long resident in America, now the talented editor of the "Leicester Journal."

studied to preserve it. Oh! if I thought you spoke truly, I should be indeed most miserable; for, Grace, the sweet self-approval of my own heart is, alas! the sole consolation of your wretched sister; the reed is bowed to the ground—do not snap it quite; it is all that saves me from sinking into the abyss of despair. But I know you did not mean it—you could not mean it, dear *dear* Grace, for I never injured you, never provoked your anger, nor will I now, if it is possible; say, therefore, what you wish of me."

"Pardon me, oh! pardon me, dear, generous, kind Emily," exclaimed Grace, clinging to her weeping sister's knees; "you know how impetuous I am, how headstrong my passions make me. But indeed, indeed, I did not mean to pain you thus. Say you forgive me; say you will forget my unkind observations."

"Dear Grace, I do forgive you, from my soul. I was foolish to be so distressed; but the idea that I had never, by word or deed, caused Henry to abandon me, was all that I had left to support me through sorrows such as a heart like mine, blighted in every hope, can know. But no more of myself, Grace; what can I do for you?"

"See Sinclair—receive him as *your* visitor; let it appear as if you were the object of his attentions."

"Me receive him!" screamed Emily, starting up as if bitten by the *ahiccyatl* of Mexico—"Me! impossible."

"Why impossible? You have no husband's honour to compromise, no child's future prospects to blast."

"True, most true, alas! Yet, oh, Grace! the thought that if, ever my name should reach Henry's ears, it would only be coupled with the virtue I cherished, the grief I endured, the more than widowhood of my melancholy life; that when he thought of *me* it might be—as Lucifer thought of the angels in heaven—with a tender and holy regret;—and you ask me to sacrifice this last, sweetest, best illusion of my heart. Much as I love you, Grace, I cannot, *dare* not make it."

"Love me, indeed!" cried Grace, in a tone of bitter irony; "away! I loathe such cant; for what reliance is there to be placed on that love which shrinks from the first paltry sacrifice demanded of it? Your tears just now forced me to revoke my opinion; but, I declare to heaven, I still think it was nothing but your constantly boring Henry with your super-excellent religion, that drove him to his present excesses. Oh, you ought to have had my drone; I should have suited Lorraine much better. I should only have studied his tastes, whatever they might have been."

"What! if depraved? I could not do so in conscience. I never obtruded my religion on him, God knows, farther than indulging the covert hope that by the example of cheerful piety I might, perhaps, awaken a latent feeling of goodness in his bosom. For was it not natural that I should feel anxious about the most important event of one so dear to me, his soul's welfare? Oh, Grace! when your heart has been tried as mine has been; when sorrow upon sorrow has bowed the spirit to the earth, and all its buoyancy is gone; when the brightness of hope is departed for ever; when your tears have all been shed, and a woe succeeds which not even tears could assuage—a woe that gnaws the heart and maddens the brain, rendering thought a curse and

memory a bane; then, *then*, my sister, you will feel what a sustaining, blessed, God-inspired thing is a holy, firm, abiding faith in His mercy. But Heaven forbid that a sense of religion should ever be awakened in your bosom at such a price!"

"Emily, I never hope, never desire to be so pure and good as you are. I have the worldly soul of my father—you the angelic one of my mother. You ought to consent to what I propose, for your own sake. If you still love Lorraine, still wish to regain your empire over him, pique his jealousy, and you will soon have him at your feet once more, depend on it. Competition enhances the value of everything, but most especially a wife's; a man never valuing a woman so much as when he discovers she is the object of desire for another. Try it, Emily, you'll soon find its truth."

"Never, Grace, never! I could not affect the wanton, not even to regain the love which is my sole earthly felicity. Besides, do you for a moment imagine that I could esteem and receive the man whom such base degradation could allure to these arms?—he who could quit them when he *knew* that I was unsullied? No, I should despise him, I should loathe, abhor him. The sight of Henry Lorraine then would blast me, Grace, destroy me for ever."

"Oh, Emily! oh, my sister! is there no way of softening that rigidly inexorable heart to pity me? Oh! if you knew my anguish, my despair, you surely, surely would relent. Oh! in mercy, do, sweet Emily," continued Grace, weeping in passionate grief; "do consent to his coming. I swear my intentions are most innocent; I only wish to see him, to sooth his agony, to calm his desperation, to speak gently and kindly to him, as would a sister to a brother, in the dark misery of his soul. Emily, you will, you *must* consent to this," she exclaimed, more frantically, seizing the terrified girl furiously by the arm; "consent to what I so humbly implore, or take the consequences; for I have appointed him to come, I have arranged with him to make his visit seem designed for you. Nor will it appear strange that one under such infinite obligations to our father should desire to see his daughter in her affliction."

"O God! to what a fearful alternative am I reduced!" exclaimed the agitated girl. "Oh, Grace! how sorely, how pitilessly, do you tear the heart of your sister! I can die for you, but I cannot lend myself to this."

"Remain, then, enveloped in the impervious veil of your repulsive chastity. Your sister, your only surviving relative, your only kindred tie, will brave the disgrace, the ignominy, from which you refuse to rescue her. And this is piety, this is religion! Could devils show more obduracy, more callousness? Go, madam! go, Lady Lorraine! leave the sister you once, at least, loved, to her tears, her despair, her maddening resolves. Go, and offer up your prayers from your cold calculating heart, that you are so much better, so much more virtuous than she. Go, pharisee! hypocrite! Go, I abhor your view!" and with eyes flashing fury, and arms raised high above her head, she strode round the apartment like a lunatic.

"Grace, my own Grace," said Emily, soothingly, horrified at the excessive agitation of her sister, "pray be composed; do not let us

part in anger. I consent to see Sinclair; I consent to all you wish. Alas! of what consequence is anything to me? I can, I *must* only be miserable."

"This kind compliance cannot increase your misery, dear Emily," rejoined Grace, recovering all her composure; "the happiness you will perceive it has conferred on your sister will shed a ray of comfort over your own poor heart. But come," she added, with the joyous hilarity of a child, "to bed, to bed! or I shall not be fit to be seen by him to-morrow. See, Emily, the dawn is actually breaking."

"To-morrow!" said Emily, in the tone of one who expected a sentence of death; "does he indeed come so soon?"

"Yes, yes," replied Grace, impatiently, hurrying her sister out of the room; "how can you think it soon? Have I not delayed it for years?"

A short time after Sinclair became a visitor at the Duchess's, there was a striking difference in the manner of all Emily's former friends. Invitations no longer flowed in upon her; visitors became less and less frequent; nods, shrugs, and hints were freely exchanged whenever her name was mentioned. The style in which Sinclair lived was canvassed; and the universal opinion was, that poor old Marston's hard-earned wealth was squandered by his sanctified daughter to minister to an illicit passion. At length she was left to entire solitude and neglect, while her sister, the beautiful Duchess of Glenferne—the exemplary wife, the affectionate mother—was the praised, the caressed of all; invited everywhere, extolled by every one, who secretly pitied her for having so guilty a sister, and marvelled at her blind and misjudged charity in suffering her still to remain under her roof.

Emily, however, absorbed in her mighty sorrow, perceived not the defalcation of her "soi-disant" friends—the neglect she received from the world; she only rejoiced in the leisure it afforded her to indulge uninterruptedly in the communings of her own sad heart, in administering to the afflicted, in secretly supplying every extravagant want of her profligate husband, and in watching over the dawning mind of Grace's too-much-forgotten boy.

She was aroused from the delusive calm—fearfully aroused from it, at last—by receiving a letter from Lord Lorraine's solicitor, intimating his lordship's intention "of suing for a divorce, on the ground of her adultery with Mr. Frederic Sinclair, of which his lordship had the most ample and irrefragable proof."

This was a blow she had never contemplated—never even dreamt of. She! so pure, so good! who existed only for virtue; who, from infancy, had never conceived a crime, a fault, a culpable thought! Should she defend the action? No! for wherefore should she? Did not the only earthly being in whose eyes she wished to appear guiltless deem her already culpable? The impression of her crime was stamped on his heart: would the fullest refutation of the charge be able to obliterate that impression? No, no! it is easy for the sun to unfold the rose, but when once its leaves are expanded beneath its ardent rays, no power can fold them up in their pristine coyness again.

The valley's streamlet is never more so clear, so limpid, after the furious mountain torrent has rushed to mingle its impetuous waters with it; nor can the thoughts, when once clouded with dark suspicion, ever regain the transparency of their first brightness. Besides, what woman ever appeared in a court of justice to defend such a cause that left it perfectly unscathed, even if her innocence was established? Was she not like the gaudy *amphinome*,* which, attracting the eye of some rude clown by its glittering hues, is hotly pursued by him, and only escapes after the loss of those gorgeously, velvety colours that made all its splendid beauty?

Then, how many victims must be sacrificed at the shrine of her innocence! Her sister, in the pride of her youth and beauty; that sister's husband—the lofty, dignified old peer, the high-born remnant of an illustrious name; and oh! more dreadful, her nephew—her sweet, young, confiding, promising, and unoffending nephew—he was too, too precious, too dear, too guileless, to be struck down ere the sapling had time to burst into the full foliage of the noble oak! Would it not be like the sanguinary sacrifice of Moloch? She shrank appalled at the bare idea. “No, no! let me be the victim—me alone; let me save all those valued ones. I am of no consequence—none! Who will weep *my* shame? deplore *my* downfall? I can retire to some obscure corner of the earth, with my load of griefs; and what pilgrim of love will come to seek *me* out, to speak a word of comfort to the self-exiled, falsely accused, persecuted, miserable wife? I shall be, as it were, dead, and the place that knew me shall know me no more for ever. Yet will my own conscious uprightness support me; yet will the Almighty send his angels to console me.”

Emily, therefore, heroically resolved to offer no defence, but suffer the trial to take its course; feeling confident, for the *sake of her sister*, she could endure the shame of being pronounced an adulteress.

Two days, however, previous to that fixed for it to come on, she was overwhelmed with surprise and anguish at having her benevolent schemes entirely frustrated by Grace herself, from whom she received the following letter:—

“DEAREST, GENEROUS SISTER,

“I know the self-immolation you are meditating. I know that you intend to leave this odious trial undefended. I know that you are resolved to bear in silence the opprobrium, the guilt, now affixed to your name—your unspotted, your immaculate name—for me—all, *all* for me. But, Emily, I cannot suffer it. I should die of remorse if you were to be the victim for my crime. No, Emily, no! I *here* declare myself the adulteress. I *here* throw off the mask of hypocrisy too long worn. I *here* publish my infamy. It is the Duchess of Glenferne—the *pattern* wife, the *pattern* mother—who has loved, who has idolized Frederick Sinclair; who loves, who idolizes him still.

Proclaim this confession, Emily; let it reach your husband's ears; and if he has one spark of manhood left, it will bring him in tears to your feet, to wash away the offences he has been guilty of towards

* Butterfly, a native of Brazil.

you. It will be vain and useless your concealing it; for, ere your tearful eye has rested on the first fearful word I am now penning, your guilty sister will be far, far from England for ever. Oh, my boy! my precious, precious boy! the thought of you makes your mother's hand tremble, her heart palpitate, her resolution falter. But it is too late to redeem the past. I should only delay, I could not screen my sin for ever. To you, therefore, O my sister, I leave him; train him up with your piety, and your charity for the frailer ones of earth; then in manhood, perhaps, he may not quite abhor the memory of his mother, remembering the virtues of her sister.

"To the blind ambition of our father do I refer my present shame and your sorrows. For, did he not sell us? Did he not bribe, by his accursed gold, those to seek us as wives who would have scorned the idea of such unions had we—we, the Duchess and the Countess—been poor! Oh! would that we had! then might I have been the virtuous and happy wife of Frederick Sinclair; and you, with your gentle, home-loving, tender heart, might have made the hearth bright of a worthy man, who would have appreciated the blessing bestowed upon him.

The dove, my sister, cannot mate with the eagle, nor the wren with the condor. But, O God! less than all can youth mate with age and decrepitude. Oh! Emily, Emily, my soul sickens when I reflect on what I have endured since my marriage; the disgust, horror, loathing, that rendered life intolerable, insupportable, odious, the world never can conceive, never know; yet are they the common and inevitable consequences of such a disparity of years. Had the Duke only treated me with paternal kindness, I should have respected him, venerated him, spared him this shame, this humiliation. But he is a man without sentiment, without religion; cold, sordid, and calculating; glorying in the depravity of his youth, glorying in the avarice of his age—the only passion of the thorough worldly-minded, impenitent old man. His vices, Emily, have created a hatred for him in my bosom only equalled by that which exists between the vulture of Brazil and the crocodile, than which nothing is more ferocious, more deadly.*

Now am I forced to fly, branded with ignominy; and you, Emily, *you*, who never sinned even in thought, may still have to waste the remainder of your days in hopeless misery. Oh! if it is really permitted for those recalled above to behold the scenes of this transitory sphere, what must be the anguish of our poor deluded father, to see riches for which he toiled so incessantly—refusing sleep to his eyes, rest to his wearied limbs, food almost to his exhausted frame, thought almost to his God, to leave which doubly barbed the arrow of death—squandered by one to support a worthless mistress, for whom his darling Emily is despised, and by another in repairing the magnificent domain from which his beautiful, haughty Grace has become an outcast! But my pride is overthrown, my beauty is tarnished. '*Je suis née du peuple, et je retourne au peuple;*' would that I could do so with the conscious innocence of even the houseless mendicant, the barn-sheltered beggar."

* "Of all creatures, the two most at enmity are the vulture of Brazil and the crocodile."—Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, vol. vi., p. 26.

The establishment of Emily's honour, which the flight of her sister fully revealed, did not bring her husband—now the Marquis of Seaville—in penitence to her feet, as Grace had hoped. Ah no! he only sought to obtain a divorce for the purpose of being enabled to unite himself in marriage to the infamous creature with whom he had so long lived.

Emily, therefore, devoted herself to the education of poor Grace's child, whose young affections she had long solely possessed, from her unvaried kindness and attention to him; and in consoling his poor old father for the loss of his mother—the being loved, appreciated, and regretted by him when too late. He felt truly when abandoned by her, that the joy of his life had departed from him; old, feeble, and forsaken as he was, “he could no longer discern between good and evil; no longer taste what he ate and what he drank; no more hear the voice of singing men and singing women.” He was, in fact, a melancholy instance of the inanity of old age, prematurely induced by a vicious youth, without one of the comforts, one of the hopes, which render the close of life serene, beautiful, and blissful, as a calm sunset, to the expiring saint, affording a bright example to follow in his steps, that all who witness his end may exclaim, “Lord, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!”

FROM AN ANCIENT HEBREW DIRGE.

“Mourn for the mourner, not for the dead,
He is at rest, but we in tears.”

“HE is at rest,” o’er the dim eye
Fringed lids lie heavily;
Meekly crossed on the still breast,
Calm the slender fingers rest;
From the high and earnest brow,
Past is look of suffering now.
But o’er the pale lip and cheek,
Flusbeth not the crimson streak,
From the varying bounding flood
Of the heart’s rich, mantling blood.
Nought of earthly grief or pain
E’er may wring that breast again.

“We are in tears,” alas! to roam
Through the sad deserted home;
View the riven household chain
None may bind on earth again!
Fraught with many a well-lov’d tone,
Summer breezes wander on.

All on nature's varying face
Beareth of the lost some trace ;
Ever the sad spirit turning
With the lone heart's fruitless yearning,
For what never more may be
Till we rest, belov'd, with thee.

" He is at rest ! " no more shall pain
Wring the quiv'ring flesh again,
Or the sleepless, anxious eye
Watch beneath the midnight sky.
No more shall the fever strife
Wage its burning war with life ;
Or the strength of manhood fling
On the couch of languishing ;
No more shall the high heart's bearing,
Or the spirit's heav'nward soaring,
Crush'd be 'neath the deep excess
Of the body's weariness.

" We are in tears ! " the light is flown,
Music hath for us no tone ;
Sad on every spirit lie
Memories of days gone by ;
O'er the weary bosom press
Haunting dreams of loneliness ;
Deeply dim earth's brightest flowers,
Shadows of departed hours ;
As some risen memory brings
Thought of old familiar things—
Hallowed moments, long since fled ;
Sweet communion with the dead !

" He is at rest ! " attain'd that shore
Where the weary part no more ;
Where the crush'd affection's blight
O'er the spirit hath no might ;
Where th' unbroken rest is stirr'd
By no yearning hope deferr'd.
There dims not the beaming eye
Thought of lov'd one's agony ;
There temptation's fear-fraught hour
O'er the freed soul hath no power.
Warrior ! the field is won ;
Conqueror ! his task is done.

" We are in tears ! " but soon, oh ! soon
May our weary course be run.
Holiest ! from the exile's doom
Call thy sorrowing children home.
Are not purer, sweeter flowers
Breath'd amid eternal bowers ?
Bid us join the ransom'd band,
In thine own bright starry land.
There no lovely spirit mourneth
O'er the joy that ne'er returneth,
For upon that radiant shore
Mourn'd and mourner part no more.

DOMESTIC CONDITION OF THE HINDOOS.¹

CHAPTER II.

WE still wish to enlarge on this interesting branch of the subject, by remarking that those instances of juvenile depravity which now everywhere meet the eye, would be less frequently obtruded upon public notice, if women were endowed with sound education, and their views enlightened with respect to their rights and obligations. The promotion of the interests of the rising generation strongly inculcates the necessity of female education. The early discipline of children depends upon their parents, but more especially upon their mothers, under whose watching care they are placed for a greater length of time. As on the principles and conduct of the rising generation the welfare of society does in a great measure depend, it is not unnecessary to trace to its source early profligacy of character. Surely the strongest law binds on parents the duty of watching to the extent of their power and means over their own children in infancy, and of not resigning too soon the care of them to strangers, but of employing as long as they can, every day in discharging the sacred duty for all the purposes which their parental wisdom and affection ought to be exercised in accomplishing. Early, unremitting, and vigorous superintendence, constant restraint and unwearied patience, combined with a proper degree of self-possession, are the essential qualities required to form a prominent part in the character of every early guardian of youth; for if indolence or negligence with all its pernicious train of attendant evils be allowed to paralyze and weaken the exertions of the parent, and the mental cultivation of the young immortals be entirely neglected, or attended to with remissness and languor, not only a total enslavement of the soul will be the consequence of such a criminal method of procedure, but also symptoms of degeneracy, examples of vicious excess, and unprovoked rudeness will make frequent appearance and acquire an uncontrolled predominance. When in walking through a village or a town, or on entering, in the ordinary course of social intercourse or the discharge of social duty, the houses of our neighbourhood, we meet with a roughness of character, the petulance of childhood, the pride of contempt, the scream of passion, the look of indifference, the sullenness of suppressed rage, the wild mirth of insensibility, and the thousand other effects of overweening indulgence,—we are warranted, by every right consideration, to trace all those glaring and unhallowed deficiencies in the character of youth to the want of discipline that prevails under a parent's roof, or under the fostering care of the mother who gave them birth. The father being occupied during the whole day, which is the season of instruction for youth, with his toils out of doors, it is obvious that the younger branches must fall to the more immediate and watching care of the mother. But when she is incapable from her own ignorance to pour

¹ Continued from page 61, vol. xli.

into the minds of her children wholesome lessons of piety, she can have no right conception of that decency of deportment, which piety brought to early maturity necessarily inspires. Not being herself brought to the conviction of the most important truths of nature and religion, she must, as there is no other alternative, connive at and willingly countenance the glaring indecencies of her children, however debasing in their nature, and however pernicious in their effects. Not being herself enlightened, so as to be capable of entertaining lofty ideas of the Deity, and of forming correct views of the principles and motives on which his government of the moral world is conducted, she countenances, sometimes without even a look of authority, the wild extravagancies of her corrupt offspring; and so far from checking or arresting them in their heedless career, calmly contemplates them indulging in their sinful gambols, and unconsciously slumbering on in their favourite indulgences. Under such an order of things, what is to be expected but the loud laugh of intemperance, the romping of insensibility, the damping of excited spirits, disorder and confusion, if an ill-omened guest should regard piety with reverence and esteem, and venture to talk of the soul and its high destiny, and of the folly of devoting one's self exclusively to the promotion of mere temporal concerns? True it is, that in the higher ranks of society, in which a similar want of discipline prevails, such conduct is not followed by the effects which we deplore, because of the polish, the smoothness of manners, which for a time keep within bounds the outbreaks of innate corruption. But when these artificial restraints are occasionally removed, the genuine sentiments of the depraved heart are expressed in the circumstance of piety being ridiculed, honest worth being despised, and a bitter sarcastic sneer seen playing over the countenance. Observe the conduct of children so imperfectly brought up in the knowledge of truth, and so carelessly educated under the indulging care of an ignorant woman. Behold those motley groups of such children in our streets, and you hear the name of God blasphemed in horrid imprecations, language uttered that would redden the cheek of modesty, truth violated without one single feeling of remorse. Mark their conduct again at home: here you have already seen the discordant jarrings of angry passions; one raising his hand against another; there the child disputing the authority of a father, or sullenly yielding an unwilling compliance with his wishes; in another quarter you may see some retiring to rest with the wild mirth of indifference when not an eye was turned to the Author of every good and perfect gift. Hence is it that the most crowded page in the calendar of crimes is that which records the delinquencies and punishments of those who were not trained up under their parent's care in the paths of learning, who were not taught their duties to their Creator, and who disregarded the solemn remonstrances of conscience. It is owing to this cause that a stream of moral pollution threatens to inundate our land, and to bury in its waves the feeble barriers which an ignorant child of an ignorant mother can erect to oppose its overwhelming violence. And hence is it that a withering blast has passed over our land, and we see its effects in the roar of intemperance, the emaciated votary of dissipation, the lowering looks of the worldly sensualist. Now this early profligacy in youth, would, in a considerable degree, be prevented from deforming their cha-

racter, if the mother who gave them birth, and under whose immediate care they are from the years of their infancy placed, possessed that enlightenment of the mind which education gives, and acquired a strong relish for those intellectual pleasures and enjoyments which are superior, both in quality and amount, to any which the world can supply. But if, on the other hand, the female guardian of youth has no idea of the manner in which the understanding is enlightened and expanded, if her thoughts, views, and prospects do not extend beyond her present condition, and if she is incapable of appreciating the true worth of the soul, and of providing the means of moral and religious instruction to the young immortals, then, I grieve to think, an uncommon degree of juvenile rudeness, grafted on that innate corruption which lies at the foundation of an unrenewed heart, will, in spite of all, acquire an uncontrolled predominance. If, therefore, we wish our children to be good and pious, modest and respectful, circumspect and prudent, it must be the object of a serious and primary importance to us as individuals, and to the community at large, that their mothers, whose views and principles from constant habit will form essential ingredients in their character, and colour the whole of their after-life, that their mothers who have the sacred duty imposed upon them by nature, of watching over, and providing for them, be first well grounded in the higher truths of religion and morality, and be brought to habits of rational contemplation. It is my constant and earnest prayer which this part of the subject teaches us may press home to the hearts of our native friends, with all the weight of an awful responsibility, and that they, by a ready renunciation of all national prejudice, may unite in strenuous exertion in educating their female friends, and thus prove effectual instruments in preventing those direful consequences of juvenile depravity which spring from a want of proper religious discipline under the fostering care of the mother, those complicated disasters that are confined, not to the depraved youths alone, but also extend themselves to the relations who conceal or countenance their crimes, and to the communities that fail to provide the means whereby the prevalence of evil principles and of vicious examples may be prevented or restrained.

We would now say a few words as to the treatment of children in their earliest years in native families. That the parents have a great influence on their children, especially the mother, is an undoubted proposition. Such is the arrangement of family systems, that the children born in them carry along with them into the world the views, the principles, the prejudices, and the doctrines which characterized their parents; and these are rooted in their hearts to such a degree, as almost wholly to colour their after-life and give to their actions and character a new tinge, scarcely effaceable even by years of strict discipline and strenuous exertion. On the mode in which they are brought up amidst their family circle, depends their future well-being or misery. A child is naturally prone to take his views of things from persons around him. What daily presents itself to the eyes and ears of children invariably forms their character. At its very early age, the child is capable of reasoning, of comparing different objects with one another, and drawing general conclusions from them. Its rational and perceptive powers soon unfold themselves; nor is it that its passions fail to display them-

themselves as early—perhaps they are the fastest in their development. We may however find it difficult to reconcile ourselves to the idea, that the passions of our nature could unfold themselves so early in children while yet their bodily powers have not attained their full vigour. For we maintain that it is impossible to look at the placid countenance of a child without being impressed with the belief that it presents a faithful index of gentleness and mildness within, that as yet no angry passions have begun to rage within its breast, nor any guilty imaginations polluted the exercise of its new-born powers. The conclusion, however, is not right. We, on the contrary, not unfrequently see obstinacy, jealousy, anger, petulance, &c. displaying themselves in the countenance of a little child yet sucking at its mother's breast. How important then it is, when the powers of the mind so early open, when the passions of our nature so early develop themselves, and when children are capable of reasoning, observing, comparing, and deducing conclusions from the different objects that present themselves to their notice, that nothing disgusting in its nature, or dangerous in its effects, should be brought within their observation. Yet, what great carelessness is displayed by parents in this country with regard to the proper treatment of their children, whose present and future happiness wholly depend upon them! They carelessly allow them to remain in the company of men whose ignorance or narrow-mindedness make them especially the most dangerous ministers of folly and vice. They intrust them to the care of servants, who have nothing else to do but to amuse themselves with these youngsters in any way they choose. False objects are represented to their minds merely for their own personal amusement; these hired guardians of our children often teach them to chatter some bad words, and perform some unseemly gestures. Their minds are stuffed with a confused mass of imaginary ideas; small harmless things are magnified into large tremendous images. Frightful hobgoblins are represented as having been seen in the darkness. Stories of witches, demons, and apparitions are gravely related to children by servants, and even sometimes by their sisters, brothers, or other members of the family. They are often frightened into obedience by the terror of some one of these visionary beings suddenly making his appearance. Frequently does it happen that when a child cries out for something which it wants, it is threatened to be thrust into a dark room, which is represented to be the haunt of some frightful demons—that when the child persists in its importunities, and none of the household have the means of gratifying them, the foolish mother or father cries out a “black man!” and immediately, to the terror and astonishment of the child, a servant disguised under a black coat makes his appearance before the child—that if the child be always in the habit of crying, and thereby disturbing the peace of the family, the parents even put themselves to the expense of having some frightful heads made of different forms and covered over with black or some such colour—and that if the child be again found crying or doing some mischievous thing, the parents, or the servants, or some one in the family, take care to present forward one or two such heads before them, and thus to frighten them into silence. Hence, we find superstitious notions deeply rooted in the hearts of many native boys and girls, and images of terror or horrid phantoms so much associated

in their minds with darkness, that they cannot approach it with courage or confidence, unless some older or more experienced person be at hand. Hence, in many a native family, children are more easily brought under control, or under subordination to some required discipline, by frightening their imagination, than by enlightening their reason—by presenting before them the “disguised servant” or the “black man,” than by laying before them a set of moral precepts and wise counsels. Hence, therefore, instead of the direct authority of parents being here found sufficient to bring children under control, mere superstitious terror holds an acknowledged supremacy over them. When, therefore, at an early age the children are capable of reasoning and comparing different objects, and all their passions begin to unfold themselves the fastest, when at this time, impressions of all kinds are the most lastingly and deeply made, and tend to give direction to their future principles and conduct, it is of the greatest importance that they should be guarded against associating with men of wrong principles and vicious habits, so that they may be prevented from coming into contact at all with the sources of moral corruption—that the parents should adopt such a method with regard to the good training up of their children, and their establishment in the principles of truth and moral rectitude, as would prove most beneficial to the children themselves and the community at large with which they may be connected—that they should, from the moment they observe the minds of their children to open, and their passions to operate, endeavour by all means in their power to regulate them properly with a special view to improving their interests in time as well as in eternity, and to instil into their minds principles which may have wholesome influence on their conduct in life—that their connection with vices of every kind or hue, should, as far as possible, be entirely prevented from the moment that they are yet young, and the impressions of objects around them are yet weak and faint on their minds—that every symptom of carelessness or of degeneracy in their manners should entirely be checked—that the parents should guard them against every thing that might excite them to vanity or self-conceit—that they should seek to obtain authority over them neither by the tone of their voice, nor by threatening language, nor by frightful gestures, but by an even, firm, moderate disposition of the mind, which is master of itself, which is only governed by reason, and which never comes under the impulse of angry passions or irregular fancy. Children treated in this way would be happy in themselves, and a comfort to their parents. The necessity of frightening children into obedience would no more occur; and those threatenings and scoldings, and sounds of discord, now so frequently heard in the family mansion, be entirely prevented.

Now, as regards the system of the early tuition of children in native families. The obligation which is upon parents of training up their children in every kind of useful knowledge is felt and acknowledged by every Hindú; but however deeply the responsibility may be felt, it is often found difficult to devise a system of instruction that shall be best adapted for the accomplishment of an object so desirable. The difficulty is rendered still greater by the ignorance of the parents themselves—consequently it often happens that the earliest years of our

native children, when their hearts can be most easily reached and most lastingly impressed, are permitted to pass away without the communication of religious knowledge, or the infusion of religious principles. Thus, all the while these very children, though only perhaps two or three years of age, are busily engaged in laying in a stock of knowledge and imbibing a mass of principles, which go to form the elements of their future character. It is from the habits, principles, and dispositions of childhood, that the whole aspect of our future history takes its origin. Hence the high importance that is attached to the early training up of young children in the paths of learning and wisdom. We therefore propose to consider the system of the early tuition of children followed amongst the natives, and to suggest the method, or the means, by which the efficiency of their instructions may be promoted.

Hitherto the practice is quite common among native parents, either of sending young children to some school in the neighbourhood, or, if means fail, or parental fondness prevail, of allowing them to misspend their time in trifles of home, and the insignificant, though harmless, amusements of the domestic circle. Those, however, who have it in their power to send their children for education to schools out of doors, do so without giving any heed to the wrong sentiments they shall imbibe from their association with other children, and the worse habits they shall consequently be led to contract. The parents do not care to observe the growth of their children in useful knowledge or in sound morality. The children go to and return from their school without ever being once asked by their parents as to the manner in which they get on in their studies, or the mode on which their education is conducted by the schoolmasters. Early in the morning, at five or six o'clock, does the young boy rise up from his bed, wash his mouth, and run to his school with a napkin in one hand and an inkstand in another. He looks backwards and forwards, to see if any boy goes before him, and with the hope of getting some reward, or occupying a higher place in his class, he runs out of his breath, enters the school bowing down his head to the name of some god posted to the front wall, and joins his fellow students. It is here curious to see the young lads stirred up by emulation, trying all their efforts to get above one another, and to win the smile of their teacher. They are here one and all subjected to a common discipline by their master like bullocks ranged in a row and laid under a heavy yoke—once they rise up joining their hands and feet, again they sit down, resuming their writing pens, and going over their prescribed exercises—once moving from their place in one order of marching, again returning to it in another—once raising up their hands at the first signal of their master, again lowering them down at the next—once saying this merry rhyme, and returning to another again, chanting that, and thus finishing the whole. The time of breakfast arrives and the word of dismissal is sent. The school breaks, and the children go away to their respective homes—some the master himself conducting—others intrusted to some elder and abler leaders. And what follows their return to their homes? Here one boy sets up crying for something which he wants, disputing with the servants at home for their crossing him in his little wishes; there another is fondly playing with the little urchins of home, and instead of revising the lessons he

learned at school, vainly repeating some foolish tales or stories he heard from his sisters or mother, and chaunting this merry rhyme and that. The father, engaged at this time in his preparation to go to his labour or service out of doors, has no leisure, or perhaps no ability, to attend to them. The mother is busied with the affairs of the kitchen, oppressed with her domestic cares and anxieties, and perhaps has some little infant at her breast which requires her chief attention. Feeling herself somewhat relieved from the oppressive burden of her household duties, and from the heat and smoke of the kitchen which had exhausted her, and her pots and pans being arranged in neat order, the mother with a melodious voice of affection calls her children for breakfast, and threatens or scolds them with an angry tone, if they refuse to obey her commands. The children meet, and eat their bread. They then freely join their fellow mates, and indulge in their wild gambols without fear of being checked in their heedless career by their mother, or by any one superior to them. At the hour of attendance, the boys put on their dirty clothes, which they scarcely wash clean once a week, and trot their way to the school. There they repeat the same kind of process, with all its usual accompaniments, that was observed there in the morning, and in the evening they return home. The father and mother are then both at home, the former little eased from the toils and labour of the day—and the latter still burdened with the same anxieties, occupied with the same concerns, disturbed by the same perplexities, heated by the same fire, smothered by the same smoke, and busied, in short, with the same round of affairs. But they scarcely ever hear the lessons of their children in moral and religious truth repeated. It is because they have little or no knowledge of the branches of learning taught to their children in schools. They are, however, now and then desired to attend to their studies by their parents, who though they may be ignorant of the nature of education given to their children, and be unable to appreciate its value, yet take deep interest in their improvement from the consciousness that education, in whatever degree acquired, will enable them to raise their condition and character in the world. The children in fact have none at home, under present circumstances, to attend to their studies and direct them in their prosecution of them. The father being occupied during the whole day with his toils out of doors, the younger branches of the family must of course fall to the immediate and watching care of the mother. She has a greater authority over them than any one else in the family. They are more in the hands and under the influence of their mother than of their father, at all times and under all circumstances. But it is often the case that she is uneducated. She has received no share of the mental enlightenment which is adequate to enable her really to appreciate the blessings of knowledge, and efficiently to discharge the important duties of her station. She is incapable, from her own ignorance, to pour into their minds wholesome lessons of piety and morality, and can therefore have no right conception of the manner in which their understanding might be improved, or the several powers of their mind be properly regulated and disciplined. Not being herself well grounded in the knowledge of moral and religious truths, she can hardly, beyond what common sense will dictate, be expected to recommend her children to hold fast what is

good, and reject what is evil. She must, as there is no other alternative, countenance her young offspring in the indulgence of their foolish whims, and their juvenile extravagances. Brought up within the narrow circle of her home, secluded from all intercourse with refined society, and having received no enlightenment which education alone gives, she can hardly be expected to preserve any regular discipline in her house, and to devise such methods as shall be best adapted to promote the progress of her children in learning. She is only taken up with the ideas of their worldly prosperity, and not of their religious and moral well being; under such an unqualified mother, instead of any instructions being furnished to her children in the higher truths of useful learning, their attention is wholly directed to subjects that interest her own fancy, or amuse her own imagination. The whole family partakes too much of a non-interference system, leaving the children to spend their most precious years without the slightest attempt being made to convey to their minds those truths which shall prepare them for eternity. A few good advices are indeed from time to time administered; a few of the more flagrant outbreaks of their nature are reprov'd, but seldom do the Hindú parents, whether high or low, resort to the systematic plan of conveying to the young minds of their children those important lessons in morality and religion, which would more effectually tend to subdue the evil tendencies of their hearts, and rear them in the knowledge of divine truth. Nor is this culpable neglect to be charged upon the ignorant and foolish parents of most of the Hindú families. Even in the households of those who are brought to appreciate the value of education, the younger branches of the family are allowed to pass several years of their childhood without any attempt being made to impress their hearts with the importance of the soul, and the awful realities of the future world. The family fireside of our homes is scarcely ever encircled by a truly enlightened and God-fearing people, or edified by pious conversation. Round our family altars are scarcely seen to assemble, father and mother, brother and sister, husband and wife, master and servant, to mingle their hearts in gratitude for common blessings, or in humble supplication for the supply of their common wants; seldom is heard a father's voice in our families tenderly instructing his beloved children in divine things; rarely are seen the mother's tears of love and affection, as the mind of her child begins to open to clearer views of God and his duty, and to give a strong evidence of the heavenward direction of his desires. It is true that the early discipline of children may be accomplished by their tuition at schools where they are sent at the earliest period of their lives. But the purpose is defeated there by the non-interference system observed at home with respect to their education, at least so far as the youthful minds themselves are concerned. Even taking it for granted that in those schools the right object and spirit of instruction are upheld, their efficiency, as great instruments in enriching the youthful minds with solid learning and sound principle, is entirely lost by the neglect and ignorance of parents at home. It is only at the family hearth that piety and duty are best taught, and if they do not receive such instructions at home from their parents, all their mental exercises in the same matters presented to their notice in school will be of little or no avail.

If, instead of the communication of moral truths, and the infusion of religious sentiments, they hear or see under their parental roof, nothing but what tends to fill their minds with worldly views, with unprofitable tales, and the trifles of the kitchen, they will then become, as sad experience has shown, but idle, ignorant, and profligate members of the community, unhappy in themselves, pests to society, curses to their family, and to the parents who bare them.

Now, therefore, if we would have children to be good and pious, and to prevent all instances of profligacy from deforming their early character, it is a matter of serious importance to us as individuals, and to the community at large, that their parents, under whose care they are placed, be well grounded in the higher truths of religion and morality, before they can be expected to infuse pious sentiments into their children's minds, and to prepare them for eternity. Under their present state of ignorance and superstition, the native parents are scarcely able to feel the responsibility of their situation, as consisting wholly in the promotion of the spiritual welfare of their children, and so far to appreciate the importance of the onerous charge imposed upon them as not to resign, too soon, the care of them to strangers. The melancholy truth, as we are all well aware, is, that they often allow the younger branches of their family to pass away their early days, when their hearts are yet capable of being the most easily reached, and deeply impressed, without any attempt being made to endow their minds with the riches of useful learning, and to impress their hearts with the awful realities of the immortality of the soul, and the existence of the future world. But when they themselves are thoroughly enlightened, the result will be far different, and far more beneficial. Feelingly alive to the dearest interests of their children, and fully sensible that by their being sent away too early to schools they might necessarily be exposed to the moral contamination which reigns abroad, they would attend to their education, not with remissness or neglect, but with great care and watchfulness, and establish a system of discipline at their own houses, tending to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of their children. Schools, though open for the reception of boys throughout the different parts of this country, with the special object of communicating instruction to them in the higher branches of human learning, are, yet, ill adapted to the state and situation of young children, who can derive greater benefits from the pious instruction and example of wise parents at home, than from those of the schoolmasters themselves, whose attention is divided among a vast number of children entrusted to their care and tuition. Besides, children are there exposed to the evil example and habits of those whom they see around them, and are, themselves, naturally prone to slide into congenial habits and practices. There, the imperfect cultivation of their minds is too often accompanied by the corruption of moral feeling. The capricious and frivolous restraints, added to the example of dissipation and luxury, the selfish spirit and premature vices which discredit many of our schools, will combine with the wilfulness and pettishness acquired at home. I do not, however, mean to speak disparagingly of schools. My argument consists in suggesting, that all the exercises at school, with reference to the training up of the youthful minds, will be of little avail, unless a regular disci-

pline be observed at home; for the forced mental activity which they might acquire at school, will otherwise be counteracted by the indulgence and indifference to learning observed under the parental roof. Those pious and enlightened parents, therefore, who have any regard to the interests of the rising generation, should, in preference to sending them too early to such schools, adopt a system of early discipline for their children, and follow it up in their own domestic circles. Of the results arising from such a method of procedure, their own experience would be witness. The effects would, indeed, be highly beneficial. The younger branches of our families would not be permitted to pass the earlier years of their childhood without enjoying the benefits of real instruction under their own parental roofs. Under parents so well qualified to discharge the important duties of their station, the necessity would not be so deeply felt, as under present circumstances, of resigning the care of them to strangers, at a period when the heart is most easily reached, and most deeply and lastingly impressed. When parents were thus enlightened and impressed with the sentiments of piety, they would act in mutual harmony in all the commands and instructions they might give to their children, and strictly observe all those modes which might be well calculated to promote the best interests of the young children entrusted to their care by a gracious Providence. Seldom would recur those altercations and disputes which now so frequently take place between parents about trifling matters, and which so surely tend to subvert the very foundations of family government, to lay the seeds of many future sorrows and perplexities, and to endanger the interests of those whom they profess to hold dear. Domestic order and peace would not be overthrown, deceit and hypocrisy would not be cherished, superstitious notions would not be imbibed, filial affection would not be undermined, misrepresentation of things would not be practised, and those scoldings and punishments which now do not unfrequently occur, would be entirely prevented. Nothing would be allowed to pass under the notice of children which would only serve to nurse them up in habits of vice and intemperance. Nothing will be done in their presence that will only tend to fill their minds with mere worldly and unprofitable views. A perfect systematic discipline will be observed throughout the whole family circle. The domestic economy of the Hindûs would exhibit a perfectly changed scene. All disagreeable effects would be prevented, and all positive enjoyments be introduced. Those family feuds, those jarrings of opposite interests, those violent altercations which now fill the pages of the calendar of crime, would be less frequently obtruded upon public notice.

Having got thus far, it is for us now to describe, with some minuteness, the common pursuits, amusements, and ceremonies in which the elderly females, as well as the young girls of our families, are generally engaged. The long chain of their duties and amusements, extending from the kitchen at home to their intercourse with society of their own sex abroad, carries an interest with it which I hope cannot fail to excite the attention of the general reader. But the prevailing tinge which distinguishes their pursuits and employments throughout life, is that which ignorance alone has given, and which education only can suffice to remove. Every one is well aware that the education of woman is here sys-

tematically neglected. She is not brought to taste those refinements of learning which her enlightened sisters in Britain do so amply enjoy. The untutored state of her mind is discovered in the circumstances of the narrowness of her ideas, the limited sphere of her understanding, her attachment to absurd ceremonies, her exclusive devotedness to the duties of the kitchen, and her extreme bigotry to notions and prejudices, the folly of which she might easily have been brought to perceive. Access to every solid information is shut against her. She is allowed no place in enlightened society, no share in literary or scientific discussions—in fact she is incapable of both. She grows as a mere flutterer in the passing sunshine—a sordid drudge, whose plans and schemes are only confined to her present state and her domestic concerns, and never extending beyond the narrow walls of the kitchen. The history of her life presents a scene wholly diversified by domestic quarrels, superstitious fears, trifling ceremonies, &c. At the crowing of the cock does she rise up in the morning; busies herself with the affairs of the kitchen; calls her domestics to assist her in their management; disputes with them as to the prices at which articles necessary for domestic purposes are sold; sometimes furiously beating them, but often abusing and gnashing at them, if ever they should question her authority in superintending them, or fail in properly executing her little commissions; then, kindling the fire, she sits unremittently blowing it, till she is fatigued and half smothered in smoke. During the afternoon she explains, in detail, the operations of the morning to her fellow mates, who go to her from motives of friendship, or from some special calls of duty; telling them how scrupulously, in the morning, did she attend to the business of the kitchen; what great exertion of skill and perseverance did it cost her to arrange, neatly, the articles connected with her domestic employment; how vigilantly was she engaged in detecting in her servants any degree of inattention, want of diligence, or the slightest deviation from the prescribed rules; complaining to them of the faithlessness of her servants in executing her orders, and of the frequent broils in which she was obliged, in the morning, to engage with them, and by which her sleeping lord, in his bed, was disturbed; fondly dwelling upon the character of her husband; applauding his zeal in complying with all her favourite inclinations, and in endeavouring to contribute to gratify them; admiring his vigour and resolution in opposing difficulties and dangers; praising him for his ardour in gaining money, and his economical diligence in saving it. She does not stop here; she goes on explaining to her fellows the different ceremonies which are generally observed in her house, and the enormous expenses usually expended upon them; the peculiar taste and views which characterize her male friends in the family; the thousand ties of relationship by which she is connected with several other people of her own caste; the cares and anxieties with which her mind is engrossed as to the advancement of her own and her husband's interests, and as to the promotion of her children's welfare and prosperity; the difficulties which she has to encounter in the accomplishment of her particular objects in view; the enquiries which she has instituted into the nature and character of the families with which she has the intention of connecting her daughter or son, by way of marriage; the compliances by which

she encouraged the demands of some for either, or the refusal by which she discountenanced those of others. On these topics she loves to expatiate with peculiar interest and delight. While she is occupied, as she generally is, with her household duties, she now and then calls out her daughters, who may be otherwise engaged, bids them lend her their assistance in looking over and superintending the different concerns of her family, taking every opportunity to instruct them in all household duties, and to acquaint them with their right nature and character; advising them to imitate her own skill and zeal in managing the affairs of the kitchen; and thus endeavouring to qualify them for all the necessary duties of a woman, so as to make of them good wives when they shall have been married, or, if already married, when their marriages shall have been consummated. She directs her daughter-in-law, who is always in dread of her, to arrange neatly the several articles of the domestic economy; to observe, strictly, the several ceremonies which she may be called upon to perform; and to attend, seriously, to the numerous affairs of the kitchen. She is engaged in actually discovering in her the slightest degree of inattention to the general business of the house, the smallest symptoms of remissness or neglect to the duties connected with her situation, or the fewest instances of deviation from the rules by which she ought to guide herself; she narrowly watches her conduct, and sometimes her principles; she scolds her severely if she should ever go amiss in her duties; she abuses or beats her when she happens to do wrong, though her intentions were quite pure and innocent. If she perceives in her any want of docility, or inattention to her own commands, she thunders forth all the fulminations of reproach against the poor simpleton, and even threatens the certainty of her being separated from her own husband. She spends some of her time in making new bargains for the use of herself and of the family in general. She occasionally recounts in her mind the several expenses she went through during the day, and, unable either to write or calculate, she frequently repeats them, so as easily to recollect them, and render a proper account of them to her husband in the evening. She is, also, too much engrossed with the thoughts of some ceremony to be observed in her own house, and the several different circumstances which may be connected with it. Custom dictates a circulation of notice to that effect among her friends and relations. She therefore invites them to attend and witness the performance of the ceremony, and enjoy the opportunity which it might afford them, of gratifying their frivolous tastes, and amusing their wrong fancies. This she does through the hands of her daughters. For this purpose she dresses them in rich clothes, decks their bodies with ornaments, and endeavours to heighten their personal beauty with all the charms of artificial decorations—requisites without which they are apt to be overlooked and despised by all. She then gazes at them for some time with a significant stare, minutely observing every part of their dress and ornaments, and trying to mind every fault she might discover as to neatness or regularity. Thus feeding her own vanity, she calls out a few of her fellow mates in the neighbourhood to see the young girls, and to admire her own skill and judgment which she has displayed in so dressing them up. Equipped in such grandeur, the

young girls prepare to set out in executing the commission of their mother, inviting all her friends and relations whom she may wish to attend on her. Their gilded trappings and glittering ornaments attract every eye as they pass along. At home the blessed mother is busily engaged in making every necessary preparation for the reception of the women, whom she has invited to attend on the ceremony at her house. She receives them with all that gentleness and mildness peculiar to her sex, and seating them on a carpet, or cloth, spread for the purpose, administers to them every kind of ceremonial service which religion or custom has rendered necessary, and dismisses them with presents of plates laden with fruits and flowers, as the reward of their courtesy. Thus is the elder female of the family occupied during the whole course of the day. In the evening again she prepares herself to repeat the same round of experiments at her kitchen which she performed there in the morning, never allowing any important consideration to engross her mind, but the gratification of some present humour or fancy; and scarcely ever thinking of the duties she owes to God and to her fellow creatures, and of the consequences which their performance or neglect would bring about. So much for families of the higher order of natives! With regard, now, to those of the lower orders, there is much, however, calculated to excite pity. The elderly female, there, is subject to all the privations and miseries, as it were, of a life of servitude; she submits, on all occasions, and under all circumstances, to a routine of severe burdensome toils and laborious duties—fatigue and labour quite exhaust her; she is denied that ease and comfort which are the portion of the blessed female of the higher families; she does not possess much money, and therefore she lacks that ambitious spirit which her fellows, moving in higher spheres display, in gilded trappings, or shining ornaments; she cheerfully submits herself to every variety of mechanical work, wherever she can find it. Not unlike her own husband, when she has fully accomplished her household duties, in all simplicity,—contrasted with that pomp and dignity which mark the conduct of the haughty female of the other family—she waits on her toils without doors—rarely is she found working within, during the greater part of the day. She goes to the neighbouring house of some wealthy individual, and there accepts some piece of work or other for some petty means of subsistence. If we enter the house of a wealthy native, we should there see one of these low-bred females at some petty work; one engaged in grinding the rice at the mill; another in winnowing corn of different kinds, and reducing it to powder; one attending on some sick individual of the family, and ministering unto him all the services which it is her duty to render him; another waiting as a midwife on some childbed woman, helping her weak body to rise out of her bed and lie on it again, leading her from one place to another by holding her hand or supporting her on the back, washing her body, dressing her, cleaning the clothes of her child, and performing a variety of diverse duties in connection with her peculiar employment, with a well-grounded hope of meriting some good reward. Some of these lower classes of women, again, go to some distant *jungle* with hatchets and knives in their hands, cut down the wood from some tree, or the grass that grows carelessly under foot, tie them up in bundles and carry them

home, to serve as fuel within their kitchen walls, or as provender to the cattle, which most of them are in the habit of rearing. And it is needless to observe that this truth does every day obtrude itself upon our notice in the circumstance of many of these poor wretches being seen carrying such heavy burdens on their shoulders through our streets. Some, again, are busy on the farm of their husbands, assisting them in all their farming operations, ploughing the ground, breaking the clods, and sowing the seed ; some go to the market, and there expose a variety of articles for sale ; many of these wretched females are seen busily engaged, under the bright sun, in working at the foundation of some building to be raised on it, or the erection of some new road at the expense of the state ; some in breaking down stones and reducing them to powder, for giving strength and consistency to the streets, and others in watering them, in common with their husbands ; many are seen busy at some of the different manufactures throughout this country ; not a few are seen bearing heavy stones or earth in baskets on their heads, from one corner of the town to the other ; groups of these females are beheld, as evening advances, or morning dawns, passing through the streets, each having an earthen pail in her hand, and going to some distant well to draw out water for the use of their family. Their labour, indeed, during the greater part of the day, as we have already remarked, is exceedingly great and tiresome ; it may even, sometimes, unnerve the energies of the mightiest arm that ever wielded a sword. All of them are, indeed, engaged in employments, which, as they are diversified, are extremely intricate and burdensome ; yet they are satisfied to endure every kind of hardship, provided they find their labour rewarded with a sufficient return. Man must eat by the sweat of his brow ; but that gentleness, that flexibility of disposition, and that unspaciousness of temper, which are the characteristic virtues of woman, mark her out as a being fit only for those kinds of employment that are suited to the fineness of her nature, and not for those hard and laborious mechanical duties, which the circumstances of her situation in this country seem to enjoin upon her. In the case, however, under consideration, they appear, in fact, to do work in place of men. They carry heavy burdens on their shoulders for a distance of miles together, as well in the burning heat of the summer as in the severe cold of winter ; they are compelled, in short, to submit to every kind of laborious and difficult work. But let me not be understood by these few observations to insinuate that woman should not work at all. She must, and it is her duty ; yet not in that degree and manner in which she is here obliged to work. We would shortly notice the effect of this on the children of their family. We have seen that both the parents are employed at their respective toils, out of doors, during the hours of the day—and the circumstances of the case render it necessary : thus, then, the children of the family are often left away without that full measure of superintendence which is needed for their welfare. Whether the parents are fit to give the needed superintendence, or not, is questionable. Even though the mother, instead of her being occupied abroad, were at home, yet we are aware of few instances in which children have received much benefit from her immediate and affectionate watchfulness ; still, the look of a mother is some, if not a great, restraint on the wayward

youths, however unable she may be to exercise her due authority over them. But when the circumstances of the family, as in this case, preclude the possibility of her being at home to watch the growth of their tender minds, the depravity of the young children acquire them a full play. Both parents are out of doors; the hands of both, wheresoever they may be, are full of toils; they are taking their parts in providing for their daily bread—poor souls! There, at home, a different scene is observed! Instead of domestic endearment, or instruction, which, but for the immediate watchfulness of the parent, would not be so grievously neglected, there is now nothing but what serves to nurse the youths in almost unceasing animosity and brawl. The children are left to themselves, without that control or superintendence which ought to be exercised over them; they run about in the streets with all the wantonness of freedom; they are there exposed to the hurtful changes of the weather; their morals are there exposed to contamination; they there listen to the language of profaneness; they are confirmed in all the wildness of insubordination and disobedience; and their whole character is tainted by practices which they ought never to know, and from which they ought ever carefully to be far removed. This is no exaggeration, it is a statement of plain truth.

THE FORGER DETECTED.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in? For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like water.

"For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me."—JOB, iii. 23—25.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—POPE.

ALAS! and whither can I go,
By crime from kindred driven?
Now must I wander "to and fro"*
Like him accurs'd of Heaven.
No pleasant home hath earth for me—
The rich abounding earth—
Though teeming with fecundity,
A Karroo† is of dearth
To me. For, oh! I may not call
One blade of grass my own;
And if plague-stricken I should fall,
My corse must rot alone.

* And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."—JOB. i. 7.

† "The great Karroo is an arid desert, about three hundred miles in length by from seventy to eighty in breadth; bounded by the Sneewenberg and Nienwoald bridges of mountains on the north, and by the Zwartberg, or Black Mountain ridge, on the south."—*Pringle's South Africa*, p. 75.

For who mine eyes would haste to close,
When by death prostrate laid?
Or soothe my spirit to repose
In Hades' awful shade?
Yet, not long since, affection's stream
Flow'd affluent for me;
The *past*, how radiant is its dream!
How dark *futurity*!
Why am I thus outcast, alone,
Despis'd and desolate?
Oh! need I ask? the fault's mine own,
I feel it now *too* late.
I wearied friends, until their hearts
Grew colder than my foes!
Ah! how the tear of mem'ry starts
In pond'ring o'er their woes.
Their patience oft so sorely tried—
Their ever-pard'ning love—
As if Eternal Mercy's tide
From fountains flow'd above.
Oh! I behold them now a prey
To anguish, at my shame;
From old familiars turn away
For fear they *me* should name.
Still, still my mother's evening prayer
Pursues me through the land;
And there's my father's brow of care,
Engraven by my hand.
I see my sinless sister weep
(She of the Houris face)
That one will not love's promise keep
Because of *my* disgrace.
Oh! that I never had been born,
Then would they not now grieve;
I had not clouded *her* young morn
Nor overcast *their* eve.
The peasant from his lowly hut
May look abroad with pride;
But oh! when every door is shut—
When shelter is denied
Unto the *felon* gentleman,
Then is he taught to feel—
When on his name there is a ban
And justice dogs his heel—
That uprightness is sure to bring
The heart its sweet rewards;
And he whose conscience bears no sting
May fearless *claim* the Lord's.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

DONNYBROOK Fair! Where is the Irishman to be found whose ear is not familiar with the sound? What Irishman is there—no matter in what part of the world his lot may be cast—who does not feel as if the mention of the phrase would spirit him to the sacred spot? Speak of Donnybrook Fair to an Irishman abroad, and you touch a tender chord in his heart. You bring the line of sadness over his countenance, and precipitate him into a quarrel with the hard destiny which keeps him from his native land. Could the motions of the body keep pace with the movements of the mind, he would be transferred to Donnybrook with the rapidity of thought. What associations to every Irishman are connected with the place! One hardly ever meets with a Paddy of the last generation who did not himself, at some period or other of his life, receive a broken head at Donnybrook Fair, or break the head, for the mere love of the thing, of some one or other of his dear friends. Breaking heads and breaking bones were then, indeed, considered an essential part of the *humours* of the Fair. Not seeing a fight at every fourth or fifth step you took, would have been considered a proof that the Fair was a very dull *af-fair*.

I had read so much, at different times, about Donnybrook, that I had long had an anxious wish to witness its amusements, and to attempt conveying to the English public some idea of the scenes which are still to be seen on the far-famed spot. I chanced to be in Dublin at the time of holding this year's fair. Need I add, after what I have said, that I thought myself fortunate in this, and that I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity of witnessing the scenes of humour for which the fair has been, from time immemorial, celebrated. It only takes place once a year, but, to make up for its infrequency, it lasts the entire week. Nothing is more common than to hear it said, owing to the Temperance movement, that the glory of Donnybrook Fair has departed. Nonsense! Those who say so were not present any day from Monday, August 24, to Saturday, August 31, 1844. Never was Donnybrook more in its glory than on either and all of the days I have mentioned. On the first of those days, accompanied by two friends, I visited Donnybrook. There were at least 50,000 persons present. The locality of the extraordinary exhibition is in the north-east suburbs of Dublin, about, I should think, three miles from Sackville Street. What a scene it was to see the people going to it! We singled out the best hour—

five in the afternoon—for seeing the fair to advantage. From College Green all the way to the celebrated spot, there was one continual stream of cars so closely in pursuit of each other, that he who attempted to cross the road did it at his peril. If he escaped being run over, he had reason for thankfulness that his fool-hardiness did not meet a quite different reward. Whence came all the cars? I did not before believe it possible for Dublin to produce so many. Whence came all the people? On an average there were five persons in each car. Had a stranger been in Dublin at the moment, and been ignorant of the facts of the case, he must have come to the conclusion, that the inhabitants of that city must either have been all mad, in rushing with such breathless haste to one particular place, or that they must have been fleeing for their lives. The stranger would have asked himself, Is the centre of the city on fire? Or has the cholera, or some other frightful form of pestilence, suddenly broken out amidst the citizens? The scene had the appearance of some desperate life or death struggle as to which of the many thousands should reach the great theatre of action first. We were borne along with the stream. Once on a car, it was needless to tell the driver to what place we wished to be conducted; he took it for granted that we were destined to Donnybrook Fair. The fact was, that the carmen saw Donnybrook Fair as clearly written in the countenances of all who beckoned to them, as if the words had been engraven in legible characters on their foreheads. Nor were the poor horses a whit less intelligent on the subject. Whether it was that they understood the word Donnybrook, when mentioned in their hearing, or that they arrived, by a species of instinct, at the knowledge of the fact, that all who leaped into the car on the day in question were thither bound, I know not; but this I know, that they arrived at their conclusions with an instantaneousness which showed that they needed not the aid of any mental process to conduct them to them. You took your seat, and, without a hint to, or smack of the whip from the driver, off the horses set for Donnybrook as fast as their feet could carry them; nor did they ever seek to slacken their pace until they had duly deposited you on that celebrated locality.

It was on a dry and dusty day that we visited Donnybrook Fair. How either horse or driver knew the way to the place amidst the dense clouds of dust through which we had to pass, is one of those mysteries into which I have no wish needlessly to pry. Suffice it to say, that we were; in due time, put down at the appointed place. And what a place! What a scene did Donnybrook that day exhibit! They who tell us that Donnybrook is no longer what it was, libel the Irish character. What these persons mean to say is, that, because the frequenters of

Donnybrook do not get drunk and fight together, since the general adoption of teetotal principles, as before the temperance movement commenced—there is not now the same display of national humour as before. It would be far better, were such persons boldly to express their regret that the Irish were becoming more moral and decent in their demeanour, than to intimate their regret in the way they do. The obvious import of this mode of talking is, that it is whisky that makes Irishmen humorous. Not only is the theory a reflection on the Irish character, but it is unfounded. An Irishman is humorous by a necessity of his nature. Drollery is a component part of his mental being. Whisky never was entitled to the credit of doing anything more for him than to develop his inherent drollery; it never created it. What is more, it only drew it out in its grosser form. Now that Paddy has abjured poteen, now that he has foresworn the use of whisky, his humour, if less boisterous and noisy, is much more refined, and in every respect more excellent in quality. All this was exemplified on the day in question. My hypothesis was unanswerably established by the aspect of every countenance I then beheld. There was an expression of infinite humour and light-heartedness in the face of each of the 50,000 persons then and there assembled.

The amusements were endlessly diversified. An enumeration of them would require a volume. As I cannot spare that amount of space, all I can do is to glance at a few of the leading objects of attraction. Tims and Biddys were to be seen toying with each other, and exchanging happy repartee in all directions. The Scotch lads and lasses are said to make the greatest progress in courtship, when they quarrel with each other. The Irish peasantry never proceed so rapidly on the road to matrimony as when they are indulging in jokes at each other's expense. Most felicitous was the banter, most happy the humour played off, on that occasion. Many a matrimonial match was that day made; many a lingering courtship advanced a stage; many an earnest declaration of love made in a joke—the reader will pardon the bull—which had only been matter of inference before.

The "swings" were crowded; they seemed to be objects of very great attraction. The wooden horses enjoyed no rest. Wooden though they were, you could not help pitying them. Theirs was, indeed, a *hard* condition; they performed the same circuitous journey times without end. The tents or marquees were not neglected. There Pat, with his arm around his sweetheart's neck, or her hand affectionately grasped in his, poured into her ear the honied accents of love, and into her mouth some harmless liquid, which cheered while it did not inebriate. Lemonade and ginger beer—such as they were met, on that day, with a brisk demand. Nor was there any lack of tea and coffee.

A small turf fire, lighted in a little hollow made in the ground, served to keep up the needful supply of boiling water. Meat, hams, cheese, bread, were piled up in mountains in every tent. Need I say that music, that indispensable element to humour and happiness among the Irish peasantry, was not wanting? From every marquee issued the sounds of the violin; and here and there were to be heard—of all instruments in the world—the tones of the Scotch bagpipes. They did discourse music; but, truth to tell, it was not “sweet.” At one and the same moment, though proceeding from different quarters, your ears were regaled with “Rory O’More” and some standard Strathspey. The musicians did not play in vain. Their “heavenly strains” met with a ready and hearty response from the crowds whose ears were regaled by them. You saw, as you glanced at the patrons of the marquees, happiness in every eye, joy in every countenance, and motion in the legs of every person present. The Irish peasantry cannot resist the witching tones of the violin or other popular instrument. If you would keep them in their seats, you must fasten them down. On this occasion, they seem to have gone all mad. Any one, unacquainted with the genius of the patrons of Donnybrook, must have come to the conclusion, that they were set in motion by some electrical agency. Who could have believed—yet such was the fact—that, among the light-hearted and happy thousands then and there assembled together, there were many who had not partaken of a meal that day, and probably would not partake of one on the morrow?

But the shows, or, if the word be preferred, the “exhibitions,”—these were the principal sources of attraction. Their number was great, and their nature as diversified as the tastes of man. There was something to suit every taste—a dish for every palate. The prices, too, varied considerably to meet the capacities of the pockets of the myriads assembled on the occasion. There was, it is true, no price higher than a sixpence, nor any charge lower than a penny; but there was a sufficiently wide margin here to suit the financial circumstances of all who were present. It was a matter of fair presumption, judging from the countenances and the wardrobes of those who were there, that very few could boast of more than a sixpence; while it was generally a matter of fair inference, that no one would have dreamed of visiting the place who was not the proprietor, for the day at least, of the small sum of one penny.

The preponderance of exhibitions was decidedly in the theatrical line. Shakspeare was “done” in every second caravan. Poor Iago—for “Othello,” though often under a different name, seemed to be decidedly the favourite piece—poor Iago committed suicide, in the course of a couple of hours, in at least a score of places, and in the same place at least a dozen times. But to do

the histrionic ladies and gentlemen who trod the boards on this occasion that justice which they have a right to claim, it is proper I should mention that they by no means confined themselves to deeds of death. There was a pretty liberal share of the operatic, and no small allowance of the comic and farcical modes of acting. Nothing appeared to me more worthy of approbation than the expedition with which her Majesty's subjects on the Donnybrook boards severally went through their parts. They wasted no time. None of the audience could complain of that. "Up with the rag!"—meaning the curtain—burst from the throat of some merry-hearted auditor, and up went the curtain with the celerity of lightning. "Down with the rag!" shouted another in two or three minutes afterwards, and the play was over in an instant. Even when the stage manager and performers were allowed to take their own time to go through their arduous duties, they evinced a most praiseworthy desire to be economical of the time of their auditors. An opera, or something meant to be so considered, a comedy, and a farce, were all performed in less than a dozen minutes. Murders were perpetrated with a dispatch not only unparalleled, but unapproached, in real life. One of the most furious quarrels I ever witnessed—on the stage—between husband and wife, was adjusted in an instant; and they who, but a minute before, well nigh frightened all present out of their wits, lest some murderous deed should in reality be committed, stood before the now delighted audience, the most loving and happiest couple within her Majesty's dominions. I could not help wishing that real matrimonial quarrels were made up with an equally magical rapidity. Were it so, husbands and wives could afford to have daily, at least a dozen "affairs" of the tongue, without either party suffering the slightest injury or inconvenience from the wordy collision.

We—namely, my two friends and self—visited three of the Donnybrook theatres. The time the three visits consumed did not altogether exceed a quarter of an hour. The prices were various. The highest charge was threepence, the lowest a penny. And here permit me to give a hint to those who may hereafter pay a visit to this celebrated locality. The amusement in the penny-priced shows was, beyond all comparison, better than that for which they had the conscience to charge us threepence. First of all, we had an opera—not in the English, but in Donnybrook language. The *dramatis personæ* were two in number. Of course, they were of opposite genders. Of their dresses I say nothing, because I know not what I could say. The *prima donna's* face had evidently been innocent of water for at least a week. The male performer had contrived to insert his legs into an article of apparel which, there was some ground to believe, had once been corduroy unmentionables. The upper part of

his person was encased in a coat which had all the appearance of having originally been a flannel blanket; but having, at a more recent period of its history, passed through the dyer's hand, had now somewhat of a bluish complexion. The interesting couple on whose Herculean shoulders rested the weight of the opera from the commencement to the close, were alternately pathetic and humorous; now affectionate beyond the boiling point, and in a twinkling at daggers drawn. At one moment, they were talking of separating from each other for ever, and the next renewing their vows of eternal attachment. The opera closed, somewhat abruptly, in the midst of the most touching scene; but there being no "rag," alias curtain, to conceal the dual company from the unhallowed gaze of the audience, the gentleman performer was seen, immediately on the affecting conclusion of the piece, to descend from the stage (consisting of two or three deals put carelessly together) to the pit; in other words, the green turf, and to take part in the "wonderful tricks" of a philosophic dog. This was, indeed, a humiliating descent: it would have been enough to draw tears from the eyes of any lover of the histrionic art. The dog appeared to be a marvellously intelligent animal, and wonderfully happy in his guesses, or, if the phrase be preferred, accurate in his knowledge; for, when desired by the man who had the charge of him to run round the audience, and put his paws on the greatest rascal in the company, the intelligent dog did as he was bid. He made the circuit of the company, and, stopping at his master, put his paws on him, to the infinite mortification of the latter and the infinite amusement of the audience.

"The animal knows his master," waggishly remarked one of the spectators.

This ended the canine part of the performances. It was intended, I suppose, as a sort of interlude. The gentleman actor then climbed up the stage, there being no stairs or steps by which to ascend. The operatic lady was waiting his return to the scene of their mutual histrionic achievements. Instantly the performance of a tragedy was commenced. This part of the entertainment occupied full five minutes. It was followed by a farce, which was acted in two minutes and a half, and performed, like the previous pieces, by the same industrious couple. The audience were then informed that the entertainments were over, which they understood to be a hint that it was high time they vacated the theatre to make room for another congregation of admirers. Just before the conclusion of the performances, a respectable looking woman who had charge of the exchequer department, expressed her apprehensions that the acting had not come up to our standard, very candidly adding, that all their pieces were comprehended in one, namely, "Catching all we

Can." We assured her—and in doing so were guilty of no deviation from the truth—that we never in our lives had been more amused with any acting; for that we had never seen anything like it. She took this as a high compliment to the dramatic talents of her company—of two; and expressed *her* great pleasure that *we* were pleased.

Not the least laughable of the many drolleries for which Donnybrook Fair has long been celebrated, are the canvas representations outside, of what is professedly to be seen in the interior. The only little drawback here is, that the figures or scenes outside do not in some cases afford the slightest intimation of what is really to be seen inside. One of the most attractive and most admired representations on the occasion of our visit to Donnybrook was placed in front of a sort of caravan at the nearest end of the fair. The wonders to be witnessed inside professed to be the "Scotch Giantess," the "Irish Dwarf," and the "Silver-haired Lady." There was, on the flaming canvas, the figure of a lady, not only as large as life, but a great deal larger than life; for she was fully twelve feet high, and proportionable in other respects. Never assuredly did woman more satisfactorily establish her claim to the name of giantess. Beside her—on the *canvas* I mean—stood the Irish dwarf, so very diminutive, that Tom Thumb would have been deemed a giant beside him. The curiosity to see these antagonistic prodigies of nature was, as may be guessed, exceedingly great; and it was very much increased by the absence of any representation whatever of the "Silver-haired Lady." Who in the earth could she be? What was she like? Was she a beauty or a fright? Tall or short? Dark complexioned or fair? Old or young? Our curiosity to know something of this mysterious personage at length became so ungovernable that we felt we must gratify it. "Let us go in and see this 'Silvered-haired Lady,' said one of my two companions." And we were on the eve of patronising the exhibition, when an honest working man, who had just come out, with a wofully disappointed countenance said—

"It's all a *chate*, gentlemen; don't go in."

"How a cheat?"

"There's no lady or gentleman in the place, yer honours."

"You don't mean that?"

"Faith, and I do mane it. An its thruth I'm telling yer honours, too."

"What! no Silver-haired Lady?"

"No, nor gentleman either, yer honours."

"No Scotch Giantess?"

"No, nor nothing like one."

"Nor Irish dwarf?"

"No, yer honours; nor nothing of the sort."

"What then is to be seen?"

"Ah sure, nothing at all at all, gentlemen; but some black-guard tricks with cards."

The poor fellow spoke with considerable indignation and great vehemence, because, as he remarked, he had himself "just come out fresh from being *chated*."

We afterwards ascertained that matters were exactly as Tim Hogan represented them to be. An hour or so previous to Tim's exit, a smartish dialogue took place between one of the company and the proprietor of the exhibition, touching the non-production of the promised "living wonders of nature."

The spectator in question—a recent importation from Tipperary—having waited patiently, as did the rest of the expectant crowd, until the sleight of hand tricks were concluded, then set up a loud clamour for some of the "wonders."

"The show is over," remarked the proprietor.

"What's that?" inquired a dozen voices.

"The show's over."

"What do you mane," said the Tipperary malcontent; and six or seven voices echoed the question.

"I *mane*, that you have seen all that you will see."

"We have seen nothing as yet; we have not seen the Scotch Giantess," remarked the Tipperary man.

"You can't see her to-day."

"An' what's the *reason*?"

"Because she's ill in bed."

"Then bring us the Silver-haired Lady."

"She can't be seen either."

"Why not?"

"Because she has met with an accident."

"Then show us the Irish Dwarf."

"Ah, sure, and I can't do that same, for the little fellow's braking his heart for his companions. He's not out of bed yet; but come back to-morrow, and you will see them all three for nothing. Faith, you will."

The simple spectators, with one or two exceptions, were credulous enough to believe all this, and retired quietly from the place. An English audience would have seen through the deception, torn the caravan in pieces, and half murdered the persons who had practised the imposition upon them.

The proprietors of the stalls which were appropriated to the sale of edibles and liquids, displayed considerable ingenuity in their efforts to induce the patrons of Donnybrook to partake of their good cheer. And the inscriptions on the small boards affixed to these places, containing invitations to enter, were as diversified as the notions of the immense assemblage. For the Repealers there were "Repale" tents. The Teetotallers were

sought to be decoyed into places untainted by the presence of the brandy bottle, or any other receptacle of spirituous liquors, beer, porter, or anything else proscribed by Father Mathew. One odd Irishman determined to sell nothing but milk and bread—very primitive commodities. And to convince his customers that there was no adulteration of the milk, he took the cow into the tent along with him, and kept her there; so that those who were partial to new milk in its native state, had the gratification of obtaining it pure as it was extracted from the animal. The proprietor in this case was John Maconan, who belonged to a place called Slopeside, but where or in what direction Slopeside is, nobody could inform me. As John's invitation to his expected patrons was in rhyme, and the orthography was altogether peculiar, I took a copy, which I now present to the reader exactly in the form I found it:—

“Do Not Pass By,
Step In And See
What Strong
Milk This Cow Gives Mee.”

The measure and the orthography may be a little out of joint, but we need not much wonder at that, when we see foreign powers and political parties all at sixes and sevens. Why even the *Times*—I do not mean the *Times* newspaper—are also out of joint, and consequently we must not scan the lines of the Donnybrook poets with too rigid or inquisitive an eye.

The marquees or places in which spirits were sold were few in number, and their customers were correspondingly scanty. And yet when you did meet with such places, there was no want of urgent and ingeniously framed invitations to go in and partake (assuming of course you had previously paid for it) of the virtues of poteen. In one case an old man and still older woman were represented as large as life on a blue-painted sign board, with glass in hand, and peeping with a sly, arch expression into each other's faces. Underneath were these words. I can make no meaning out of them; perhaps those who are more conversant than myself with the older exhibitions of Irish character at fairs, may be able to throw some light on their import, and establish a connection between them and whisky drinking:—

“‘I see a fish,’ she says, ‘so shy,
‘See how it gapes; look, Polly, look.’
‘And I see something else,’ says I
To Dolly Dune of Donnybrook.”

It was pleasing to find that amid all the humour and hilarity which characterised the scenes we witnessed during our visit to Donnybrook Fair, there was the entire absence of drunkenness. I did not see a single individual out of the 40,000 or 50,000 assembled on the occasion, who appeared to be under the in-

fluence of spirituous liquors. Nor did I see any fighting, if I except what in the phraseology of the ring is called "a brush" between two boys. Before the beginning of the temperance movement, every sixth or seventh person you met was more or less under the inspiration of whisky; and fights were as plentiful as blackberries.

The change which has been produced is as wonderful as it is gratifying. None but those who have witnessed it can form any idea of its magnitude. He who was present at Donnybrook Fair seven years ago, and attended it in August last, could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes as to the greatness of the moral reformation which has been effected. He must have thought, if he knew the locality to be the same, that he had fallen among a different people. It only shows the mighty power which right principles exercise on the human mind, when brought fairly to bear upon it.

The wonderful change in question contributed in no small degree to increase the gratification we experienced in witnessing the oddities of Irish character at Donnybrook Fair.

SONG.

"LA BOUTON DE ROSE." *

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Flow on, thou dark river! beneath thy chill waters,
 Like a pearl deeply cradled in ocean, she lies,—
 The sweetest, the fairest of Albion's young daughters,
 A rose-bud, transplanted to bloom in the skies:
 But yesterday, mid the gay circle we met her,
 And hung on the song she will warble no more;
 Sweet Rose of my heart! can I ever forget her,
 Or cease her young beauties and worth to deplore?
 Flow on, thou dark river!

Flow, waters of Tiber! flow on, thou dark river!
 The cross of the holy one marks where she fell;
 That vision of beauty will hover for ever
 Around thy chill waters, that murmur her knell:
 Her friends and her lovers are met to deplore her,
 But the love of them all, oh! 'tis nothing to mine;
 Young saint of my soul! in her grave I adore her,
 And lay all the hopes of my heart at her shrine.
 Flow on, thou dark river!

* The melancholy fate of the lovely Miss Rose Bathurst, who was drowned in the

Tiber, March 16th, 1824, caused universal regret at Rome. Never was sympathy more general than that shown by all classes of persons for this

———"Lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded;
A Rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

The author of "Transalpine Memoirs" thus affectingly narrates the dreadful catastrophe:—

"As I was returning, on the 16th, from the walk on Monte Pincio, I perceived several persons running toward the Porta del Popolo; those I interrogated only knew that *something* had happened in that direction—*what*, they were unable to say. An hour afterwards, as we were sitting down to dinner, a servant entered, apparently horror-struck, saying that an *English* young lady had been drowned in the Tiber; that it was not yet certain *who*, but that she feared it was '*la Rosina*, quella bella, bella,' whom she had seen, a few hours before, mounting her horse in the Piazza di Spagan. Conceive our anxious uncertainty! Though not personally acquainted with Miss Rose Bathurst, I had, in every assembly, admired, in common with all Rome, the beauty and amiability of this '*bouton de rose*'—rose-bud—as she was universally called; and had witnessed proofs of the kindness and goodness of her disposition. Her misfortune could no longer be doubted: within one hour after it had taken place, all my quarter of the town knew of it, and was in confusion; so general was the sympathy her fate excited."

Of the many different versions in which her catastrophe has been related, the following appears the most exact, and the most probable.

"Miss Bathurst, with the relations with whom she lived, and a party of ladies, after crossing, on horseback, the Ponte Molle, turned down on the right and followed the bank of the Tiber. The road was sufficiently safe until, arriving at an inclosure that reaches nearly to the edge of the stream, they found the gate, through which they had intended to pass, shut. One of the party proposed passing between the hedge of the field and the river, and, accordingly, led the way. The horse of Miss Bathurst, whether startled at an attempt made to lead it over the narrow pass, or slipping in the mud that covered the broken path, stumbled, and rolled down the slimy steep bank into the deep water below. The horse regained the path, but without its lovely rider! No sign appeared on the surface to point out whether she was carried down by the stream, or remained on the spot where the horse fell. None of the party could swim: the thoughtless despair of the relation urged him into the river, from which he himself was with difficulty saved.*

"Small casts of the beautiful girl were immediately made, and eagerly bought up, both by foreigners and Romans."

* "In the month of September following, the body was seen floating directly over the spot where she first fell into the Tiber. On being brought to the shore it was found to be little altered. The dress was in the same state as at the time of the fatal catastrophe; the beautiful features were also unchanged, except by some bruises on the face. It was presumed that the weight of the horse had, in falling on it, pressed it deep into the mud, where it had remained buried, until the rains and current washing away the slime that covered it, it again rose to the surface."

A NIGHT AT MY UNCLE'S.

IN a certain part of this "gude countrie," (county of Somerset,) lived a certain elderly gentleman who, for certain reasons, shall be nameless. Honesty, bluntness, and liberality were the qualities of which he boasted; and it is but just towards him to own, that the two former were distinguishing traits in his character; of the latter, however, I am not so sure, seeing that ever since I was an urchin of about two feet in height, he has been continually promising to "make a man" of me; and yet, the only favours which I have received at his hands up to this very time, have been a book of sermons which belonged to my great grandfather, an occasional good dinner,—a rarity, by the way, to a poor "child of genius" like myself,—and a tolerable night's lodging.

Last Christmas twenty years—(how well do I remember the time, ay, and shall remember it for twenty years to come, if I live so long; for it had like to have cost my uncle, the gentleman above alluded to, and myself, our lives—in my case, from excessive fright, in his, from immoderate laughter after a hearty meal)—twenty years ago last Christmas it was my fortune—whether good or evil let the sequel declare—to be invited to spend a day at Brierly Hall, my uncle's "seat," as he used to call it, and which had been the pride of our family through some dozen generations.

Brierly Hall was a very extensive, and, of course, a very old-fashioned building. I had heard of the Vatican at Rome, with its thousands of apartments, but I never really knew what a large house was until I stood on the eminence which commanded that which my uncle would have refused to exchange for the palace of the Pope, ay, and with all his Holiness' honours to boot. It was two stories in height, with a frontage of nearly two hundred feet, and stood in what had formerly been a lawn, but which was now entirely covered with brambles and rank weeds, and colonized by rabbits. My uncle's household, consisting of four living creatures only—himself, Betty the cook, Tom the man of all work, and Cæsar the dog—he had contented himself with keeping one wing of the house only in tolerable repair, while the rest had been suffered to drop gradually into irremediable decay. It was indeed a mere heap of ruins, around which the ivy trailed its lazy length, and above which the owl shrieked nightly in horrid concert with the moans of the blast as it swept through the wild, unfoliated trees

by which the whole was surrounded. To myself, Brierly Hall, situated as it was in a valley at a distance of full two hours' good walking from the nearest residence of human beings, presented a *very* solitary appearance; and, stranger and stripling as I was, as the door, slowly opening to admit me, grated on its hinges, I entered its precincts with feelings something akin to "fear and trembling."

The interior of the house was certainly of a character somewhat more attractive than the external aspect; albeit there was a wildness about the whole to which I could not at all reconcile myself; and, much as the invitation of my uncle at first delighted me, I now entertained a "secret dread and inward horror" of *something to come*, though I could not even guess what, and heartily wished that the time were arrived for my departure.

Ushered into the parlour, I discovered, seated before a large fire, two cozy-looking old gentlemen, each with a long pipe extending from his mouth, and a glass of brandy-and-water placed within convenient distance at his side. In one of the fumigators I recognized my worthy relative, who, grasping my hand with a heartiness that did my heart good, ejaculated, "My nephew, Mr. Scroggins!" Mr. Scroggins, the gentleman addressed, also shook my hand violently, remarked that it was a cold day, sipped his toddy, and puffed a volume of smoke in my face. I had then the satisfaction of knowing that I had arrived just too late for dinner, the table having been cleared (I don't mean swallowed) about ten minutes before I entered the room. This was a source of considerable discomfort to me, and of as much mirth to my uncle, who, having indulged in two or three jokes at my expense, turned towards the fire and whiffed away so eagerly at his pipe, that I began to entertain doubts whether anything in the shape of food was to be brought to the relief of my famished stomach. My apprehensions were, however, soon dispelled, by the appearance of Betty with the remnants of a joint of meat, and part of a plum-pudding, with sundry et ceteras; from which I managed to make a better meal than it has frequently fallen to my lot to meet with since.

Evening had now set in—a cold, rainy, stormy December evening; and as the wind roared in the chimney and whistled through the crevices of the outer doors, and the rain pattered against the windows, I drew nearer to the fire, and endeavoured to persuade myself that I was comfortable.

My uncle and his friend had evidently made up their minds to enjoy themselves. Another bottle of brandy was placed upon the table, the bright kettle sang merrily over the fire, and the smoke curled playfully as it escaped from the bowls of their attenuated tubes, or writhed in fantastic folds from the pursy

corners of their well-disciplined lips, and hid the sable ceiling from view. Our glasses being charged, the lord of Brierly Hall proceeded to deliver his annual "full, true," (so he said) "and particular account" of his ancestors, from the laying of the foundation stone of his habitation, to the period when it came into his possession. For my own part, I felt but little interest in the narration, and amused myself with noting the peculiarities, both in person and manners, of Mr. Scroggins.

He was a man of diminutive stature, but of immense substance; his height about five feet nothing, and his width at the shoulders something less than four feet. Like Richard, he was

"Not famed for sportive tricks,
"Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;"

yet, if he was not handsome, he was not ugly; his countenance indexed a good heart; he had a full, ruddy cheek, a huge red nose, a rather wide mouth, and a pair of small, piercing black eyes. He listened, or affected to listen, to my uncle's story with great attention, laughed when he laughed, and nodded his head and gave a grunt as the latter delivered himself of such portions of the story as he wished should be clearly understood and made duly impressive.

My uncle having at length concluded his narration, the remainder of the evening passed as pleasantly away as such evenings pass in general, and at the "witching hour," we retired to our dormitories.

The place prepared for Mr. Scroggins and myself—for we were under the necessity of occupying the same room—was situated at the back of the house. It was a snug little apartment enough, containing, amongst other articles, one ancient four-post bedstead, which Mr. Scroggins was given to understand was at his service; and for my accommodation, a temporary bed was made up in a corner, upon a broad-bottomed sofa, with the auxiliary aid of three capacious chairs. In less than five minutes (for both of us forgot to say our prayers) we had stretched ourselves between the sheets, and given ourselves up to "nature's soft nurse," as the poet says.

The strangeness of all around me, together with the whistling of the wind, and the trumpet tones, heard at distant and awful intervals, of the fiery proboscis that lay ensconced beneath some half-a-dozen of the best Witneys at the farther end of the room, convinced me that there was no hope of getting even a quarter of an hour's nap; and I determined to await with patience the arrival of morning, amusing myself, in the mean time, with such thoughts as might happen to find unbidden entrance into my brain. As I lay thus, philosophically making a virtue of necessity, a tremendous yell, which appeared to proceed from that

part of the house which was in ruins, burst upon my ear, making the hair upon my head stand erect

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

while the blood froze in my rigid veins. I listened; it died away upon the gale, and I began to chide myself for my foolish fears, when a similar frightful cry arose, and was followed by the heavy tread of footsteps, as of a person walking up the stairs. A third yell, louder and more alarming than either of the former, ascended, and I was at least glad to find that it had had the effect of disturbing the seeming imperturbable Mr. Scroggins, who had scarcely muttered "What the deuce is that?" when the door of the room flew open, and, as I could discern by the light of a lamp which faintly glimmered on the dressing-table, a tall, gaunt figure,

"In pure white robes, like very sanctity,"

stalked slowly in, and stood near the bedside of the wonder-stricken gentleman.

"Heavens!" cried Mr. Scroggins, "who are ye?" And raising himself in the bed he gazed upon the spectre with a countenance in which fear and horror were ludicrously blended with the somnific effects of the unweakened potations of the preceding evening.

I had previously heard (but never believed) that the spirits of the dead may walk again; but that this was a real ghost, I had now not the least doubt. I essayed to scream, but could not; a cold sweat overspread my frame, my limbs were paralysed; and I lay, my eyes fixed intently upon the horrifying object before me, trembling and speechless.

For some few moments the figure stood motionless; it then drew still nearer to the agonized Mr. Scroggins, who was now wound up to the highest pitch of excitement.

"Speak, speak! for Heaven's sake speak!" he shouted; "are ye man or devil?"

The figure slowly recoiled, uttered a shriek which entered into my very soul, and fell to the ground.

Mr. Scroggins called lustily for assistance, and the next moment my uncle and his man Tom rushed into the room.

"Surrender, or you are dead men!" exclaimed the former, as himself and Tom, both almost in a state of nudity, presented two immense pistols, ready to deal death to the first living object that came in their way. "My dear Mr. Scroggins, what's the matter? what does all this mean?"

"Look there! look on the floor! there! there! there!" re-

plied Mr. Scroggins; "tell me, for Heaven's sake, is it anything human, or what?"

My uncle, who lacked not courage, pointed his pistol to the inanimate object to which his attention had been directed, and, cautiously approaching, ascertained that it was a human being.

"Thank Heaven!" piously ejaculated Mr. Scroggins; and, sliding out at the foot of his bed, he snatched up the lamp, and hastening over with it, held it before the face of the figure at his feet. My uncle had no sooner caught a glimpse of the features, than he burst into a fit of laughter, from which he did not recover for several minutes, during which I also gained courage enough to sneak over to ascertain the cause of it. At length he recovered his utterance:—

"A capital joke," cried he in an ecstasy; "ha! ha! ha! capital, capital; why it's *old Cookey*! She's been walking in her sleep again, I 'spose, ha! ha! ha! Poor soul! she's fainted. Tom! bring over a glass of water and take care of her. And then go down and see what the matter is with Cæsar, the noisy rascal!"

The mystery was now cleared up. The room in which we had betaken ourselves to rest had, for nearly half a century, been occupied by Betty the cook, who had kindly relinquished it for that night in favour of Mr Scroggins and myself, and who, feeling rather uncomfortable, it is presumed, in her new quarters, had taken it into her head to pay us the visit which excited so much alarm. It is hardly necessary to add, that the yells I had heard arose from the dog, which was confined in the lower part of the house, and who had, probably, been essaying a duett with "rude Boreas," or had been scared from his usual decorum by the nasal performance of Mr. Scroggins.

W. A. W.

TWENTY-ONE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

AND thou art TWENTY-ONE! of bliss
I cannot wish thee more than this;
'Tis youth's great holiday, when thought
Begins to scatter lights unsought,
Across the swarthy bigotries
That, mist-like, round rude boyhood rise;
Thou ne'er shalt see a brighter sun
Than that which shines at twenty-one!

Twenty-one.

The ignorance of boyhood—fooled
 And foiled, and spoilt, or harshly ruled—
 Called innocence in lying verse,
 Is half a blessing, quite a curse;
 But seeing part, and that not well,
 It deems life all a miracle;
 Is duped, and dupes itself—undone
 A hundred times by self alone.

Not so, when on the threshold come
 Of manhood—then, no longer dumb,
 The heart's hid spirit finds a voice,
 The judgment wakes to make a choice;
 Nor childhood's folly, age's wit,
 Step in to mar the pleasant fit.
 Oh! merrily life's rivers run,
 Life's pulses play, at twenty-one!

Then bask thine heart in pleasure's ray,
 Nor yet disdain the prudent sway
 Of warning thought, which glides between
 Indifference cold and passion keen;
 Seek love—not blind as love, nor yet
 Seeing in every nook a net;
 The pure heart seek, the false one shun,—
 We love so well at twenty-one!

And grasp the hand of friendship; it
 May staff thee when health, fortune, quit
 Thy hounded steps! Do thou uphold
 A needing friend with presence bold.
 Try him,—but, tried and found sincere,
 Trust him, and love him well and dear;
 Assist him if he foe-ward run,—
 We fight so well at twenty-one!

'Tis a bright age! a season rife
 With all the perfumed leaves of life—
 The mingled yarn of hopes and fears—
 No lack of smiles, no scorn of tears.
 The gen'rous impulse, ready heart,
 Yet loathing cognizance of art;
 And then, o' nights the rich rest won,—
 We sleep so well at twenty-one!

I do remember me when I
 Could be what thou art now! The sigh
 That wails the past is like the dirge
 Of mermaid severed from the surge!
 Yet still smiles, younger than my lips,
 Creep sometimes from beneath th' eclipse
 Of age, as thus, for thee begun,
 I send my rhyme 'bout twenty-one!

MARY FORD.

In a quiet country town, situated in one of the midland English counties, there resided many years ago a surgeon of the name of Ford. He was the only child of a neighbouring farmer, who after educating his son for the profession of medicine, was able to leave him but a small capital, which the young surgeon invested in the purchase of a commodious and pleasant house, well adapted for the exercise of his profession. Early in life Mr. Ford married an intelligent and amiable woman, whose prudence and ability were of essential service to her husband. They had two children, twin daughters, Martha and Mary by name, who received, under the judicious superintendence of their mother, an education well suited to their station in society, fitting them more especially for the duties and pleasures of domestic life. The town of Hawton was not only small, but inconsiderable; yet as it was in the midst of an agricultural district, inhabited by farmers, who were for the most part in thriving circumstances, Mr. Ford had a good practice, and was enabled to support his family in much comfort and respectability. The doctor's little establishment could boast not only a maid servant, but a boy, whose showy livery impressed the good country folks with a high idea of their surgeon's claims to gentility. Mrs. Ford was a person of retired habits, not fond of much visiting; and, in truth, she found sufficient occupation in superintending her household affairs, compounding medicines, keeping her husband's books, and instructing her little girls. Nevertheless, as Mr. Ford was of a social turn of mind, and considered it politic to keep up an extensive acquaintance, she did not hesitate to comply with his wishes in this respect; and her visiting list included most of the respectable inhabitants of Hawton and its vicinity. A happy and prosperous family were the Fords for many years, and then a blight seemed to fall upon their prospects, the cause of which was for a time carefully concealed from public view, though its effects were but too visible in the altered demeanour and habits of the female members of the household. As the daughters grew up, instead of seeking the society suitable to their age and station, they appeared to shrink from notice, and lived in the strictest seclusion; and when after, as long a period as decency would permit, the rites of hospitality were exchanged between the surgeon's family and their neighbours, there was an anxious and careworn expression in the face of the wife, and an uneasy apprehensiveness in the manners of the daughters, which did not fail to excite the comments of their ac-

quaintance. It is true that on such occasions the *doctor* was increasingly gay and convivial; yet his spirits had rather the effect of depressing than encouraging the cheerfulness of his near relatives. After a while, however, it began to be whispered that it was not at *at all* times prudent or even safe to follow the doctor's advice, or swallow his physic; and by degrees the news publicly transpired that the once popular surgeon of Hawton was become a confirmed drunkard. Perhaps this intelligence was the more readily believed, because a young and dashing practitioner had recently settled in the town; and this circumstance doubtless had its share in the declining practice of Mr. Ford, whose resources from this period failed rapidly, whilst disease and increasing wants followed in the train of diminished means. At the time when the twin sisters attained their sixteenth year, the health of the mother gave way, and it was found that for some time she had been suffering from disease of the heart; the too frequent result of great anxiety of mind. Martha, too, had always been a delicate child, and her ailments increased as privations and hardships succeeded to the tender care she had experienced in early life. Yet there was one loving happy spirit, the ministering angel of the falling household, Mary; who, strong in body, possessed that energetic and useful disposition of mind which loves not to dwell with regret upon the past, so much as with hope upon the future. When children, the difference between these sisters was principally in this one characteristic.

- Whilst Martha mourned with all the sincerity of a true penitent over her faults, and bewailed her little misfortunes, Mary's equally tender conscience found relief only in repairing what might still be remedied, and engaging with eagerness in plans of future improvement; and now, when enfeebled by disease and oppressed by care, Martha and her mother indulged in reminiscences of happier days, and in fruitless lamentations concerning their present misfortunes, Mary became the main-spring of their comfort, the stay and prop of their sinking spirits. No sooner had Mr. Ford's intemperate habits become confirmed, than his wife deemed it prudent to dismiss her maid-servant, not wishing to have any indifferent spectator of her husband's vices, and naturally desirous to conceal them as much as possible from the world. Mary then took the place of the household drudge, and in her new occupation found relief from the unavailing sorrow which consumed her mother and sister. With tender solicitude she ministered to the wants of the invalids, and by vigilant and constant watchfulness contrived to acquire sufficient influence over the mind of her poor father to prevent his utterly neglecting the little business that remained to him. Sensible that upon his exertions depended the maintenance of her mother and sister, she submitted to perform the most humiliating services, rather than suffer him to forego

the least pittance which it still remained in his power honourably to earn. She frequently accompanied him on his country excursions, amply compensated for her toil could she but succeed in shielding him from temptation, and bringing him sober to his anxious wife. In cases of emergency, Mary would even submit to go the back way to the public-house—her father's favourite resort—and, assisted by the kind-hearted landlady, induce him to accompany her wherever his services were required.

It is true Mary felt this to be a bitter and degrading office, and she shrank from it with the sensibility natural to a modest young woman; yet the motive which excited to its performance proved powerful enough to conquer her reluctance, when extreme cases rendered it necessary.

After six years' patient endurance of her severe affliction, Mrs. Ford was released from her sufferings by death; and Mary's grief for the loss of her beloved mother was greatly augmented by its effect upon the already sinking frame of Martha, whose decline, from this period, was very rapid. It needed all Mary's habitual fortitude, aided by the consolation of a sound and healthful piety, to bear up under this new trial. The affection between the sisters appeared to acquire new strength, as they felt the time of separation drawing near, and it was but seldom that Mary could tear herself from her sister's bedside, even to perform her self-imposed duty of watching over her misguided father, who, freed from the restraint imposed by his wife's influence, was daily becoming more the victim of the degrading vice to which he had enslaved himself. It was on a cold and cheerless evening at the beginning of February, that Mary, more than usually depressed, sat watching by the bed of her now dying sister, who had, during the day, remained unconscious of the agony of her tender nurse, as she had lain in a sort of stupor from which she had with difficulty been roused to take her medicine. Hour after hour passed slowly away, and still Mary remained alone at her melancholy post—now gazing mournfully upon the death-like features of her sister, and now anxiously looking out into the still and darkened street, eagerly listening to the least noise which gave her faint hope of her father's approach. The hour of ten had just struck, when her quick ear detected the sound of a distant footstep whose unsteady progress made her heart beat quick with emotion. It approached, and passed. It was some other wretched drunkard seeking his miserable home. Mary was roused from her gloomy reverie by Martha, who, in a clear and distinct voice, asked, "Is it our father, Mary?"

"No, dearest," she replied in a whisper, laying her head upon her sister's pillow, which she literally watered with tears wrung from a heart overcharged with bitterness.

"Poor Mary!" said Martha, stroking the cold pale cheek of

her sister, "you have been sorely tried, and have borne the trial nobly. Yes, dear Mary, you have endured with a fortitude which I always admired, but which, alas! I failed to imitate. God will bless and reward you, my sister: for, sad as you now feel, I am sure brighter days are in store for you."

"Never, never," interrupted Mary; "I neither expect nor desire happiness without you."

"Hush, dear Mary: you must not allow poor weak Martha to chide a sister whose conduct has been so long a reproof to her."

"You forget that you were, for years, the nurse and companion of our precious mother, though you were yourself suffering from much weakness."

"Our mother was enfeebled in mind as well as body, or she would have reproved my selfish despondency, which only served to aggravate my disorder and render my condition more unhappy. Ah! I now deeply deplore my error; for it would afford me consolation to feel that, like you, I had not only sympathised in our misfortunes, but done my utmost to alleviate them."

"I am strong in body," returned Mary, humbly; "had I been in your situation, I never could have supported so long and painful an illness with the resignation you have done: but," she added, perceiving that Martha was about to address her again, "you must now remain quiet; you have already talked too much."

"Mary, I must speak. Will you grant me a favour, and fetch our father? Perhaps he is unfit to come alone, and I cannot bear the idea of his remaining out to-night."

"Oh! Martha, in pity do not urge me to leave you," pleaded Mary.

"You will not be long absent; and, indeed, it must not be said that he was fallen so low as to be intoxicated at a public house when his daughter died."

Mary hastily prepared to comply with her sister's request. To hurry down the back street into the inn-yard was but the work of a few minutes. She advanced into the passage. The bar was lighted up, and her father formed one of a group assembled there. That he was in a state of intoxication, the sport and derision of the spectators, Mary perceived at a glance. Regardless of appearances, and, grudging every moment's delay, she went forward, and, seizing her father's hand to arrest his attention, whispered a few words in his ear. The unhappy man attempted to rise, but staggered so much that the feeble efforts made by his daughter to support him proved completely ineffectual. In addition to the unfeeling group of idlers assembled in the bar, there happened to be a stranger who had arrived by the evening coach, and, owing to the lateness of the hour, had determined to spend the night at Hawton. Disgusted with the scenes passing around him,

he had endeavoured to divert his attention by taking up a newspaper; but, on witnessing Mary's distress, he respectfully offered his services in conducting her father home. Mr. Harvy, for such was the name of the stranger, had learned enough, from the conversation he had unwillingly overheard, to form some idea of the surgeon's condition; and the appearance and manners of Mary strengthened his impressions. The offer, kindly made, was gratefully accepted; and the distance being short, they speedily reached the door of Mr. Ford's dwelling.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired Mr. Harvy, breaking silence for the first time since they left the inn.

Mary glanced upwards at her sister's room, and, recollecting her father's helpless state, she begged Mr. Harvy to request his landlady to convey a message to an old and faithful servant who lived near, desiring her immediate attendance. Having received this commission, the stranger took his leave, and the next morning was informed by his hostess that another death had taken place in the *doctor's* family, and Miss Mary was left alone with a father ill-deserving the name. Much did the good woman say in praise of so exemplary a daughter and sister; adding that her conduct was commended by all who knew the circumstances of the family. But the trials of the surgeon's daughter were not yet ended. She was roused from her deep dejection and bitter grief by the sudden and alarming illness of her father, who had caught a severe cold whilst standing, uncovered, by the grave of poor Martha. Enfeebled by a long course of dissipation, he fell a victim to an attack of acute inflammation; and three short weeks had scarcely passed, ere the newly-filled grave was reopened to receive the remains of the unfortunate man whose errors had caused so much misery to an innocent and deserving family. A few weeks more, and Mary had left Hawton—gone, as the rector informed her few friends, to fill a situation as governess, in a large and distant city.

Eighteen months had elapsed since Mary left her native town, and the history of Mr. Ford's delinquencies had become an old story, seldom alluded to by the gossips of the neighbourhood. It happened about this period, that Mr. Fletcher, the good rector of the parish of Hawton, was unusually busy in superintending some repairs which were going on at a superior-looking farmhouse, situated at no great distance from the rectory, and dignified by the appellation of the Grange. One fine morning, whilst thus employed, the rector was accosted by a news-loving lady of his acquaintance.

"So," observed she, "I understand your friend Mr. Harvy has purchased the Grange?"

Mr. Fletcher assented.

"Well, it is a nice little estate. If I do not mistake, he has

had thoughts of settling a long time. He bought the piano and a lady's work-table at Mr. Ford's sale. I recollect remarking to Mrs. Johnstone at the time, he must be engaged."

Mr. Fletcher smiled; but as a smile is no definite reply, the persevering lady resumed.

"Of course, you are bound to keep your friend's secrets—but, time will show."

"True, my dear madam; and as our alterations here are nearly completed, you may not long be kept in suspense."

"I imagine not. Mr. Harvy appears to be a sensible gentlemanly man, and, no doubt, the lady he selects for his wife will prove an acquisition to our little society."

Mr. Fletcher bowed.

"By the bye," continued his interrogator, "have you heard anything lately of the surgeon's daughter, poor Mary Ford?"

At this question, a slight motion of surprise escaped the rector, and he coloured a little, as he replied, "She is well, I believe, and still continues in her situation at——"

"Ah, poor thing! she is greatly to be pitied. You were her father's executor, I believe. Pray, if the question be not impertinent, may I ask if any property remains, after the old man's debts were paid? The house, I know, was mortgaged to its full value, and the sale of furniture and other effects would barely suffice to defray funeral expenses, and so on. I fear she was left destitute."

"Certainly she had not any property," replied the rector coolly.

"Well, as I said before, she is greatly to be pitied. It is a sad thing for a young woman to be left alone in the world, without money or friends."

"It is true that Miss Ford was left without fortune; but friends I presume, she must have so long as *we* are able to appreciate excellence."

"Very true, very true; she was, as you say, an excellent young person. It is on that very account I pity her so much."

"Excuse me, dear madam," said the rector smiling, "if I assure you that to my knowledge Miss Ford is at this time less an object of pity than most of the young women of fortune amongst our acquaintance."

"How so, pray?" inquired the lady.

"The consciousness of having well performed our duty, is ever accompanied by self-respect," observed Mr. Fletcher with seriousness; "and one who is so happy as to possess the approbation of her own heart and the esteem of others, cannot be an object of pity."

"I dare say you are quite right, my dear sir. I wish the young woman well, I am sure, but I must be going. I hope your friend will do the thing handsomely, and send out cards. Could

you not give him a hint to that effect? We need something to enliven us a little in this quiet place. Good morning."

And the lady departed to communicate the intelligence that to her certain knowledge Mr. Harvy was about to be married, and judging from the goings on at the Grange, the bride elect was a person of property and consequence. Shortly after this adventure, not merely this inquisitive lady, but most of her friends and acquaintance, received an intimation in the shape of very pretty cards, that there was in existence a Mrs. Harvy, who would be at home at the Grange on the following Monday and Tuesday. There was much talking, wondering, and guessing; but as the Grange was some distance from the public road, there was no peeping, and consequently no alternative but to wait until Sunday morning, when the early attendance of the congregation at church was quite edifying. Thither repaired our curious acquaintance, accompanied by her children, who underwent a small persecution in the shape of jostling, pulling, and dragging, intended to impress upon their tender minds the duty of punctuality as connected with divine worship. Unhappily this exemplary church-goer was near-sighted, and the bridal party, instead of occupying the pew belonging to the Grange, which was just opposite her own, were already seated in the one belonging to the clergyman, between which and the lady's there intervened one of those huge pillars common in country churches, so fatal to *laudable* curiosity. In vain did she peep, try a slight change of position, and strain her spectacled eyes; nothing could she distinguish save Mr. Harvy and the corner of a white veil. At last the service concluded, and the bridal party retired through the vestry. On leaving the church, they were observed crossing the burial ground in an opposite direction to the road which led from the town. They stopped—yes, certainly, they stood by—could it be the surgeon's grave? With hasty steps did our observant friend follow the fast retreating congregation; she overtook a party of her acquaintances, and inquired—

"Did you observe them stop to look at the Fords' burying-place? Very odd, is it not?"

"No," returned one of the party drily, "I don't think it odd at all."

"I really believe Mrs. Sharples does not know who the bride is," observed another.

"No, indeed. How should I—?"

"Dear," exclaimed a very young lady, laughing, "how very singular that Mrs. Sharples, who generally knows all the news, should be the last to discover that the bride is Mary Ford."

"Mary Ford," shrieked the astonished Mrs. Sharples. "Bless me, wonders will never cease! Mr. Fletcher might well say she was not to be pitied; but as I told him, I wish her well, I'm sure."

Dear me, the surgeon's daughter the mistress of the Grange! I shall certainly call upon her to-morrow; she was always a deserving person, but that Mary Ford should turn out to be Mrs. Harvy almost exceeds my belief!"

It has been said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and in most cases this will be found true. Mary Ford never forgot in her prosperity the lessons learnt in adversity. Not only could she rejoice with those who rejoice, but weep with those who weep; and her hand was as ready to relieve, as her heart to sympathise in the sufferings of others: whilst her own early struggles and the habits of self-denial and *self-helpfulness* which the situation in which she had been placed had formed and fostered, rendered her as admirable in the discharge of her duties as a wife and mother as she had been in those of a daughter and sister.

M. S.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

He comes with a spell soothing, voiceless, and deep,
He comes, gently gliding, the Spirit of Sleep;
Around him a soft healing quiet he flings—
There is peace in his touch, there is balm on his wings.
He enters the dwelling of sickness and gloom,
And comfort is breath'd through the close-curtain'd room.
The weary ones cease their sad vigils to keep,
And the sufferer yields to the Spirit of Sleep.

To the sands of the parch'd burning desert he flies,
And seals in sweet slumber the wayfarer's eyes;
He speeds where the wild waves roll foaming and fast,
And the seaman is lulled by the sound of the blast;
He cheers the worn miner in earth's hidden cave;
He lightens the fetters that cling round the slave;
He loves human woes in oblivion to steep;
Oh! kind is the sway of the Spirit of Sleep.

"And he leads his glad subjects in beautiful dreams
To the green rushy margin of murmuring streams,
To fresh breezy mountains, to glens of wild flowers,
To the home and the kindred of childhood's blest hours.
The worldling, long busy in Mammon's wide mart,
Renews, in these visions, his freshness of heart;
And welcomes soft memories, fervent and deep,
Drawn forth from their cell by the Spirit of Sleep."

"O Mother! this treacherous Spirit, I fear,
Not always is friendly, not always is dear.
How well I remember the bright summer day
When our neighbour's fair boy fell asleep in his play;
He sank on the earth with one faint heavy sigh,
Then mute were his lips, dim and glazed was his eye;
And all gather'd round him to wail and to weep,
Deploring the sway of the Spirit of Sleep."

"That Spirit, love, wore not the calm poppy wreath;
That dark fearful guest was the Spirit of Death.
All quail at his presence, all shrink from his power;
He rules in the palace, the cottage, the bower;
He strikes the fond lover while pleading his truth;
He smites the fair maid in the pride of her youth;
He lays the sweet infant the green sod beneath—
None, none may resist the dire Spirit of Death!

"In this still fragrant grove we may yield to his blow,
Or may gaze, ere the night, on our lov'd ones laid low;
From the Spirit of Sleep we have seen them arise,
With bloom on their cheeks, and with light in their eyes.
But pale is the aspect, and hushed is the tone
Of those whom the Spoiler has marked for his own;
Nor summer's warm sunshine, nor spring's fragrant breath,
Can break the cold spell of the Spirit of Death!"

"Oh! mother! how awful this Spirit must be,
How I dread lest his glance should be fixed upon me!"
"Not so, love; he bears to a blissful abode
The humble believers who trust in their God.
He smites them, but soon the sharp struggle is o'er,
Then leads them where trouble can harm them no more.
They gaze from the skies on the sad earth beneath,
And owe their bright home to the Spirit of Death."

"The Spirit of Sleep a brief solace bestows,
Then gives thee again to the world and its woes.
But foes may not injure, nor trial molest,
The children of God in the realms of the blest.
Oh! live, dearest boy, in religion's calm ways,
Devote to thy Saviour the morn of thy days;
And the thought of his mercy shall soothe thy last breath,
And conquer the pangs of the Spirit of Death!"

CLARA VERNEY.

A TALE.

My parents, I believe, inherited nothing but an honest name, and a pretty little cottage, with its acre of land, in a small village in the south of Ireland, where I was born. The infancy and childhood of the poor are, unfortunately, too much alike; cruel oppression and want often attend their advent to a life of woe, and cling firm as the ivy round their path in after years.

When seven years old I was sent to the village school, and there first met Morgan O'Neil, just eighteen months my elder, and a poor friendless orphan. His mother died in giving him birth, and father he had none to call him child, although the seducer of his mother regularly paid a small pittance to an old woman in the parish for his support; and she had placed him, ill-clad and ill-fed, at this school, to save herself some trouble, and to enable her the better to make a little profit out of the allowance of the poor boy's parent, who had never seen his son.

What a host of melancholy thoughts have since rushed through my brain when I have looked on his handsome and noble face! a man without a name; degraded from the moment he breathed the breath of life; not recognized by the law or the world's law (which visits on the helpless babe and ensnared but often truly loving and faithful mother the sins of the base villain who has been the cause of all their wretchedness); wherever he turns, the hand-writing on the wall proclaims him a *bastard*!

From the day we met we became friends—such friends as children and school-mates are; we were companions in every sport, and our lessons were never so well said as when we learnt them side by side, strolling along the village walks, or sitting in my father's little arbour; for Morgan soon became my visitor, and many a hearty meal has the then famished child received in our humble cottage.

Years flew by, and I was fast changing from the playful and romping girl to

“A woman newly ripened.”

We met less frequently; he became an apprentice to a country cobbler, (the meanest occupation is always chosen for the unfortunate offspring of the licentious passions of the rich), and I worked with my mother to eke out a scanty subsistence. Still, in the summer evenings, from a sympathy of tastes, or by accident, perhaps, we not uncommonly walked the same road, and

together admired the same wild scenery. Then we were happy. He had never spoken of love—such love as woman is anxious to reciprocate, yet fears to have declared; but we each well knew our hearts were united by a tie which forms and ceremonies may render legal, but can never strengthen or make more holy. Then, when the Sabbath came round, and the week's toil was over, we met in God's own house; and after thanking him for our spared lives, and all his heavenly goodness, went forth to admire our Maker in his works, and to pass the day he has set apart for our rest in the innocent recreation such an appointment manifestly recognizes. How I looked forward to Sunday! None but the poor, who earn their daily bread by hard work, can tell with what delight the Sabbath day is hailed by millions. It is almost the only mark which divides and distinguishes us from the brutes which perish; and yet, this last remaining privilege is sought to be abridged, if not entirely cut off, by the evangelical reformers, who, not content with distorting their own features, and crushing the intellect Heaven has bestowed upon them, with all indignity will impiously strive to convert the poor man's day of relaxation and enjoyment into a time of fasting and restraint. Out upon these sleek hypocrites! May God judge them with more mercy than they now will grant their fellow-men.

One night when we met, Morgan's face betrayed an anxious care, and a deep misery I shuddered to look on. He gazed earnestly at me, but never spoke. Alas! his countenance was a too true index to his feelings.

The sky was clear and bright; not a cloud obstructed the progress of the Queen of night towards her heavenly throne; all around was still, and deliciously quiet. I looked up to the starry sky, and, for a moment, all earthly care had ceased. Morgan took my hand, the tears were, almost unknown to myself, creeping down my cheeks, and when aroused by his touch, and I looked at him once more, all was over; with one passionate burst of grief I fell into his arms, and in hysterical sobs lost for awhile all sense of existence. Gradually animation returned, and in the first moments of re-awakening life the burning words of passion, of love, of hope, were poured into my ears. One more happy burst of tears, and our lips sealed an engagement nor time nor circumstance can change.

I was not long in discovering the cause of my lover's dejection. The pride of birth could not brook the insult and the contumely which assailed him every day, and, reckless of the consequences, he had left his home, and stood alone in the wide world an exile from commiseration. Sad, indeed, was his lot; the orphan of the beggar will never want—charity will keep his blood warm and feed his empty stomach; but for *him*, what

hope remained, what redress but death! From the womb he was stamped with ignominy; as a babe he was cradled in shame and sorrow, and only grew a man to feel more acutely the misery he could not escape. Still, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and after a little thought Morgan determined to enlist as a soldier. I heard the resolve with a fearful foreboding, and yet knew it was his only course. Could we part? I paused but a moment, and then, hanging round his neck in all the fresh joy of requited love, I promised—what he was afraid to ask—that I would be his companion and wife. The last ray of the moon was disappearing, and dark clouds were gathering around. Can the revolving sky reveal the secrets of the *future*, or give to man a warning of his *fate*?

Evil tidings ever travel swiftest, and the too true report soon reached me that my lover had entered the king's service, and was already marching to the next town. I will not try to tell what I felt; if every word which can express the woe of woman was condensed into one brief syllable, it should not pass my lips; so miserably weak would be the likeness to the original. Such sorrow cannot be depicted; it

"Ploughs deep furrows in the cheek of beauty,"

and leaves its wretched victim the ghost of what she was—a living monument of man's dishonesty, standing forth in bold relief to warn and guide the unwary.

The breath of time dried up my tears, but my heart still bled, my cheeks were blanched, the freshness of youth was gone, and all hope well nigh vanished; when one long evening as I sat at the casement of our cottage, listlessly watching the return of my father and mother from a wake in the village, I fancied that I heard a step near, and in another minute a rustling in the shrubs convinced me some intruder was at hand; and rising from the bench I was hastily closing the window, when I heard my name rather whispered than spoken aloud, but in the softest accents of that voice there was something too familiar to escape detection. Could it be possible? But before I had time for conjecture, my own dear Morgan stood before me. Neither spoke; we were too full of joy, too rich in the enjoyment of the moment to permit a thought of past or future to check the pent-up stream of youth's first love. We could not spare one word to purify the air, or waft the perfume of the heart's pure incense back to its native heaven.

At length broken and hurried sentences told the sad story. My father had refused to allow our marriage, and Morgan did not dare to trust himself with me after all hope was extinguished, but immediately joined other recruits marching for the depôt in England. Many of his comrades were light-hearted and gay, more still happy in the anticipation of the future. Not

so Morgan; silent, even to moroseness, it must be supposed few long tried to gain his friendship; and, sick at heart, and disgusted with all around him, he jumped to the only resource (bad and useless as it is) which is allowed to the poor when ruined. Dram succeeding dram drowned all reason; but then it shut the door on the past; and to think of that past—thickly studded as it was with recollections of love requited and destroyed, life and rising spirit all blasted in the summer of existence—could not but conjure up a hell of fearful visions, seen, perhaps, through a long vista of many changes, and some not near, but still too surely terminating in madness—*insanity!*

Let the most rigorous disciple of the pious Mathew pause a moment ere he condemns the thus endeavouring to stifle “thickcoming fancies” of a distempered brain.

Philosophy sounds well from the pulpit; is admirable in the abstract, and may be the panacea for a multitude of evils; but it “cannot minister to a mind diseased,” or heal the broken heart; nought but the hand of God, the influence of true religion, can avail in such a strait. Morgan has often told me since, that the temptation to terminate his weary existence by his own hand, was at this time constantly recurring and with difficulty resisted.

Is it not a strange delusion which prompts man to self-destruction? which prompts him, unsummoned, to rush before Heaven’s high tribunal, the gory stains on his hands giving damning evidence of his guilt; his own blood calling for the Eternal’s judgment on his soul. What nice distinctions does the world draw on this subject! What strict laws she has been at much pains to lay down for the guidance of the suicide in his horrid deed! The man whose every hope has been ruthlessly nipped in the bud; who mourns a wife or daughter violated; a once happy and cheerful fireside converted into hellish reminiscences; and sees crowding around him on every side nought but demon spectres chuckling over his present anguish, and proclaiming themselves the heralds of torments still to come;—such a man may, in a moment, cut short the thread of life, determined rather to hazard everlasting bliss than longer submit to earthly misery. But it will depend on the humanity of a jury, whether blessed by the rites of Christian burial the soulless body shall seek its native earth, or lie unmourned in some lone spot unhallowed by human ordinance. Not so with the bold perpetrator of some dark deed, who, having wickedly “earned a deep damnation,” when stung by the ever-speaking but still voice of conscience, will, in the fury of despair, rush to the front of the battle, embracing death, and, by the world’s decree, writing his own epitaph on the annals of fame.

But I must hurry on with my story. In one half-hour after we met, I was walking away by his side an exile from my home,

with no friend but a man whose crime proclaimed him an outlaw. The grass was that night our couch; the heavens drew their curtains round us, and God from on high watched over our slumbers. Happy is the rest of the innocent, happy indeed the repose of those who can look beyond the world's cares and strife to heaven as a final resting-place. Who would not prefer a cold bare door-step, with a tranquil conscience, to a bed of down and an aching heart? Our sleep was sweet; for, although trouble and sorrow encompassed our path, love threw its light before and guided us forward. Yet we were both, in universal estimation, criminals; *he* had quitted his duty, was amenable to his country's laws; and *I* had left my parents, and forfeited all right again to claim their protection. But is there no claim, no tie on mankind superior to these conventional rules of right and wrong? Is nature to submit to the dictates of cold regulations, or fly, on her own warm impulses, an aerial spirit of good in a world of sin? Give me the unshackled freedom of natural ideas, uncorrupted by evil connections or bad education; let us rather regard our own feelings, than the code by which our compeers are willing to be guided. *Read*—and He who has given the words of inspiration for our benefit and control, will not allow us to err in our conclusions if we sincerely ask his assistance.

As soon as it was possible to do so, we were married, and slowly pursued our way towards a distant part of the country, subsisting on the charity and hospitality of a free, warm-hearted people; for, whatever have been the misfortunes of Ireland, however low she may have sunk in the scale of nations, she is still most conspicuous in these Christian virtues, and her honest, frank peasantry she may well be proud of.

We struggled through every difficulty; my husband too much occupied with me, too full of love to let either poverty or any apprehensions for his safety interfere with our happiness in each other; and the holy name of wife had given to my decreasing strength fresh energy. Thus we travelled on until we reached the little village where, I scarce know why, we had agreed to rest, and seek to live by the exertion of our hands. Morgan, young and active, was not long before he obtained very good employment. We earned a subsistence, and required not more; we enjoyed riches in ourselves to which those clad in purple and fine gold are often strangers. What visions of hope then dazzled us! and, alas! how cruelly have we been deceived!

The clergyman of the parish was Morgan's master. He was a man considerably past the middle age, and was married to a very beautiful young lady, who, with her two little children, not unfrequently visited our poor hut, and, by her feeling generosity, often added much to our comforts. The first time I saw her husband I hated him; in his presence my blood was chilled with

fear. I know not whether such hasty impressions may gradually become a settled conviction, or if there be a feeling wisely implanted within, to warn us even from the approach of danger, and which every day cries out more loudly to beware. However, the rector was my aversion, and my husband sought in vain to combat with what he called my prejudices. I shrunk from his approach, and shunned his presence when possible, but this I was seldom able to do ; for, under the pretence of pastoral visits, and with the Bible as a cloak for his schemes, I soon discovered that he sought to corrupt my mind and undermine my virtue. And so specious was his reasoning, and so apparently honest and holy his motives, that I was almost convinced against conviction that I had suspected without cause, and condemned hastily and unjustly a good man and God's minister. But the veil was speedily to be removed from my eyes ; his own wife warned me of my danger ! She told me her own sad story ; how that she, the daughter of an English peer, had been deceived into marriage with this man, who, the moment he had thus secured her fortune, forgot his vows, added cruelty to infidelity, and even attempted to sell his wife's honour to a licentious patron, as the price of church preferment !

Such a concatenation of crime is horrible, even in contemplation ; but how awfully appalling in the reality ! A servant of the Most High, sworn to preach religion and inculcate morality, breaking his oath, and himself inciting to sin ; making the very office to which he has been ordained his passport to debauchery, and the inspired volume a foundation for his infernal sophistry ; prostituting the sacraments and altars of his church to the vilest of purposes, and heaping full to the brim the noisome compound of atrocity, which will, in the end, ignite the eternal fires to devour his miserable soul.

My persecutor, finding that I was proof against all his insidious arts, and that my virtue would not be surrendered to his fascinations, threw off the mask, and openly assailed me with menace and threat. He told me that my husband had confided his secret to him, and that my chastity must be the price of his silence ; dared I refuse, a prison should that very night close on the man I most loved, and, destitute and unfriended, he would compel me to satisfy his lusts, and then throw me on the world a debased and miserable outcast. Bred up, from my earliest childhood, in the principles of a religion which inculcates the strictest morality, and in a country where the marriage bed is guarded by the honour of brave men and the fidelity of honest women, I shuddered at his very words. Taught from infancy to regard the priesthood as examples of all that is good and pure, as servants of our Saviour, I could scarcely believe I heard aright the bold bad words which this man had uttered ; and, falling on my knees

before him, I prayed, in all the earnestness of terror, for mercy—for protection. But in vain; the hot blood of passion was now even more strong than his former base intentions, and, rushing on me with brutal force, might have succeeded where sophistry had failed; but the door quickly opened, and the injured wife confronted her recreant husband! Villains are always cowards, and, dashing me from him with a fearful imprecation, he rushed away from the presence of the beautiful creature, who now regarded him with that scorn and contempt one in her situation must ever feel. I can tell no more: everything swam before me, and my eyes closed. * * *

Some weeks after this I began slowly to recover from a fever which had dreadfully shaken my frame, and, for a time, destroyed my reason. Would to God that I had never risen from that bed!

It was night when I awoke from a long sleep, with sense restored; I was alone in the darkened chamber, and the rays of the declining moon were but dimly visible through the curtains. An involuntary shudder all at once came over me; I felt as if the damp air of the grave was gathering around; my eyes were fixed and distended, and yet gazing on vacancy. Everything was so still, it seemed as if the last few moments were passing before the clarion of heaven would summon all to judgment. Suddenly the midnight bell rang out the hour, and, with one loud shriek, I leaped from the bed and fell heavily on the floor. I cannot describe the feeling of that moment; it could only be the association of an instant with the disencumbered soul of him I loved—the last embrace ere he crossed the threshold of eternity.

Need I tell more! My husband had been seized and brought to trial as a deserter by the information of the wretch who had vowed that this should be the penalty of my resistance of his foul lust. Condemnation and degrading punishment were certain; and Morgan, who would have faced every danger with courage, recoiled at the bare idea of the torturing lash, and sought a sure release from life in an attempt to escape from his cell. He fell by the fire of the guard, as the clock struck twelve, on the very night I awoke!

I have done. The fiend who thus destroyed my every hope has gone to answer for his crimes, and receive his punishment; his poor wife had long before, broken-hearted, sunk under his increasing cruelty and neglect; and, as his eyes were fast closing to all of earth, he learnt that the poor man he had so heartlessly hurried to an untimely end was his own son! the offspring of his guilt.

This world's pomp and luxury followed the apostate priest to his last bourn, and the loud *Te Deum* was chanted over the gilded tomb; but the virtuous and good will gain their reward where the mighty Judge of all the earth is "*no respecter of persons.*"

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

"There is among the Irish an old, but, to me, very beautiful superstition, namely, that when an infant smiles in its sleep, angels are conversing with it."—Travels in Ireland.

SLEEP on, my beautiful !
Shroud the blue heaven of that laughing eye ;
Bid the dark fringes that in fond embrace
Press o'er the mantling cheek, droop heavily,
Sleep on, my child !

Thou'rt 'mid the spirit land !
See, by thy childhood's happy dreams beguiled,
The full lips part in their own sunny arch ;
Angels are whispering to thee, my child,
Sleep on, sleep on !

Again thou smilest, sweet,
See the small fingers close in eager grasp,
While the bright flushing deepens on thy brow,
As though thou would'st some fairy gift enclasp,
Wake not, my child !

What is't my golden hair'd ?
Send they glad music on the gushing breeze ?
Waft they sweet odours from the sun-stor'd founts
That crown'd the waving tops of Eden's trees ?
Rest thee, mine own !

What seest thou, fairest ?
Come they in floods of golden light, my boy,
That thy clear arching brow expands as though
The slumber-shrouded eye looked forth in joy ?
Be still, be still !

What tell their whispers low ?
Speak they of fadeless flowers, of suns whose rays,
Fed from eternal founts, flow on in one
Bright, ceaseless course of still unchanging days,
My beautiful ?

Or speak they not, mine own ?
But have they led thee 'mid the spirit throng ?
And seest thou *her*, the fairy child, who went
Before thee, and for aye, those scenes among ?
O wake not, then !

Perchance they smile, beloved !
And pour upon thine eager, outstretched ear
Sweet words of love, glad promise of the watch
That they, untiring, keep beside thee here.
Sleep on, fair child !

Rest in thine innocence !
Too soon thou'lt wake unto the woes of life,
Th' undying consciousness of pain and sin,
And the fierce workings of the world's wild strife !
Sleep on, then, sleep !
A. C.

PHELM DOOLAN, THE RIOTER.¹

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

THE storm, which we have already hinted as gathering its latent powers slowly, but surely in the dark clouds that hung to windward, had, long before this burst over the heads of our adventurers, who were, however, too busily occupied with the more pressing affairs they had in hand, to waste much conjecture as to the effects it might have upon their future course and actions. Monsieur Jean Guiscard, the worthy commander of the beautiful Little Fleur de Marie, was walking along the road they had already traversed but an hour before, on disembarking, on their way to Dramcalque, in company with his equally worthy first lieutenant, between whom and himself a very snug disquisition was being carried on, touching the probable amount of profit that would accrue to their individual selves from the deed of murder and rapine they had been engaged in; but as both talked very fast and very low, and eked out their meaning with a great many shrugs of the shoulders, and as their French patois was quite as imperfect as our own we do not think it worth while to record their conversation, particularly as it only related to vile money-matters, but prefer to take up the narration at the only point to which all true novelists should confine themselves, wherein the hero, or heroine, as the case may be, is concerned.

Phelim Doolan was walking in the rear of the car on which poor Rose Butler lay, more dead than alive, and almost unconscious of the sad fate that awaited her; he did not speak to any of his comrades, except when they progressed more slowly than he conceived the nature of their errand required, and rarely quitted the position he had thus, from the first moment of their flight taken up, except to loiter until the rude, clumsy cart came up, in which a couple of the pirates rode along with Charles Beauvais, who still feigned insensibility, received these visits of his bitterest foe with an indifference that required all his self-possession and command of temper to assume.

The rain began to fall in torrents, by the time they reached "the ould jontilman," and Monsieur Guiscard, with all the hardihood of a man long enured to danger, proposed that they should remain there until the weather cleared up a little; his associate, however, would not listen to such a proposition, and pointed out, in such glowing terms, the risk this delay would put them too, that the little skipper was forced, sadly against his will, to turn his back upon the coveted sanctuary, and with many a loud-muttered "sacre," face the storm which blew right in the front of his party; who, finding there was no help for it mended their pace, and, within an hour, gained the cliffs that overhung the little cove at which they had disembarked, and where they expected the boat would be in waiting to convey them on board again.

Here they drew up, and whilst the rest of the party were engaged in

¹ Concluded from page 126, vol. CLXI.

lifting Rose Butler and the young Frenchman from the cars, and carrying them down the rocky and dangerous declivity that ran down to the cove, Phelim Doolan lingered behind to catch a glimpse of the graceful *Fleur de Marie*, which he expected would be lying at anchor within half a mile of the shore. In this, however, he was disappointed, for although the darkness was, from time to time, relieved by a long zig-zag flash of lightning, that lit up, for a moment, the hissing and seething cauldron that rolled beneath, yet so short was the time this opportunity afforded him, that his eye, unpractised in discovering so small a craft on the wide waste of waters before him, failed in its object, and the party below hailing him to descend, he left his position, and on rejoining them found all his companions, with the exception of Jean Guiscard and the lieutenant Couthen, already seated in the boat.

"By Saint Dennis, Monsieur Le Diable, we had almost pushed off without you," cried the little skipper, as soon as he appeared—"prithes what kept you shivering up yonder on the headland, after myself and the rest of our friends had got down?"

"I wanted to see '*La Fleur de Marie*,' if possible, Monsieur," rejoined the rioter, impatiently.

"The more fool you—she is hid from view by yon huge cluster of rocks to leeward, friend," retorted Guiscard, contemptuously—"but jump in, jump in, man—it is time we were off, if we wished to get aboard with a dry skin before midnight."

"And that will hardly be done, in my mind, captain," croaked the French lieutenant, as he stumped away after his superior and the rioter, "the clouds scud away at the rate of fifty knots an hour, and the rain comes down as if it tried to cheat the salt water of its due in ducking us—ay, flash away and growl your souls out," added he, with sullen fierceness, as a broad vivid flash of lightning streamed over their heads, followed by a rattling peal of thunder that seemed to leap from wave to wave, so startling was the reverberation the rolling waves flung back. "I've weathered many a storm in my time, *Le Diable*, and many a black one, too, but this night's brewing bodes worse than the worst of them."

"Bah! Jacques, you're a sorry comforter, and want that yellow lanky carcase of thine to get a damned good hiding to cheer you up again," retorted the little skipper, as he threw himself into the stern.

"*Le Diable* has too much of the dare-devil in him to care for such forebodings—take an oar, man, and leave such croakings to old women—look alive, man, and row steadily over the breakers—did you order a lantern to be hung out of the mizen shrouds, Fouché?"

"Yes, or we'd have little hope of finding our little craft on such a night as this," rejoined the sailor, turning his quid as he spoke—"it's so dark we can scarcely see ten yards ahead, and, to my mind, Couthen only speaks the truth—and we'll be lucky if we get aboard before our fate is sealed on yon reefs."

"Peace, prater, and look to your oar," broke in the pirate, in a voice of thunder. "By Saint Dennis, it is time to cut one's throat, or turn highwayman, when every ill-spewed son of a monkey thinks himself able to teach his betters, this way—thou'rt an old man, Fouché, and

hast seen much—but all thy grey hairs have not taught thee to hold thy tongue, I find."

The old seaman turned his quid again, and muttered something under his breath; whilst the lieutenant rejoined—"Croak, or no croak, captain, a man has a right to speak his mind; and, even if *Le Diable* be the very devil himself, he'll have need of all his devilry to keep himself afloat till morning—look there! I've seen the lightning skim along the foam before in that manner, and I've never seen it do so—but the ship I was in lay like a log on the waters, before morning. There was once off *Tangier*—we were lying at anchor—the sea was as calm and still as glass—we had just piped down to supper, but before we could run down from deck the flashes began to dance about just as they did five minutes ago. A lot of us youngers stayed behind the rest to look at them, for we had never seen such before—but, as true as I'm speaking at this moment, before ten minutes were over, the sky was entirely overcast, the thunder began to rattle, the sea rose up like magic, as black as midnight, and before we could reef a single sail, or tighten a mizen-sheet, the storm was upon us, and then a crash and a lurch told us that the fore-mast, bow-lines, shrouds and all, down to the bunt-lines, were over the side, and that our ship had struck a leak on her beam-ends—that was but a beginning, and a fit one for such a tragedy, for before morning, out of fifty souls that manned her but the day before, none but the cook and myself, with the captain's dog, lived till daylight—and the crazy old boat we left the ship in nearly swamped when we got among the breakers on a lee shore."

"Port a-head, my lads," cried the little skipper at this juncture. "There's something twinkling to windward if my eyes don't deceive me, and it can be nothing but our own brig lying-to. Board your oars—now row as fast as you can, for there's an under current running, and if we don't mind we shall be carried out to sea before we know where we are; and for all thy croaking, Jacques, I'd rather be snug asleep in my own hammock aboard our little *Fleur de Marie* than in such a pickle."

"There'll be little enough sleep for any one to night," said the lieutenant, with a solemnity that had its due effect upon his auditors.

"*Le Diable* thinks differently," retorted Jean Guiscard, turning to the rioter who had been sitting listening in silence to all that had been said. "In my mind it's but sorry pay after such a night to lose one's sleep, and especially when one has run off with such a bed fellow as our friend has. Give us your thoughts, Monsieur, about the storm Couthon so indefatigably invokes upon our devoted heads."

"It is welcome to come," rejoined the rioter sternly.

The little skipper laughed, though it was not at *Le Diable's* clouded brow or hasty speech; but as they were now within a few oars' length of the *Fleur de Marie*, the propinquity of which made their own danger the more imminent, all conversation was for the present suspended, and the attention of *Le Diable* and himself was wholly taken up in the preparations incidental to the safe hauling on board of *Rose Butler* and the young Frenchman, whom Jean Guiscard had already doomed to be enrolled amongst his crew, to fill up the place of a poor wretch who had been washed overboard a fortnight previous.

As soon as the boat had been run alongside, a couple of the men were ordered on board to assist the two men who had been left in charge of the brig, and a rude kind of couch being lowered, Rose, half dead with terror and fatigue, was tied in it and hoisted on board. The same ceremony was then gone through with Charles Beauvais; and the rest of the pirates having got up the side, the boat was lashed astern, Rose and Beauvais were carried down below, the watch was set, the captain and lieutenant, with Phelim Doolan, retired to the former's cabin, where their wet clothes were exchanged for dry ones. A hasty meal, to which we are at a loss to give a name, was despatched, and the brandy and the kettle were called into demand—for the captain, in spite of his lieutenant's forebodings, thought little of the storm, and was resolved to finish the night's adventures with a debauch.

Now it will naturally be supposed that as the lieutenant in his own mind was quite aware of what was about to happen, that he would at any rate have remained in a sober state, to avert, if possible, the fate that menaced the whole crew; but so far from doing this, no sooner were the bottles placed on the table, than he banished, without an effort, all fears for the future from his mind, and applied himself so lustily to the tempter that in a very short time he was half seas over, and giving loose to his tongue, sung, shouted, harangued, and disputed so incessantly, that had any one heard all the noise he made without being actually aware of its origin, he would certainly have fancied a dozen men instead of one, were kicking up the disturbance.

Yet all this clatter did not prevent the worthy one-armed lieutenant from drinking and smoking as merrily as even Captain Guiscard himself could wish; and as the two associates were rivals on this head, they soon became so engrossed in the struggle, as totally to overlook the fact that they had a companion in their debauch, who neither drank nor talked the fiftieth part that they did, and was still as sober and collected as ever.

The rioter's nature seemed to have changed since the night when he had first invaded the hospitality of Patrick Butler at Fairy Lawn; from being a wild, reckless, frolicsome, and merry-hearted fellow, he had become morose, stern, and unyielding in temper, and when the mood was on him was little better than a savage. A deep-rooted pride, too, that had long slumbered in his breast, had now exerted its sway over his heart, and now when he found his innocent victim in his power, so far from indulging in the wild unlicensed mirth that usurped the place of reason in his companions, he sate between the oddly-assorted pair sullen and reserved, without paying much attention either to the conversation or to the progress of the storm which fitfully and wild broke at times with hollow murmurs upon the ears of the little party, putting to rout for a moment the noisy chatter of Couthon or the scarcely less unseemly laughter of Monsieur Guiscard, who, pipe in hand, was toasting his beautiful little craft the *Fleur de Marie* in a bumper, which would pretty nearly complete his doom for the night by laying him on his back under the table.

"She's as dainty a bark as ever skimmed the seas, Jacques," cried the merry little skipper, striving to balance himself on one elbow and speak coherently; "top-sails, jib-boom, misen-masts and all so trim

—by Saint Dennis, an' a beggarly English man-of-war were to come in our way, I would show you how we—hiccup! would rake her out. I never told you of the contest we had with a rascally Dutchman in the year five—?”

“Never,” rejoined the lieutenant, as he primed his glass.

“Listen then—Give *Le Diable* a poke too, for he must not lose my story;” and the jolly little skipper taking a pretty long pull of his favourite tippie, raised himself on his elbow again, and clearing his voice, was about to begin, when unfortunately for his auditors and the world at large, the privateer was driven by the angry waves into a deep trough, which made the whole ship give such a violent lurch that every soul on board, drunk or sober, was startled from his orgies; and as every one at once fancied the storm was about to break out in all its fury, confusion and dismay took the place of debauch and revelry, driving those who had the power of using their legs upon deck, and condemning those who had not to quiet their minds with the anticipation of the dreadful fate that probably waited them.

Matters in the skipper's cabin at any rate looked rather tragical. Jean Guiscard was lying under the table, thundering out oaths, yells, and groans, as fear or terror got the better of him. He was very badly hurt in the first place, for the form he had been lying on being very narrow, the lurch of the ship took him so by surprise that he fell over, form and all, with his tumbler in his hand, thereby getting himself bruised with the one and cut on the forehead with the other; whilst the kettle being at that moment on the table, was flung over too, and now seemed to have no other part to fulfil but to pour its scalding contents over the little skipper's bleeding face, thereby following up the doctrine of the worthy Dr. Sangrado in the veritable adventures of *Gil Blas*.

Whatever faith Dr. Sangrado's doctrine might enjoy in the mind of its discoverer, it had but little in that of our little skipper, who being so jammed in between the table and the form, as to be incapable of moving hand or foot, roared out most lustily for help, thereby imbibing a pretty large modicum of the scalding element much against his own will; and as Jacques Couthon really liked his commander, he, with the assistance of Phelim Doolan rescued the unfortunate wretch from the strait he was in, and having made him swallow a large dose of brandy to do away with the ill effects of the rival element, then set him up in a chair before the fire to dry, whilst he himself concocted a plaster for the wounded face, which he prepared and applied with decent skill, having been brought up to the mysteries of chirurgery, which he had abandoned many years before to adopt that in which we now find him, and which was better suited to his lawless disposition and roving habits.

He was still thus engaged, when the old seaman whom we have already recorded as adopting Couthon's forebodings of a storm, poked his weather-beaten face into the cabin, as if he wished to speak with some one.

“Well, Fouché, what d'ye want?” demanded the captain, who, from the position in which he sat, was the only one of the party that saw him.

"By Iago ! Captain Guiscard, it's coming," blurted out the old pirate.

"Coming ? what's coming, fool ? "

"The storm. We can scarcely keep her head before the wind, it blows so hard every way. I don't think we'll be able to weather the shore. I've had the top-gallant-yards struck, and want to know if the weather-braces should be pulled in taut."

"There must be some rake-helly work going on above, Jacques, when Fouché has done this," muttered the skipper, glancing towards him. "Go up, and take the ship till I can come ; there's going to be a storm, after all ; but we'll be ready for it, my lad. Go up, and I'll follow in a few moments."

The lieutenant went up along with the old seaman and the rioter, who, on his first gaining the deck, had great difficulty to prevent himself being rolled down among the lee-scuppers by the rolling of the vessel, which, in his eyes, seemed to be sadly battered and half wrecked already. Not an inch of canvass filled the sheets ; the fore-topmast had been half swept away, and its wreck now loomed, dark and lowering, over the ruin that seemed to reign beneath. The pirates stood in groups of two or three, surveying, in grim silence, the work of desolation and destruction that was going on around them. The moon had partially broke through the dense clouds that had heretofore concealed her, and, though still enveloped in mist, served but to render visible the wild rebellious waste that threatened, at every moment, to engulf them.

"All hands astern !" shouted the hoarse voice of the lieutenant, as that worthy sprang to the poop. "Cheerily, lads ! put her head to sea, Fouché ; pull in the weather-braces—there—yare ! yare ! now she is going steadily."

"The wind will chop in a minute," rejoined the old pirate, phlegmatically, as he obeyed these orders. "Must we run up another top-gallant-mast ?"

"The wind will carry it away in five minutes ; there's a heavy storm on the leeward side, and I fancy we've struck a leak," rejoined the lieutenant. "Run down, and bring my trumpet, *Le Diable*—it's in the fore-cabin—and speak a word of comfort to that poor girl you've brought into the jaws of death."

Phelim Doolan started ; for Rose Butler had been forgotten in the unforeseen dangers that seemed to menace him ; and, forgetting the caution he had been so lately taught, left his place of safety, and had not got half across the deck before the *Fleur de Marie* shipped a heavy sea, which would have washed him overboard, had not he grasped despairingly at a coil of rope secured to the poop. He was not hurt, although very much frightened ; and being, by this accident, drenched to the skin, he crawled to the fore-cabin ladder, and presently found himself in the company of Rose Butler and her lover.

Rose was seated on a rude sort of couch—her face deadly pale and wet with tears ; her bosom heaved violently, and her voice, the tones of which the rioter had caught in descending the ladder, betrayed the violence of her grief. She raised her eyes for a moment, as Phelim Doolan entered, but turned away again on encountering his dark hand-

some visage, turned upon her half in triumph, half in admiration. Beauvais sat at a little distance, and did not raise his head on his rival's entrance, who, anxious to escape from his vicinity, seized the trumpet, and made his appearance on deck again.

The commander of the privateer's voice was the first sound his ear caught. "We've struck a leak, and the water must be gaining on us. Man the pumps, and work for bare life, lads, or we'll never live till morning."

All this was spoken very calmly, but it sent a dreadful shiver through Phelim Doolan's breast; for brave and reckless as he was, there was something so appalling in the fate to which one and all seemed doomed, and the impossibility to escape from it stared him so boldly in the face, that despair began to take possession of his heart, and, not knowing what he did, the wretch crept down to the skipper's cabin to deliver himself from beholding the fate that hourly menaced them.

The crew were too busily engaged to notice his disappearance; the danger of the moment had completely sobered the commander, who, active and collected, issued his orders with a coolness and a judgment that was fully required by the jeopardy in which they were placed; whilst the men, with Fouché at their head, worked the ship hour after hour, without betraying exhaustion or indifference to their captain's commands.

But all their efforts were in vain; it seemed as if fate had doomed *La Fleur de Marie* to the destroying elements. Every moment rendered her doom more inevitable. Her masts had, one by one, been cut away and thrown overboard to lighten her. The men were growing exhausted and flagged in their exertions; the rain had put the fires out, fore and aft, and, save the lantern, which still lived at the poop, everything on board was in the most complete darkness.

To add to the horrors of their situation, the wind chopped round to the north, and threatened, at every moment, to drive them full upon a long low reef of rocks that intervened between them and the distant shore. The storm grew more violent after a temporary lull, and *La Fleur de Marie*, a huge and helpless log upon its native element, was flung about hither and thither by the angry waves, as if they revelled in the consciousness of its helplessness. The pirates strove nobly to save themselves from their impending doom, until they found, too surely, that all their efforts were of no avail, and then, growing reckless of their fate, they rushed in a body to the cabin, where a large quantity of spirits was kept.

"Brandy! brandy!" roared a huge, muscular, black-whiskered, dare-devil wretch, stumbling, as he spoke, over the fallen table; "brandy, my lads! it's the surest and the easiest way to h—ll."

"A light! a light! thou old lean-livered sea-shark," cried another, collaring the old man Fouché as he spoke. "A light, I say; for 'tis as black down here as heart could wish, and I'd rather die with a candle by me, like an honest man. Haul the grey hen up, Pepe, my lad."

"You'll be more than human, Devy, if you get a candle to burn to-night," rejoined the old pirate, as he flung off the not very gentle grasp of his comrade; "the wind blows in so at the door."

'Curse the door, you old pirate,' growled the other, who was a much younger and more reckless man; 'are we to die like dogs in a pit?'

'If God wills it.'

'Bah! none of thy cant; we'll all go jollily to Davy's Locker, roaring drunk, and so shalt thou.'

'It shall not be you that makes me, Devy.'

'By Saint Dennis, but I will. Pin old Fouché, lads, and I'll pour the grey hen down his throat till it runs out again.'

'It will only be wasting good liquor, fool,' rejoined the dare-devil, with a horrible grin. 'Leave him alone, I say, and draw in your chair. Ha! ha! there's the wind roaring outside, as if in triumph over its victims; but who cares? By to-morrow morning, we shall be fifty fathoms deep. Give us a song, Pepe; we'll die like men, and crack our cheeks with singing, in defiance of old Father Death: sing, man, and let it be something horrible, or we'll turn craven at last.'

'Give me a bumper first, comrade,' rejoined the other. 'He! he! the skipper and that old woman Couthon would not join us; but we'll die, if we must, more manly than they. Here's the grey hen, and long life to her! and damnation to La Fleur de Marie, lads!'

He was mad with excitement already, or he never would have proposed such a toast; none drank it—all shrunk back from him in horror, for his starting eyeballs, disordered mien, and unearthly voice, too surely betokened the insanity that already began to work within him—they drank in silence, and the old pirate stole noiselessly from the room and crept upon deck.

The little skipper and his lieutenant were standing near the stem, where the motion of the vessel was the slightest—Phelim Doolan stood near them, and as old Fouché crept across the deck, which every moment was flooded by the sea, he caught a glimpse of the two prisoners, Charles Beauvais and Rose Butler, clinging to each other on the steps leading from the cabin they occupied. At such a time strange and inexplicable feelings sway the human heart, and it was not matter of surprise that the old man, whose heart, a long and hardened career of villany and wrong had not wholly seared, should sigh heavily as he gazed for a moment on the pale face of poor Rose, as she clung, half insensible, to her lover's breast, and wish that the events of the last few hours were but a disordered and unsubstantial dream.

'Our fate is doomed, my old comrade,' said Jean Guiscard, less sternly than was his wont, as the old pirate joined the pair—'thou seest yon long black strip of rock?'

'I do, Captain Guiscard.'

'It will be impossible for La Fleur de Marie to hold her old timbers together over it, Fouché; but cheer up, and die bravely, like an honest man. We cannot strive against fate, thou knowest, and 'tis not every man that can say, as we can, where his bones will lie.'

'That is brave consolation, captain,' rejoined the old pirate, with stoical composure. 'I've always wished to die afloat, and it's but nat'ral to give in now, when one can't do anything else—could we not make some kind of raft, though, to float that poor girl ashore on?—my heart bleeds for her; and she's not like us, who deserves all we get, and ten times more added to it, if every one had their due.'

"I'm afraid not, Fouché," rejoined the skipper, shrugging his shoulders—"that rascal Pepe is as drunk as a pig by this, and nobody but himself could nail a few planks together in such a row as this."

A flash of lightning, at that moment, broke over-head, lighting, for a brief space, the wreck and the surrounding waters—it was but a gleam, but it lasted long enough to show the four anxious men all they most dreaded to see. The now dismasted bark was driving heavily towards the reef, which could not be more than a quarter of a mile beyond their figure-head, and the boiling and troubled waves seemed, by their howling, to threaten, at every moment, to engulf their devoted ship ere she gained the dreaded rock. The old man clasped his hands above his head, and then, as another flash broke over-head, a low harsh grating sound told them that the vessel had struck; they drew in their breath and listened, but no sound followed, and the next moment *La Fleur de Marie* was free again, and driving wildly forward, parting the crested foam before her as she kept upon her course towards the reef.

"She will live yet," cried the little skipper, breathlessly.

The old pirate knelt down and listened—that terrible sound grated on their ears again—he looked up, calm and collected, though deadly pale; the waves grew calm for a moment; the wind lulled; the moon burst, bright as a summer's noon, through the vapours that surrounded her; a drunken chorus, loud, hoarse, and dissonant, fell, at intervals, fitfully and wild upon their ears—no other sound came towards them to proclaim that they were yet linked to earth—then it died away, and waves rose up once more; the clouds rolled across the moon again; the old man caught hold of Guiscard's hand and pressed it wildly in his own—the pressure was returned—and then, raising himself up again, he folded his arms across his breast, and, turning his face from the cabin whence the wild and riotous crew were celebrating their last night in this world with their impious orgies, with the calm and noble pride of one who fears not to meet death, he fixed his gaze upon the reef that now loomed, black, and threatening, within a hundred yards of the vessel, and awaited the issue of his fate in silence.

The interval was short; a burst of rain swept the deck—the breakers encircled the ship on every side—another terrible moment of dread—then that fearful grating sound again, and, with a crash that made them cling, breathless, to each other, the vessel was upon the rock; then a high sea washed her away again; and then followed a report like thunder, that made every plank in the gallant little bark strain again, as the sea washed over poop and deck, streaming down the companion ladder into the cabin, and startling the drunken pirates in their revelry of death.

Another sea washed over her, and a wild cry followed—the rioter had been swept from the deck, but the grey dawn was yet so indistinct that none knew whether he was washed out to sea, or upon the rocks.

The old pirate crept away and gained the cabin where *Rose Butler* and *Beauvais*, calm and collected, were sitting—he attempted to speak, but could not; they knew, too well, from the tears that coursed his furrowed cheek, and from the wildness of his looks, that the *Fleur de Marie* had foundered!

TRAVELLING IN IRELAND.

BEFORE travelling in Ireland, an Englishman must needs travel to Ireland. And as most Londoners, when setting out on a visit to the Emerald Isle, take the route of Liverpool, I would impress on them, if they have any regard for their own comfort, the propriety of going by her Majesty's mail packets. Of these there are four, one starting every morning about half-past five, and another about seven in the evening. Two start contemporaneously with these from Dublin, or rather Kingston, for Liverpool. There are no second cabins in these packets. The passage-money is one pound, which includes the usual half-crown to the steward. A fine set of vessels than these government packets never quitted any English or other port. They are of a large size, and are fitted up in a style of comfort which calls forth the admiration of all who travel by them. But their greatest recommendation is their sailing capabilities. Not only do they perform the voyage in much less time than any of the other vessels plying between Liverpool and Dublin, but they sail so steadily that in ordinary weather persons seldom experience sea-sickness in performing the voyage. In the other vessels belonging to private companies the motion is so great that most persons, except when the water is exceedingly smooth, suffer seriously from sea-sickness. The government packets usually perform the voyage between Liverpool and Kingston in eleven or twelve hours. The average time taken by the vessels belonging to private companies is from fifteen to sixteen hours: the latter, I ought also to observe, carry immense numbers of cattle from Dublin to Liverpool; and though there are no cattle when the vessels sail from Liverpool to Dublin, the appearance of the place appropriated to them, coupled with the sensation experienced by the olfactory nerves, is anything but agreeable to those on board. The only recommendation which the private vessels have in their favour, is, that they are cheaper than the government packets: while in the latter, as above-mentioned, the charge is a sovereign, the fare is not in any of the other vessels higher than twelve and sixpence. Some of them, indeed, only charge half-a-guinea; but then it is to be remembered that in addition to this there is the expected half-crown to the steward. In the instances also in which twelve and sixpence is charged for the fare, a half-crown is confidently expected from every passenger who has taken a place in the fore cabin.

Once in Ireland, the visitor is surprised at the facilities afforded him for travelling, and the moderation of the charges. Every

arrangement seems perfect for his transit from one place to another. In Ireland there are yet but few railways, but the traveller, unless he be pressed for time, hardly feels the want of them. The Dublin and Drogheda railway—a line extending about thirty miles—is the only one of any length. The charge on it for the first class is only a fraction more than three halfpence per mile; by the second class it is a penny per mile, or half-a-crown the whole distance; and by the third class the charge is a fraction more than a halfpenny per mile.

Should you travel by coach, you will find the fares vary in different parts of the country; but the variation is in no case material. My own experience—and I have travelled in most parts of Ireland—would lead me to the conclusion that the average charge for outside travelling on the public coaches is from ten to twelve shillings per hundred miles, or about a penny farthing per mile. I ought, however, to add, that while this is the charge made at the booking-offices, the coachmen look for a shilling for each fifty miles as a gratuity to themselves. If you travel by the mail, the charges are generally a little higher. With every mail coach there is a guard, but he expects no gratuity, as he is paid by Government at the rate of from £150 to £200 per annum. The coachmen are, with very few exceptions, remarkably civil.

In all parts of Ireland there are public cars, answering all the purposes of stage coaches, which meet the coaches at all the leading towns, and start off immediately into the more secluded and less frequented parts of the country. They travel for the most part at the same rate as the other coaches, a speed averaging nine miles an hour. The charges by these public cars are exceedingly moderate, more so in most cases than by the stage coaches. In many parts of Ireland they run in lieu of the usual coaches between the large towns. In some instances they are drawn by four horses, in some by three, in some by two, in some by one, according to the number of passengers who usually travel in the particular part of the country. Those drawn by four or by three horses, are made to contain twenty, and sometimes twenty-two passengers. They resemble two large forms, one on each side, with a piece of wood suspended by pieces of iron, on which rest the feet. Between the two forms or seats, there is a partition of about two feet in width, and resembling a long chest. In this place luggage and other articles are stowed away. The passengers sit in two rows, with their backs to each other. The only disadvantage of these curiously constructed vehicles is, that as you sit sideways, instead of with your face to the horses, you can only see that part of the country, through which you pass, which lies before you.

If in any town you wish a private car to go at a particular time to a particular place, the usual charge is eightpence per mile

going and threepence per mile returning. This, however, is only nominal. By making your bargain, you can always have a car at the rate of sixpence going and threepence returning, and often even less. When there are three or four persons travelling together, this comes exceedingly cheap, while it is the most pleasant of all modes of travelling. On one occasion, two friends and myself hired a car to go a distance of twelve miles. We were only asked nine shillings, being three shillings a-piece, or at the rate of three halfpence per mile, including the distance in returning. We were too, I ought to mention, allowed nearly three hours to see the place which we visited. If a car be engaged by the whole day, it can be had for twelve shillings.

If, again, any one prefer riding on horseback, he can have an excellent pony, full of spirits and a rapid runner, for three shillings the entire day. In Dublin the charge is a little higher, but this is the general charge in the provinces. In some places, indeed, it is as low as two shillings per day.

And this is well nigh the whole of the expenses; for the horse's food will not cost more than from sixpence to ninepence. There are very few tolls in Ireland. You may travel in many parts of the country whole days together, without having anything to pay for tolls; and yet the roads are excellent. They are not, even in the most secluded parts of the south, inferior to those in the more populous districts of England.

In Ireland there are no assessed taxes, a fact which accounts for the exceeding cheapness of travelling in that country. If the Irish had to pay the same duty on their vehicles and the horses they let out for hire, it would be impossible for them to carry on coaching business at the very low charges I have specified.

The hotels throughout Ireland are, for the most part, comfortable. Here and there you meet with an exception; but I have travelled in no country where there is, generally speaking, so much comfort blended with equal cheapness. In the leading towns, the charge for a bed is two shillings. The same sum is the price of breakfast. Dinner varies from half-a-crown to three and sixpence, according to the town, the hotel, and the articles set before you. In most of the more respectable hotels in Ireland, the practice is to put down one shilling in your bill for servants. This includes the gratuities expected by chambermaid, waiters, and boots. It is an excellent plan: I wish it were universally adopted. It would save the annoyance which travellers too often meet with from grumbling discontented servants.

In the second class of hotels, the usual charge for a bed is eighteenpence. The price is the same for breakfast. Two shillings or half-a-crown is the price charged for dinner at these secondary establishments. I should here observe that the breakfasts given in the hotels in Ireland are of a very superior kind.

In addition to tea or coffee with two eggs, and bread in every variety of form, cold meat is set before you, of which you may take as much as you please. Should you prefer a steak to the cold meat, you can have one of the best quality—one for which two shillings (the price of your entire breakfast in Ireland) would be charged in England.

In many of the Irish hotels, especially those of the secondary class in the more remote parts of the country, you are amused with the drollery of the waiters; but no one can complain of incivility or want of attention. They are a happy race themselves, and it is evidently their wish to make their customers as comfortable as possible.

In Ireland, the common beverage after dinner, and at night, before going to bed, is whisky. It is remarkably cheap in all parts of the country: it is not much more than a third of what is charged for it in England, while it is of an incomparably better quality.

The cheapness and facilities of travelling in Ireland must be always very great recommendations to those who contemplate a tour in that country. There is in the minds of some persons an apprehension that it is not safe to travel in Ireland. This feeling has been caused by the reports which absentee landlords give of the state of the country. With the view of justifying their own absence from the estates whence they derive their means of living, these persons get up tales about the danger of living at home. Not only are they idle and utterly groundless tales, but they do infinite mischief to Ireland: they deter Englishmen from purchasing land and investing their capital in that country; and they also frighten weak-minded and ill-informed persons on this side the Channel from even paying a few weeks' journey of pleasure to it. There is not any country under heaven in which a stranger may travel with more perfect safety: indeed, not only so, but without the slightest annoyance of any description. The people are kind and civil in a degree exceeding any other people under the sun.

The only complaint I have ever heard from any Englishman who has travelled in Ireland, relates to the number and importunity of the beggars who crowd around the coaches, when they stop at the different stages. At first, the circumstance of so many fellow-creatures surrounding the vehicle by which you travel, and importunately soliciting charity from you, is far from agreeable; but as you proceed on your journey, the novelty of the thing wears away, and you feel less disturbed by their appearance and importunities. There is one thing which must be said in their favour—however earnest in their entreaties, they are never rude.

Being thus led to speak of Irish beggars, I may mention that the first thing that gives the stranger an idea of the poverty of Ireland,

is the immense numbers of mendicants who besiege him for a few pence.

They meet him wherever he goes ; they cross his path in all directions. They are generally most deplorably clad. Clothing, properly speaking, they have none. Your philosophy is puzzled to know how they continue to keep together the mass of rags which is attached to their persons. You are afraid they will drop off their backs while soliciting your charity. I could not resist the suspicion, that many of the Irish mendicants are actually in love with their rags, and that to put them into a suit of new clothes would be to render them completely miserable. Of this I am quite certain, that they would never rest satisfied until they had made a number of holes in their coat ; for a coat would seem to them incomplete without a few holes in it. You are struck with the fact, that many of the large perforations which you see in their apparel are easily susceptible of being mended, and that, if they were, the appearance of this class of persons would be greatly improved. The use of the needle, however, is comparatively unknown to the Irish mendicant. Nature has not made him a tailor, and he has no notion of attempting to improve on the purposes of nature. That, he thinks, would be a reflection on her. He seems to find a peculiar pleasure in his tattered garments. You will always see more holes in an Irish beggar's coat than buttons on it. And yet, amidst all his rags, there is the absence of that wretchedness in the Irish mendicant which you see in the English beggar. You are surprised at the jolly-looking, happy, and often ruddy countenance which you see associated with so much outward seeming wretchedness. No one can be half an hour in Ireland without being impressed with the conviction, that the Irish possess constitutionally all the elements of happiness, and that, if their social condition were but ameliorated, they would be the happiest people on the face of the earth.

BE THINE A TRANQUIL DEATH.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

" I fain would mount some headlong steed,
And gallop o'er the cliff at speed,
Fall down a thousand fathoms there,
And leave my soul midway in air."

Sixty Poems, by V——

I WOULD not die as many dare to die,
Mocking the terrors of eternity ;
Each rank idea still unpurified—
What ! may *man* die as brutes have only died ?

Be Thine a Tranquil Death.

And bear to heaven pollution and decay,
 Tears of repentance should have wash'd away?
 Oh ! be my end calm as an infant's sleep ;
 So calm, affection would refrain to weep—
 But kiss the placid brow, where yet the smile,
 Death could not conquer, lingers to beguile
 Its sorrow-smile, assuasive hope bestows,
 To mitigate the lone bereft one's woes !
 I would not grapple with the delegate
 Endowed with power supreme by awful Fate ;
 Ambassador august ! whose mandate *here*,
 The monarch, as the slave, must still revere.
 Let not his herald be the cannon's roar,
 Nor yet the tempest hurling from the shore ;
 Where, ere the heart conceives one hasty vow,
 The icy surges lave the senseless brow.
 Nor yet the frantic plunge of madden'd horse,
 That tramples on the mutilated corse,
 Forcing the gurgling blood to choke the prayer
 Breath'd less in piety than in despair.
 No ! let death ceremonious come to me
 In all his pomp and grave solemnity ;
 As one to whom familiar by degrees
 I may become, until his mission please.
 I dread him now, as culprit dreads, alas !
 The judge, who, cognizant each dire trespass,
 Can but pronounce one doom, the fearful doom,
 Where guilt must meet an ignominious tomb.
 I would his image round my tranquil soul
 Serene should spread, like glorious aureole ;
 Such as encircle saints' and angels' brows,
 When at the throne of God they offer vows ;
 Silent and balmy as a twilight breeze
 That mutely kisses the unstirring trees,—
 Heard not, but *felt* alone, a fragrance telling
 The slumb'ring vi'lets od'rous breast is swelling :
 So let me conscious be that death is near,
 Not terror-clad, as painted still by fear,
 But as a seraph come from realms of light,
 To guide my spirit through the grave's dark night,
 Where neither sun, nor moon, nor star is found,
 But all is wrapp'd in mystery profound.
 Safely conducted by his friendly hand,
 The gates I reach of that eternal land
 Whose glories mortal eye hath never seen,
 For dissolution casts its shade between ;
 Which is dissolv'd for aye, with our last breath.
 Death conquers *man*—the *Christian* conquers death !

THE VIRTUOUS FAMILY.

A TALE OF RURAL LIFE.

IF any man wish to behold human nature under the most attractive and most virtuous circumstances in which it exhibits itself, we would advise him to enter the cottages of the Scottish peasantry, and attentively study the principles and maxims by which their conduct is uniformly regulated. We are not sufficiently vain of our species to hold out to him the delusive hope of his there witnessing human nature in that virtuous and dignified aspect in which it has been erroneously represented by some of our poets, possessed of a much larger measure of imagination than of judgment; but we do, in sober seriousness, affirm, that in the lowly abodes of Scottish cottagers there are to be seen such scenes of moral virtue and Christian piety, and of all that is lovely in our common nature, as are not to be paralleled in any other country in the world.

We do not know if our countrymen in general feel an equally ardent attachment to the land of their birth; but on ruminating on those beautiful lines of the poet, we think we have felt something of the same passionate attachment to our country which glowed in his bosom :—

“ Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
‘ This is my own—my native land.’ ”

And never have we felt more highly delighted than when listening to authentic narrations of the simple and harmless manners and virtuous actions of our national peasantry.

In an extremely beautiful and picturesque but secluded spot in the north of Scotland, are still to be seen the ruins of a cottage which was, for half a century, the humble residence of a family admired by all who knew them for their quiet and inoffensive habits. About twenty years since, its happy inmates were five in number, consisting of husband and wife, two sons, and a daughter.

For a succession of years this secluded family spent their time in peace and happiness. They possessed uninterrupted health, with a competency of the necessaries of life; and more than this they had never aspired to. Limited as must necessarily have been their acquaintance with the world, they had, nevertheless, learned sufficient to convince them, from their own observation as well as from the doctrines of the religion they professed, that a man's happiness was by no means proportioned to the extent of his possessions; but that, on the contrary, he who, in addition to the blessing of health, enjoyed as much of the bounties of Providence as provided him with daily bread, had generally the greatest share of this world's felicity.

† No unhallowed passion ever broke out in the breast of either of the lowly group, to destroy their individual or collective felicity. Every member of the little family seemed to feel and to act as if the happiness of the whole was entirely dependent on his conduct. Neither of them knew what it was to harbour in his bosom a selfish consideration, even for a moment. They seemed, as if by an unerring spirit of foresight, to anticipate each other's wants and wishes; and to administer to those wants, and to gratify those wishes, appeared to them a luxury of the highest order. They were not more exempt from the tongue or the finger of calumny themselves, than they were careful that a single expression derogatory in the slightest degree to the character, or painful to the feelings of others should never escape their lips. Their lowly cottage, in fine, presented a daily scene of virtue and happiness on which the eye of a human being can but comparatively seldom gaze in this world—a scene, in fact, on which, we are disposed to think, angelic intelligences would have looked down from their high and happy spheres with emotions of complacency and delight.

It is not, however, in the nature of human affairs always to remain without vicissitude. The inroads of death on the happiness of a family may be long procrastinated, but they must of necessity be ultimately made. The first visitation of an afflictive nature which this lowly family were appointed to experience, was in the rather sudden indisposition of the peasant's wife. As from the first indications of her malady the symptoms assumed an alarming aspect, the good old man and his children were absorbed in sorrow, and all vied with each other in their anxious solicitude to administer to her comfort as far as was in their power.

Death, however, is an unfeeling monster—he is incapable of sympathizing with the distresses of human nature. Whenever he has selected from the mass of human beings an individual as his victim, he resolutely carries his stern purposes into execution, even though he should thereby involve a family, a nation—ay, or the world itself, in the deepest affliction. The progress of the indisposition of the cottager's wife admonished her friends of the folly of cherishing sanguine hopes of her recovery.

Nor was she herself insensible of her imminent danger: she felt a strong presentiment that there was literally but a step between her and death. The grim messenger, however, was armed with no terrors to her. She beheld his rapid advances with the utmost equanimity—with the most perfect resignation of mind. The only consideration which could have induced her to wish for a prolongation of life, was the irreparable loss she knew her family would sustain on her departure to another scene of existence.

An apprehension of the probable difficulties with which her only daughter—Mary was her name—would have to contend in the world, in the event of her demise, pressed with peculiar force on her mind. The daughter was the youngest of the family, and at this time had just entered her fifteenth year. The two sons were in a condition to make their own way in the world—the eldest having reached the age of twenty-two and the other that of twenty; and the mother knew,

that if they were successful in life, her husband should never want either its necessities or common conveniences.

"Is your father or any other person in the house at present?" said the affectionate mother to her daughter, as she was performing some kindly office to her, a few minutes prior to her dissolution.

"No, mother; there is none within but myself," answered Mary, in her accustomed mild and affectionate manner.

"Well, sit down for a few moments in that chair, Mary; I have something to say to you," added the dying woman, pointing at the same time to a chair which lay close by her bed-side.

Mary sat down.

"My time," resumed the dying parent, taking her daughter affectionately by the hand, "my time in this world is now very short—I sensibly feel the approaches of death—and, in all human probability, can only survive a few days at most."

This affecting language from the lips of her mother, and delivered in a peculiarly solemn and affectionate manner, quite overpowered the tender and susceptible mind of Mary: she burst into tears, and in the overflowings of her grief was unable to utter so much as the expression of a hope for a prolongation of her life.

"Do not, my child, trouble yourself so much on my account," said the dying mother to her daughter, in a mild and resigned tone. "Death," she continued, "is an event common to us all, and is one, therefore, to which we ought willingly to submit. If there be one circumstance which more than another could make me feel a reluctance at leaving the world, it is the concern, Mary, I feel for you. You are yet but young and inexperienced; and if you are destined to live long on the earth, you must meet with trials, you must be subjected to disappointments."

Mary's mother, on pronouncing these words, made a temporary pause, as if she could find no utterance to the overflowings of her heart. In faltering accents she resumed—

"But let your confidence, amid all the circumstances in which you are placed, repose in a superior Power; let all your actions be performed from a virtuous principle; and let——"

She would evidently have proceeded, but exhausted nature was unable to sustain the effort; and even if it had, she would only have been exerting her strength in vain, for Mary was by this time so utterly overpowered with grief, as to be unable to attend to what her mother addressed to her; and, consequently, she could have derived no benefit from her dying admonitions.

After the lapse of a few moments, during which time nothing further transpired between the dying cottager and her daughter, Mary's father entered the apartment in which the sharer of his joys and sorrows lay indisposed. As she appeared insensible of his approach, the husband imagined that she was asleep. He was about to make some observation to his sorrowing daughter expressive of this opinion, when he was painfully convinced that her insensibility to external objects was produced by the influence which death exerted on its immediate approach, by the circumstance of her heaving a deep groan. It was the groan of expiration.

It were unnecessary to attempt a description of the shock which this event gave to the affectionate and susceptible minds of the surviving members of the family. As it would have been before difficult to ascertain in whose affections she who was now no more had occupied the largest share, it would have been equally difficult to decide which of them at this time experienced the most poignant sorrow at the painful circumstance of her separation from them. This, however, can be said with perfect truth, that never did the departure of a human being occasion to surviving relatives a greater measure of genuine grief, than did the demise of this truly excellent woman.

It has frequently been observed, and with a great deal of truth, that one painful event is often followed by another no less agonizing to the mind. Scarcely had this virtuous family recovered in some degree from the violent shock their feelings had experienced by the event referred to, than they were plunged anew into the deepest distress. The peasant's eldest son had left his father's house in the morning on a temporary visit to the house of a friend. It was in the season of summer, and the day being extremely fine, he and another young companion resolved to bathe together. They entered the water; but the cottager's son inadvertently went beyond his depth, and being unacquainted with the art of swimming, he was drowned in the presence of his juvenile friend, who was unable to render him any assistance.

This mournful occurrence, coming so soon after the death of his wife, so powerfully affected the good old peasant and his surviving son and daughter, that it was generally believed all the three would ultimately sink under their heavy bereavements. Human nature, however, is wisely constituted; it is an admirable characteristic of our wonderful economy, that violent emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, cannot be lasting; and in the course of time the powerful impressions which the event in question made on the cottagers' minds was partially deadened, and they appeared as cheerful as, under all the circumstances of the case, could have been expected.

About twelve months subsequent to the time at which the painful occurrence took place to which we have just alluded, the peasant's now only son went out, agreeably to a previous engagement, to India, in the capacity of clerk to a gentleman who was a native of the parish to which the lowly family belonged. This was another circumstance calculated to harrow up the feelings of the peasant and his daughter; the only consideration which tended to modify their sorrow on the occasion, was the circumstance of his going out under the special superintendence of an individual of the highest respectability, and eminently distinguished for his kindness and liberality to such of those in his employ as proved themselves deserving of his favour.

The peasant and his daughter were now left to spend their months and their years by themselves. The good man had, some time previously, entered the decline of life; and his circumstances, conjoined with his recent family afflictions, rendered him peculiarly deserving of all the kind offices which it was in Mary's power to render him.

It has been already more than hinted, that Mary was distinguished for her filial affection. It was now greatly augmented; she devoted all the energies of her mind to the exigencies of her beloved father.

The little labour that he was able to perform would have produced but a very scanty pittance; and the maintenance as well as the management of the house consequently devolved on her. A few months previous to the death of her mother, Mary had fortunately had an opportunity of acquainting herself with the art of sewing, and possessing naturally a great aptitude for the acquisition of any art to which she bent her attention, she had made, in the present case, more than ordinary proficiency. By unremitting attention to her needle-work, and an economical management of her earnings, she was enabled to furnish her parent with all the necessaries, and with many of the comforts of life.

In this manner the peasant and his daughter spent several years of their lives, individually enjoying as great a share of this world's felicity as ordinarily falls to the lot of humanity.

The amiable disposition, and virtuous and dutiful conduct of Mary, united to personal attractions of no common order, secured for her the warm esteem of all acquainted with her, and in the bosoms of more than one individual of the other sex, those qualities of mind and figure engendered the tender passion. One young man in the neighbourhood, Alexander Watson, had in particular placed his warmest affections on Mary.

This young man was universally loved and respected. Indeed, his mild and engaging manners, conjoined with the uniform moral propriety of his conduct, were irresistibly calculated to secure the esteem and to win the affectionate regards of all who were capable of appreciating real excellence. Being the only son of a neighbouring farmer, whose circumstances approached to what, in the country, is considered affluence, he had possessed the advantages of a rather liberal education; although, as is frequently the case in our northern latitudes among agricultural families, his habits were characterized by much simplicity.

It has just been remarked that Mary had engaged the warmest affections of this amiable and intelligent young man. He frequently visited her in her father's humble habitation; and every additional interview they had together, served only to increase the devotedness of his attachment. After repeated visits, he gradually apprised Mary of the place she occupied in his affections: but as he had not yet made any formal proposal of marriage, she, with her characteristic prudence, appeared as if unconscious of the sentiments he cherished towards her.

At length, however, Mary's lover assured her in the most explicit terms of the genuineness and warmth of the attachment with which she was regarded by him, and accompanied his protestations of love with a formal proposal of marriage. Mary, with that modesty peculiar to her sex, blushed deeply on hearing this unequivocal announcement of Alexander's intentions, and, with a manner bordering on embarrassment, mildly intimated to him that she was not at present in circumstances to warrant her entering into the married state.

"The circumstances in which you are placed, Mary, shall prove no obstruction to the celebration of our nuptials," said Alexander, with an air of peculiar kindness—supposing that Mary had alluded to the disparity that existed between their situations in society. "I shall not," he continued, "in the event of our union, thereby incur the dis-

pleasure of our parents; they are already apprised of my intentions, and have signified their entire approbation of the choice I have made; and as I am the only individual who will receive, at my father's death, whatever of the good things of this life he will have to bequeath, we have every rational prospect, every human probability in our favour, that we shall through life enjoy a full competency of whatever is necessary for us. Let not, therefore, the consideration of any difference that may exist between us in reference to pecuniary matters, be regarded as an obstacle to the completion of my intentions."

"But my father, my father!" exclaimed the virtuous Mary, in a tone which expressed the strength of her filial affection.

"And will your father," said Alexander, evidently appearing somewhat surprised at the exclamation of Mary; "and will your father be displeased at the circumstance of my proposing to become his son-in-law?"

"Oh, no!" answered Mary, in a tone which plainly indicated the concern she felt in consequence of her lover misapprehending her meaning; "Oh, no! do not do him the injustice of imagining for a moment that he could have any objections to that. What I mean is simply this, that for some years past I have been the only solace and support of my aged parent; and were I to leave him in his present helpless condition, I fear it would only accelerate his progress to the grave—a place of which, according to the course of nature, he must at no distant period become an inhabitant."

These words, added to the peculiar impressiveness with which they were delivered, only contributed to augment, if possible, the affection with which Alexander regarded Mary.

"Do not," he replied, "have any fears respecting the welfare of your revered parent. The fidelity and assiduity with which you have invariably administered to his necessities, was one of the traits in your character which first attracted my regards. Your father, so long as we are blessed with the world, shall be provided for. If agreeable to himself, as I hope it will be, he shall be taken under our roof, where he shall not only possess the common comforts of life, but also have the happiness of his daughter's company, and receive at her hand those kind attentions she was wont to pay him."

The feelings of gratitude and affection which this announcement of Alexander's intentions in reference to her father engendered in the breast of Mary, deprived her for a time of the power of utterance. It is unnecessary to add, that she offered no further objection to his proposal of marriage.

The requisite arrangements for their union were accordingly made with all convenient expedition; and in three months from the date of the interview to which we have just referred, they both approached the Hymeneal altar, and were duly proclaimed married persons. The good old man, Mary's father, was taken into the house provided for the reception of the newly-married couple: and from the attentions which both paid to him, in conjunction with the mutual affection which subsisted between his daughter and his son-in-law, he derived a satisfaction and happiness of mind rarely possessed at his advanced stage of life.

For the lengthened period of twelve years, Mary's house presented

an uninterrupted scene of harmony and happiness. In the course of that time she had been blessed with three children; and, notwithstanding the claims they possessed on much of her time and affections, she invariably evinced the most anxious solicitude for the comfort and felicity of her aged parent.

Death, however, at length, again resolved to sport with the feelings of Mary. The aged and decrepid peasant felt about this time an unusual degree of weakness, accompanied with internal sensations of a kind he had never before experienced. In the course of a few days from the time of the first serious attack, the symptoms of the cottager's indisposition assumed so alarming an aspect, as to afford little reasonable hope of his recovery, especially when his advanced stage of life was taken into the account. He was himself duly impressed with a conviction that his present illness would terminate in death; but the universal conqueror was armed with no terrors for him; he anticipated and spoke of his dissolution with the utmost equanimity of mind.

"There is only one earthly wish I have," said the good old man to his dutiful daughter, a few days prior to his departure to another state of being; "there is only one earthly wish I have, and that granted, I could die contented."

"And what may that wish be, father?" asked Mary, with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, "if it be in my power to confer it, you shall not want it long."

"It is," answered the dying man, "that before my death I might be blessed with a sight of my boy Andrew."

"Ah, father!" rejoined Mary, "do not let yourself be vexed by cherishing a wish that must be in vain. You know it is not many months since we heard from him, and he made no mention of his intention to make an early return to his native country."

"Well," replied the dying cottager, "I must be resigned."

Two days after this, while Mary was busy in attending to her domestic duties—her husband had been a few hours absent—a knock was heard at the door. She rose and opened it, and there she saw a well-dressed stranger, with an expression of countenance that indicated the sorrow which actuated his breast.

"I am come," he said, "from a distance; and can you inform me, my good woman, how long it is since that cottage," pointing to the humble habitation of Mary's father, which was visible from her house, "fell into ruins, and what is become of its latest inhabitants, and where I might find them?"

There was a peculiar earnestness in which the stranger expressed himself—an earnestness which bespoke a more than ordinary interest in the place and persons he spoke of.

Mary was for a few moments so overcome with astonishment at the nature of the questions the stranger addressed to her, and the deep interest he appeared to feel in them, as to be unable to return him an answer. Recovering, however, her presence of mind, she replied, in a tone in which there was much of the sorrowful—

"I myself, Sir, was among the latest of its humble inmates."

The stranger in an instant recognized and embraced his sister, stated

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that he was her brother, entered the house, and was literally overpowered with joy at again seeing his father, even though treading on the borders of the grave. The worthy old man, on the approach of his son towards his bedside, sprung up on his couch, as if suddenly endowed with supernatural bodily strength. The reader's imagination will picture to itself, infinitely better than I can describe, the happiness which the father and son mutually derived from their seeing each other in this world. After they had continued in conversation for some time, the aged cottager gently laid down his head on his pillow, exclaiming in accents which indicated the joy and the gratitude of his heart—

“Now I am more than willing to depart this life.”

He only survived two hours ; he expired, breathing expressions of devout thankfulness for having been blessed with a sight of his only son, and pronouncing a thousand benedictions on the head of his daughter Mary.

Mary's brother explained the circumstances which had prevented him from affording his father pecuniary assistance when in India, and acquainted her with the nature and extent of a recent sudden prosperous change in his fortunes, by which he was enabled to return to his own country with more than a handsome independence. He erected a neat and commodious house for himself at no great distance from the abode of his sister, determined there, in the event of no unforeseen occurrence, to spend the remaining portion of his days. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Andrew and Mary contribute essentially to each other's felicity. The only regret the former feels, is, that his parents are not alive to partake of his affluence.

R. S.

SONGS OF HOME AND THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I.

THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND.

IN England when the curfew bell
Proclaim'd the Norman sway,
Oh ! then it rang the parting knell
Of freedom pass'd away :
Then the yeomen bold,
In the days of old,
Oft fell on the battle-plain,
When his cross-bow rang,
To the trumpet's clang ;—
May we ne'er see the like again !

Those iron times are past and gone ;
Then came the sunny days,
When all the royal favour shone
On good old English ways :

Then the days were blest,
For the land had rest,
Nor labour toil'd in vain ;
Both in cot and hall,
They were merry all ;—
May we soon see the like again !

Oh ! happy was the yeoman's life,
And jocund was the scene,
When *good old English* sports were rife
Upon the village green :
When the courteous knight,
And his lady bright,
Would join the festive train,
And the dance and song
Cheer'd the rustic throng ;—
May we soon see the like again !

Then hope the farmer's cares beguil'd ;
His flocks were on the hill,
His crops around the valley smil'd,
And merry went the mill :
Then the peasant sang,
Till the echoes rang,
As he reap'd the golden grain,
For a feast to come
Was the harvest-home ;—
May we soon see the like again !

May peace be still the yeoman's lot,
His garners well be stor'd !
May joy be in the *peasant's* cot,
And plenty crown his board !
Now with heart and hand,
In a merry band,
A bumper-cup we'll drain,
To the *good old ways*,
And the by-gone days ;—
May we soon see the like again !

II.

THE LIGHT OF THE LOVING EYE.

By the light of a loving eye,
Oh ! 'tis sweet through this world to go !
It dispels the dark shadows that lie
In our path, with its magical glow :
'Tis the first light in life that we see,
'Tis the last to desert when we die ;
Oh ! there's nothing 'neath heaven to me,
Like the light of a loving eye.

To the light of a loving eye,
Ah ! what are the riches of earth ?
What the garlands that fame can supply,
Or the roses and revels of mirth ?

Not a flower that in beauty I see,
 Not a gem in the diadem'd sky,
 Oh! there's nothing in nature to me,
 Like the light of a loving eye.

By the light of a loving eye
 I have gone through this world of woe,
 And oh! may the Spirit on high
 Still grant me its magical glow!
 Till the wings of my soul are set free,
 Till my heart has forgotten to sigh,
 May that light, that sweet light shine for me,
 The light of a loving eye!

III.

THE CURFEW BELL.

ANOTHER clasp, and another kiss,
 Of that fairy hand of thine,
 And I'll tear myself from present bliss,
 Till another moment like to this
 On thy fond Loraine shall shine.
 Farewell, my love! a sweet farewell,
 Till to-morrow's Curfew bell!

When next yon moon, in the cloudless skies,
 Shall plant her crescent sweet;
 When next the vesper-hymn shall rise,
 And softly the holy music dies,
 Then again, then again, we'll meet:
 Farewell, my love! a sweet farewell,
 Till to-morrow's Curfew bell!

IV.

THE MAID OF FINGAL,*

("Or, angels watch o'er thee.")

ANGELS watch o'er thee, young daughter of strangers!
 Thy beautiful face seems to ask for a friend,
 And where is the man, that from insult or dangers,
 His life would not peril that form to defend?
 Thou art come from thy mountains, all guileless and simple,
 And woe to the spoiler that dreams of thy fall!
 Oh! long may that lip wear its joy-wreathing dimple,
 Young Rose of the mountains, sweet Maid of Fingal!

Angels watch o'er thee, young daughter of Cain!
 Thou hast wander'd away from thy wild cabin-home,
 Too bright in thy vision of beauty appearing,
 In this land of false glitter unfriended to roam.
 Oh! beware, lest the tongue of the tempter betray thee,
 A spot on the lily shows darker than all;
 A queen might be proud of the chains that array thee,
 Young Rose of the mountains, sweet Maid of Fingal!†

* "The fair girls of Fingal" are mentioned by an old writer. The Fingalians were originally an English colony.

† Written to Hook's beautiful melody, "*The Garland of Love*," in the drama of *Takell*.

THE LAMMAS TIDE.

A SCOTCH TALE.

Among the country people, but especially among the inhabitants of an inland and mountainous region, the sea is looked upon with great awe and veneration; and, at a particular season of the year, when the tides are at their extreme height, the waters of the ocean are conceived to possess peculiar sanative and medicinal virtues.

This occurs about the beginning of August, when a general annual festival is held throughout the country, in order to pay a visit to the sea-side. Before the day arrives, there is a busy night of preparation; old and young, male and female, are all on the alert, and, long before the summer sun has looked through the grey clouds of the morning, the roads and tracks of the mountains and valleys are filled with pilgrims, on foot, and on horses, and in carts, all well provided with viands to regale themselves throughout the journey.

Such a festival is eagerly looked forward to by school-boys, and, of course, it forms a regular play-day to master and scholar. I have a pleasure on all occasions in mingling with my fellow-men, both in their joys and sorrows; and not unfrequently have I joined the eager crowd, and travelled many a long mile to look upon the mighty deep with all its wonders. One such visit of this kind now occurs to my recollection.

I had started on a beautiful summer morning with the first peep of dawn, and so soft and soothing and grateful was the breath of nature around me, that I slid into a labyrinth of pleasing thoughts, which beguiled the time so insensibly, that I had almost arrived at the place of destination before I thought it possible I had travelled many miles. As I passed through the little fishing village which stands on the height overlooking the ocean, the first person I met was Meg Jaffray, who is in the habit of making a weekly visit to our parish with her creel full of haddocks, which she regularly gets exchanged for meal, butter, or other goods in kind. She now found herself, as the saying is, on her "ain midden-head," and in revenge for the many tauntings she is in the custom of receiving from the inhabitants of the mountains about her seafaring notions and dialect, and her ignorance of horses, cows, and every other rural and agricultural object, she seemed resolved to become the assailant in her turn.

Whenever she cast her eyes on me, advancing, she began chaunting the old rhyme:—

"A Highland laddie spiert at me,
 Grow there ony strawberries in the sea?
 I answered him baith sharp and shrill—
 Grow there ony dulse in the Highland hill?"

"Aweel, Dominie, sae ye ha'e come amang a' the rest o' the rag taggery to see our bonny bit mill-dam here; but tak' tent o' yersel': ye and mony ithers may rue the day that ye cam' to play wi' the lion in his wrath, or rouse the faem o' the leviathan o' the deep."

I replied to her heedlessly, with some common-place observation, and was passing on my way, telling her to take no concern, for there was nothing to fear.

"Ay, but there is something to fear," said the carlin, springing forward to the middle of the road, and holding out her sinewy and weather-beaten arm in a prophetic manner; "there is muckle to fear, and that ye shall see before a' be done. It was na' for nought that, as I looked out at the window here this morning, I saw the white lady pacing backward and forward upon the bare black rock o' the skelly. I was terrified, and ran round and tauld the men on no account to venture out wi' the boats this day, or good would na' come o' it, but muckle dool—for never ha'e I seen the white lady but something bad happened before night fa'."

I could not help smiling at the ravings of the enthusiast, and with difficulty pushing her aside, and getting quit of her interruptions, I proceeded onwards, descending among the steep rocks by a narrow foot-path to the sea-side.

The morning had now advanced within some hours of mid-day—the sun shone out in all his brightness and beauty—the green sparkling ocean first met my eye, and everything around was full of grandeur and novelty. The round sweeping semicircular bay sloping gradually in a descent of green turf, intermixed with the sea-pink blossoms and yellow clover, terminated in a smooth expanse of yellow sand, raised up in gentle furrows by the undulating of the ocean. The sea was far back, leaving bare the huge rocks of fantastic shapes, with their singular coverings of pink corals, and dark brown seaweed. Among the rocks, and along the sands, and on the steepest brows of the overhanging ridge, thronged multitudes of men, women, and children. Some sat in groups, reposing on the grassy sides of the declivity, where were turned out the horses to feed, and the carts stood unyoked. Others ranged the pebbly shore, collecting curious shells and sea relics. Some sat on rocks, bathing their limbs in the waters of the deep, and others searched the caverns and chasms for sea animals, and dulse, and other marine vegetables.

From the middle of the rising ground there issued a clear spring of water, which was formed into a well that had long borne

the fame of great virtues in many diseases and afflictions. Here a numerous company of all ages were assembled. Some carried their young infants to dip them in the spring, to insure future health and happiness; others bathed their shrunken and rheumatic limbs; while the feeble and declining drank sweet draughts of the crystal spring, flattering themselves that health and renewed spirits awaited them afterwards.

The well in old times had been patronized by some holy saint, and, in accordance with ancient customs, many offerings were on this occasion left at the shrine. Small pieces of coin, buttons, curious pebbles, pieces of silk, and even the humble offering of a pin, were all deposited around,—the water being thought inefficacious unless some such offering were presented.

Many were there who had now for the first time cast their eyes on the mighty ocean, that vast and boundless space of waters of which they had heard so much, but which, in vastness and strangeness, far surpassed their wondering imaginings.

They gazed upon the rocks towering in fantastic shapes of castles, and turrets, and fortresses, and dim and hollow caverns. Then the wide expanse of green waters met their astonished eye—sparkling brightly in the sun, with now and then the shadows of the light clouds passing slowly along, with the sea-birds screaming and fluttering above, or diving down and sporting with the white ripple of the waves. But, above all, the ships spreading out their white sails to the breeze, and gliding along like living creatures on the deep, raised their utmost wonder and astonishment. They watched them as they passed near with all their sails and rigging, and their imprisoned inmates pacing to and fro; and when they skimmed away into the far receding distance, till they vanished out of sight, their thoughts were still with them even to foreign lands, and through all the dangers and difficulties of the deep.

Thus pursuing their various pastimes, hours passed away unnoticed by the various scattered groups, till at last, tired of their pursuits, and the tide gradually approaching farther and farther up the sands, they leave the beach, and think of making preparations for returning homewards.

Parties now began to congregate together, and to look around that none of their number be absent.

Two were found to be missing from one group of companions—a lover and his mistress, who had retired from the others in the early part of the morning; and on looking out for them, they were perceived seated on the point of a far projecting and now insulated rock. Engaged in conversation, they had allowed the hours to elapse without heeding the time or the approaching waters, which had gradually surrounded them. But now aroused to a sense of their situation by the repeated and loud shouts of

their companions from the shore, they looked around and became in some degree alarmed at their danger. The current of the returning tide was now at its height, and every wave and swell of the sea now made a decided encroachment, and became every moment more threatening. The agitation among the spectators on shore, especially those who knew something of the nature of the tides, became great; they came downwards from the heights, and awaited with anxious expectation, and were loud in their directions and entreaties to the two prisoners to delay not a moment in leaving their perilous situation. The young couple were now seen making their way with difficulty over the ledge of rocks yet above the water, and when they came to the brink and saw the large space of water between them and the shore, they paused for a moment in consternation. But looking back to the angry waves coming beating and lashing in from behind, and, perhaps, deceived by the clear transparency of the water before them, showing the bottom not so deep as in reality it was, they soon determined on making for the shore. The first plunge which they made hand in hand into the water, was, however, far beyond their depth; they were off their feet in a moment, and now commenced their deadly struggle with the overwhelming element. Heart-piercing shrieks and screams were uttered as they clung together in each other's arms, but soon these were stifled amid the bubbling of the waters; their dry clothes kept them floating for a few seconds, especially the female, but at length they filled full of moisture, and down she sunk to the bottom, and nothing was seen, but twice her bare arm raised above the tide in a convulsive struggle.

The whole multitude of people crowd around the shore, and scream and run about in frantic despair. So near were the unfortunate sufferers, that many run into the water, and vainly endeavour to stretch forth the helping hand; some of the most desperate even attempt to reach beyond their depth, and are only restrained by their more prudent companions.

At last a stout athletic man is seen making all speed down towards the shore, his half military jacket and dress pointing him out as a soldier, well known to many; the multitude make way for him on every side, and he fearlessly dashes into the water. A few vigorous strokes of swimming bring him within reach of the young man, now quite exhausted, and swirling about like a seaweed at the mercy of the eddy; he seizes hold of him, and drags him to the shore with one hand, and having delivered him to the nearest on the beach, he proceeds a second time to the spot where the female had sunk. By means of the assistance of a rope now thrown from the shore, he succeeds in diving and fixing it to the body, which is dragged ashore, amid the most intense anxiety of the spectators. Both bodies are laid sloping upon the

beach, and every means are used to restore animation. With one they succeeded; but the vital spark had fled from the breast of the young woman, never to be restored.

There she lay, stretched out upon the sandy hillock, a touching spectacle to the awe-struck crowd, even yet fair and beautiful in death, with her long flowing and dropping hair spread dishevelled over her white bosom; and round her neck was recognized by many of her youthful companions, a blue ribband known to have been presented by her lover that very morning as a pledge of his affection.

Reason now returned in some measure to the young man, but when he looked up and beheld his lifeless companion, a scream of horror was uttered by him, and it was deemed advisable instantly to remove him to a neighbouring cottage, where he was laid upon a bed, and ultimately recovered. It was a melancholy sight to see the cart containing the corpse of the unfortunate female, winding slowly up through the fishing village on the road homewards, attended by the weeping sisters of the deceased, and other relatives and friends. Here I remarked, too, among the crowd, my old friend of the morning, Meg Jaffray, who, doubtless, from this singular coincidence of prophecy fulfilled, would be more disposed to put implicit confidence in what seemed to her disturbed vision supernatural appearances. Even the aspect of the day now changed: dark clouds were seen rising out of the deep, the wind blew hollow and hoarse, the sea lashed more fiercely and threateningly its swelling waves upon the rocky beach, and seemed to the minds of the grief-struck and dejected spectators as if it gloried and exulted in the late ruthless deed, and triumphed over its innocent victim. The shores are soon completely cleared, not even a single loiterer is left behind; and we all take our sorrowful course homeward, grieved that a day which dawned with such promises of happiness and delight, should have closed so inauspiciously.

THE APPEAL.

OH! how shall I forgive thee?
Thou hast trampled on my heart!
So fearlessly I gave it thee,
Ungrateful as thou art!
I little thought that heart was sought
Only that it might break;
Oh! how shall I forgive thee?
Oh! how couldst thou forsake?

The Appeal.

Oh ! how couldst thou forsake me
 When we have loved so long ?
 Did mem'ry bind around thy mind
 No chain as iron strong ?
 Our love in youth, our vow of truth—
 And couldst thou all forget ?
 How sadly we have parted,
 How joyously we met !

And canst thou thus forget me ?
 And can thy love decline ?
 Still is thy rest within my breast—
 Am I expell'd from thine ?
 My homeless heart thou bidd'st depart ;
 Ah ! whither can it flee ?
 There is no room in my bosom,
 For *that* is full of thee !

I am lonely, I am lonely,
 And earth is very drear ;
 Life is grown cold, and death can hold
 No terror that I fear.
 Death, feeble thing ! no hope can bring,
 Since thou hast learn'd to range ;
 It cannot change the constant,
 The false, how should it change ?

By our interchange of spirit,
 When thine could not deceive ;
 By our noonday dreams near woodland streams ;
 By our twilight walks at eve ;
 By the joys we two together knew ;
 By the sadness I have kept ;
 By the vows which thou hast broken ;
 By the tears which I have wept ;

By the times that we have wander'd
 When the moon was in the skies ;
 By our earnest gaze beneath her rays
 Into each other's eyes ;—
 Come back to me, come back and see
 How falsehood I can spurn !
 Oh ! how could I resist thee,
 If thou wouldst but return ?

M. S.



RICHARD BIDDULPH;
OR,
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER I

THE HERO INTRODUCED.

"SHAME! shame!" cried a voice in a subdued yet audible accent, as the never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Frampton tore up by the roots a lock of soft white hair from the head of a little pale-faced child, who had just entered the branch or preparatory school of a well-known educational institution situated in the busy market town of an English county. And that voice, so earnest, so expressive, and yet so child-like, lives within my memory to this hour, for it awakened in me an interest and a boyish love for that child who was bold enough to utter it, which no after circumstances have been able to destroy, and no malignity to eradicate.

"Who spoke there? who was it, I say?" said the master, gently, mildly, and with an insinuating voice, masking a voice under that tone lest a victim should escape his indignation. But a death-like silence took possession of the whole school.

"Who was it dared to cry shame?" asked the doctor passionately, and his glance encountered nought but vacancy of expression. He knew not of the many young hearts trembling with emotion, fearful of being mistaken for the offending one; but he did know that one of his youthful scholars had dared his power by crying "shame" upon the inordinate exercise of that power.

"Who was it, I say?" he repeated, as he concealed the lock of white hair, which he still held in his hand, within the folds of his professor's gown. But the stillness of the sepulchre was there, and nought but an echo responded to the reiterated question, save the palpitating of youthful hearts, full of terror and expectancy, both at the brutal action of the master, and the small remonstrating voice which had instantly followed it.

But see, the doctor's bacchanalian face assumes a shining, smiling appearance; his eye is now resting upon Cartright—a tall, hungry-looking boy, nearly at the head of the school, and he is now fixed upon as the chosen victim. Not a word of explanation, not a question asked or answered, but simply the usual cry on occasions of punishment.

"Bolt the doors! shut the windows! Come forth, you sir, d'ye hear? You, Cartright, you bull-headed son of a cur! I'll teach you to cry 'shame,' that I will."

"It was not me, sir! Indeed, it was not me, sir," said the boy, energetically.

"Then *who* was it?" demanded the unappeased schoolmaster.

But silence again took possession of the whole school, and the pure blood ran cold through the small veins of the childish spectators.

That early instrument of torture, "*the rod*," was in the right hand of the rigid master; the boy, Cartright—innocent though he was—was brought forward for instant punishment, and two hundred pair of eyes were turned towards the coming scene; when a little boy, seemingly about eight years of age, with an intrepid countenance, though pale with emotion, rose hurriedly from his form, and darted towards the teacher, just as his lusty arm was raised to inflict pain upon the body, and degradation on the mind, of a boy who had been placed under his charge for the purpose of *education*. There had been a pattering rain the whole of that September morning, beating time against the windows of the school-room, and there was a dreariness both within and without its walls, when in an instant, ere a thought could cross the mind of a poet, there shot forth a glorious ray of the sun, directly upon the excited features of the little aspirant to *real virtue*, as he exclaimed, almost hysterically—

"'Twas I, sir;" and when he encountered the fierce eye of the master he continued—"But oh! forgive me, sir! Do, pray, forgive me!"

"Forgive you? oh yes! Ill forgive you; you little hardened conception, *that* I will."

Here the master broke forth into a strain of sarcastic witticisms, mixed with laughter, which he invariably did when he engaged in punishment. The remembrance of that man's merriment flashes at the present moment from my mind to my pen as I write, mixed as that wit and laughter was with the tortuous cry drawn from a suffering child, which appeared to give fresh impetus to the untiring arm of him who called himself a Christian clergyman.

The little trembling hero—for such he was—was officiously brought closer by three or four of the most hardened of the scholars—but those who had learnt, under *such* a master, to delight in punishment. He was then placed within the reach of this divine and merciful teacher, who, in the first instance, gazed at him with the apparent look of a philosopher,—was it not rather the cold look of a fiend?—and then commenced the following scene, which I swear, by the everlasting spirit of violated love, took place within bolted doors and closed windows, in the sight of 200 children all under ten years of age, and before the indignant eye of the merciful Father of the universe.

"What's your name, eh? Speak out, will you, eh?" and before the trembling child could articulate a letter, much more a word, the despot drew the boy towards him by the ear so violently, as to tear it upwards; he then dashed his naked hand against his pallid cheek, sending, by its force, the little fellow prostrate on the floor. And then the minister of a mild and merciful religion, wiped the blood from off his fingers, lest it should defile the rod he was about to use. And he *did* use it, interlarding each blow with some such expressions as I here record.

"Now, Mr. Champion, how do you like that? and that? and that?"

And pray, now, how do you like *that*? I'll teach you to cry 'shame' for something, eh? eh? eh? eh? you little wretch you." And here followed a chuckling sardonic laugh.

Perfectly still was that poor child as it received lash after lash; and, considering his youth, it was surprising how well he endured the punishment, and how weak were the boy's complaints after it was done.

And here let me draw a dark and gloomy veil over the lacerated form of this young and innocent sufferer, who, after it was over, rose and stood up, apparently idiotic, gazing and wondering at such reward being given to his first impulse, and what he considered the virtuous dictates of his nature. There were many of his schoolfellows who felt for the poor child, but that feeling was smothered by the determined expression of the master.

Oh! what unlimited power has the master of a public school! How perfectly despotic! How fearless of consequences! He may mould the human character to any form he pleases; pure, gentle, and loving, on the one part, and hateful on the other. No account has he to give to the world, or to its human judges; his influence is perfectly independent of law; he seemingly works beyond the pale of immortal justice. *Yet he shall give an account hereafter!*

Poor child! I pity thee! so young! so heroic! so truly virtuous! To have thus early thy purity destroyed, thy goodness violated, by a scholastic tyrant, who has planted a seed within thy being which may blast thy prospects in life, and make thee an outcast from the world.

CHAPTER II.

BRINGS THE READER ONWARDS.

Richard Biddulph is no imaginary character; no mere phantom of the brain, created for the purpose of carrying through the various steps of a poetical existence to a theatrical termination. He is nothing like a fanciful or visionary hero.

Richard Biddulph was a real, living boy, with actual flesh upon his bones, and pure blood circulating through his system. He was a well-made, red-faced child, and there was a happy smile upon his open countenance; he had a good disposition, and upon his entering into the school he had an unspotted conscience.

Now this child was a proper object for such a foundation as the one referred to, being at the age of six, without either father or mother; and, like most children who are left to the protection of society, not over bothered with generous relations. To speak the truth, he had no kind of friend whatever, save and except an old eccentric gentleman, who, happening to pass through the village where his dead mother lay, took compassion on the lonely condition of the boy, and being a governor of the institution, placed him within its walls. Richard received his first education from his mother, who implanted such principles within the mind of her child, that at the age of six he was free from

childish vices, and he was generous with his little playthings. He was gentle to a fault, and his mind was as clear from bad thoughts as his body was from impurity. He was no prodigy neither, as many other children are; he could not construe Greek, or spout an ode from Horace; but he could read some easy childish books, and, what was more, was taught to understand them.

Look! my dear reader. You are in the busiest part of 'the busiest city in the world; you are in the very heart of London. What streams of human beings are hastening onwards, unheeding and unheeded, towards one common pursuit—*wealth*. What myriads of interests—what countless objects are passing and repassing! Then the noise of the vehicles of all descriptions, from the banker's carriage to the costermonger's cart! The clock of Bow church tells the hour of eleven. There is no poetry here, no imagination, no castles in the air; all is dull (though not the less interesting) *fact*. Just stop for one instant, and fancy yourself a Lavater or a Spurzheim. That man with the smiling insinuating face is a lawyer; he has just taken out the widow's portion from the bank by her trustee, and is hastening home to use it for his own individual purpose. That tall man, too, with a noble forehead, with all the intellectual organs so largely developed, is a blank and nearly idiotic bankrupt, who has just been grossly insulted by one of the commissioners in consequence of his misfortune in business. And the three fashionably-dressed gentlemen, with gold chains and satin waistcoats, are well-known pickpockets. How deceptive are outward appearances! how fallacious! how untrue! Behold an instance. What a harsh, unprepossessing face that old man has got, and what a bear-like expression! Then how poorly dressed, and how exceedingly uncouth as he walks along on the other side of the way! See how roughly he pulls on that smiling little fellow by his side, who every now and then looks up into the old man's face with confidence, and appears to be the happiest little dog that ever breathed. What a remarkable pair they seem—the one all apparent harshness, and the other all confidence and love!

"How far is it, sir?" asked the youngster with the round jacket, white trowsers, and merry face.

"Don't ask questions," answered the aged man with the old rusty hat, spencer over his coat, shoes with buckles, and brown gaiters. And the boy looked again up into the face of the man, and then, strange to say, he smiled the more. Believe me, my friend, children are the best judges of character from expression.

How fast they walk! How the man strides! How the boy jumps! They have got over the crossing, and are now walking along a crowded street. Surely that is a jailer by his look, taking that little boy before a magistrate. And now the pair proceed together, and after walking for some time they reach their destination. The sleek porter, who was rocking himself in an easy chair, more asleep than awake, rose hurriedly, bowed and touched his hat at the same moment to the old gentleman with the frowning face and ungainly appearance, who asked the porter some questions relating to his family, and started off, very unceremoniously, in the middle of a long story from the aforesaid porter. . . . Out of a part of the building to the right, and into the counting-

house they went, where it was surprising to see the many officials, from the head clerk downwards, all bending their heads at the same time to this poor-looking man; who, telling his little companion "to sit still," mounted quickly the stairs leading to the governors' apartment.

And here is the proper place for revealing, that the old man with the worn-out spencer was none other than the excellent Mr. Howard, who, next to the great philanthropist of that name, was the most sincerely charitable man that ever lived. Under the cloak of severity, he performed some of the most benevolent actions which it is possible for a good man to conceive. Away, then, with your proud sciences of physiognomy and phrenology, for this man negated them both; for he was one of the holiest men that ever lived, although he had a sour face, a sloping forehead, and a forbidding appearance.

But there were other boys waiting with Richard Biddulph the coming examination by the doctor, whose decision was to be final as to the children's admittance within the foundation. And there, sure enough, stood the beadle, who was to accompany them to Hertford, and who appeared to be itching so that he might begin his authority, and who called out "Silence, boys!" in an official tone, when there was not the slightest noise amongst them. And here he may be said to resemble all other gentlemen; who, having a very little power, wish to prove to the world that they have much. When silence reigns paramount in our courts of law; when the Attorney General has been attacked by a junior counsel, and has just risen to defend himself; when the interest of the court is excited to the utmost, and when even the eyelid does not wink for fear of its owner being turned out of court; then, *and not till then*, does a fellow in a gown, and with a wand of office, call out at the very top of his practised voice, "Silence in court!" and echo answers, "Court!" There is a vast difference between the cry just alluded to, and that of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

One by one the new boys ascended the stairs with their parents to make their bows for the first time to the assembled governors; and passed from thence into another apartment, to undergo the awful scrutiny of the doctor; who, putting on his spectacles, magnified each spot into a case of small-pox, and every bruise into a mortification.

Then came the taking off and throwing aside their plain clothes, and putting on those peculiar to the establishment. Whilst one tugs on his stockings, another attempted to see himself in the distinctive button, which only reflected the person of him who was the founder of the school. It is evidently the first time that child with the red hair has ever put his hand into his own pocket, for see how he digs lower and lower into its depths and mysteries! And all of them appeared to wonder at the smallness of their caps, as they tried to stick them on their heads, but could not.

Oh what joy to see that care-worn mother pressing to her breast and kissing her own newly-admitted boy; whilst that old man, who is evidently poor by his patched boots, is wiping away a hot tear of gratitude as he turns from his child to bless the foundation.

The boys were soon dressed, and in the excitement of new clothes

they forgot for the moment that they were about to part from doating parents, and kind playfellows, and to enter into a new world, which might differ a little from that they were beginning to travel from.

And now the coach is at the door of the counting-house, and, in order to give the children time to part with their friends, I have ordered "coachee" to drive thee, most gentle reader, not into the next street, but into the next chapter, whither, with your indulgence, I will accompany you.

CHAPTER III.

OUR HERO ENTERS THE SCHOOL IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

After many kisses and numberless adieus, the boys were forced into the stage which conducted to Richard's new destination by the insinuating beadle, whose interest was not entirely forgotten amidst the general bustle; and as the coach rattled on, there arose a sort of quiet sadness amongst the children, who began to think of their destination. Richard Biddulph was an exception to the rest, for he had no parents to leave behind him, and he dreamt he was going to a happy place, because the good Mr. Howard told him so.

It is not our duty in this place to record the very edifying conversation which took place between the coachman and the beadle as they sat upon the box. The reader must be satisfied with the fact, that while the one spoke of *his* grey mare, *his* corn, and *his* stables, the other very properly eulogised charities in general, and this institution in particular. Neither is it requisite to state that the back passengers put up their umbrellas to keep off the wind; and how many thanks were given by the waiter at the half-way house to a middle-aged lady in spectacles, who, after partaking of some brandy-and-water, did not give him anything.

The country town referred to is a clean, dull, quiet place. On entering, the first object that presents itself is the county jail; a little further on are the gates of the educational institution, and at the extreme end is the court-house.

The horses galloped into the town, and went into the gates of the establishment, where the children were handed over to the charge of the steward, who divided them into small numbers and portioned them to the several wards of the institution. Richard was placed in No. 4 ward; and after offering up to God his infantine prayer, and asking blessings for his kind patron, Mr. Howard, he jumped into his bed and was very soon fast asleep.

The boy's first essay into life when placed by his doating parents at a public school, amongst strangers and disciplinarians, tries his young feelings; and though you may not show that you feel for his situation, still in your heart you cannot do less than pity him.

At seven o'clock the next morning, the bell rang, and our hero was very soon out of bed, and in the midst of about forty other boys who

were all older than himself, and who, as a matter of course, tried all in their power to irritate and annoy him. But he only smiled at them, and answered their many questions in so spirited a manner, that they began very soon to desist from their teasing conduct towards him.

"Hilloa! you sir, what's your name?" asked one.

"Come, speak up, old fellow," said another.

"Biddulph, Dick Biddulph, that's my name."

"Stiddulth? Kiddulth? Widdulth?" they asked him, jeeringly, one after another.

"No, sir; B i d spells Bid; d u l p h spells dulph, Biddulph; that's my name sirs," said the boy; innocently, as they roared out laughing at his greenness.

"What's your father?" asked one.

"I've got no father, sir," answered he.

"What's your mother, then, little un?"

"I've got no mother," answered the child, softly.

"Then what are you, Biddy?"

"I'm nothing, sir as yet, but I'm going to be a sailor."

At this there was a shout of laughter, which was put a stop to by the entrance of a woman dressed in a plain cotton gown with a widow's cap upon her head. She had large, hard-looking features, which have been denominated crusty, with very small eyes, which peeped and twinkled from their sockets with such brightness, that she could see at a single glance every object in the long ward. Her hand, too, was of a hard and bony kind, something like that of a skeleton; and she was said to be feared more than beloved by every one of her children. This lady's name was Mistress Bridget; she had lived, perhaps, through five and forty winters, and had been appointed nurse to No. 4 Ward when she was thirty-three years of age.

"Come, boys, make your beds, will you, and don't be teasing the new one," said the dame, as she pulled forth a snuff-box, and took a prodigious pinch of that exciting and exhilarating powder.

"Please, nurse, will you give me a shoestring?" asked a little fellow whose eye was vacant, and whose form had been twisted at his birth.

"A shoestring?" vociferated the lady with astonishment; "why, what have you done with that I gave you yesterday?"

"Lost it, ma'am," answered the child, stupidly.

"Then take that! you stupid booby!" continued Mrs. Bridget, as her slim paw saluted the fat cheek of the child; "why, I ought to be made of shoestring, that I ought!"

The kind lady then brought forth a large roll of ferret which had been given to her for the express use of the boys, she cut off and threw a piece at him contemptuously, and then marched with stately step towards her small apartment at one end of the ward.

When the children were dressed, the breakfast-bell cheered up the countenances of the hungry boys, who walked at a quick pace in a body, with Mistress Bridget at their head, toward the Hall, where Richard was initiated into the first meal he had at the expense of the foundation.

NARRATIVE OF A MONTH'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

No. I.

I LEFT H—— Hall with my brother on a Thursday in the month of June, 1842. We travelled by railway to Birmingham only, that night. At half-past eight the following morning we went on to London, where we arrived at twenty minutes past one in the afternoon. The remainder of the day was spent in procuring a Prussian passport, getting it countersigned by various foreign representatives, and in securing berths in the Rotterdam steam-boat. Saturday morning at nine o'clock we embarked in the Ocean, from the Custom-house Stairs, to Rotterdam. I found the accommodation inferior, in both elegance and comfort, to the Liverpool packets, which I had sailed in to Scotland and Ireland. The vessel stopped at Blackwall nearly an hour, to take in passengers who had come by the railway, and the mail-bags. The sun became so powerful about this time, (between ten and eleven o'clock,) and the awning not yet being spread, I was glad to retreat from its influence into the ladies' cabin. About four we dined: the Captain took the head of the table. Whilst sitting at dessert, sundry movements of the vessel seemed to admonish the wary to retire within the limits of their respective berths. I took the hint, and instantly went to lie down in mine; to which precaution I attributed my freedom from sea-sickness. I have observed that ladies who remain on deck till late in the evening, generally come staggering from illness, one by one, into the cabin. A recumbent position I am convinced from experience is the best. The weather was oppressively hot, particularly during the night. I was rejoiced when daylight appeared. About six I went upon deck with W—; we had already entered the Meuse. As we passed the end of several canals, we saw an immense number of vessels covered with flags and streamers. We were told they were the herring fleet; that the crews would that day (Sunday) go to church, to offer up prayers for a successful voyage, which they would commence on Monday. We arrived alongside the quay at Rotterdam about nine o'clock, and soon after took possession of the very comfortable and cool bedrooms at the Hotel des Pays Bas. Here I, for the first time, saw the stove and odious spitting-box, so universal in the Dutch and German bedrooms. In half-an-hour we were summoned by the commissionaire William had engaged, to take our keys to the Custom-house to have our luggage examined. The officers were very civil; for on hearing we were going up the Rhine, they let it all pass without examination. On our return to the hotel we breakfasted, and, according to the Continental fashion, in one of our bedrooms. After enjoying the comfort of re-dressing, we walked to the Cathedral; we hoped to have been in time for some part of the morning service, to hear the organ, (considered by some finer than the one at Haarlem,) but only got there just as the congregation

were coming out. Hearing there would be service again at two o'clock, though only then twelve,) we determined to sit in the church during the interval, as the walk to it had been oppressively hot. We were accompanied by a gentleman who, with his two daughters, had sailed in the Ocean with us from London. Some time before the service began, five or six young Dutch peasant women came into the church. I immediately perceived we were objects of great attraction to them; they looked at us, and then smiled, and talked with each other. Two or three, more bold than the rest, reached chairs and seated themselves vis à vis to us, and within half-a-yard. William was quite amused at the unscrupulous examination they gave him; but they looked so naïve and good humoured, it was impossible to feel annoyed. We eventually tried to make ourselves understood, but in vain. At length our companion (who could speak a few Dutch words) made out that our present position was occupied during service by them, (the Bourgeoiserie,) that there were pews for us; but that I was not to be in the same with my brother, as ladies and gentlemen do not sit together in the Dutch churches. The service began by the clerk reading a chapter out of the Bible; then the Preacher ascended the pulpit with his Geneva cap on, which he hung upon a peg behind him. He was a spare, ascetic-looking person; a perfect specimen of his order. After a short prayer he commenced his sermon, which he paused in occasionally, to give out a hymn, which the congregation (all sitting) sung most lustily, accompanied by the organ. Several of what I concluded were the deacons of the church continually went round during the sermon, to collect, for some charitable purpose, in little purse-shaped cloth bags, with a tiny bell at the bottom of each, causing a perpetual tinkling. They were fastened to the end of long, flexible canes; first black bags were handed round, and then green ones. I observed that everybody (the poorest included) put a coin into each. After the sermon, which lasted at least an hour and a half, many infants were brought to be christened, when we left. We got back to the hotel in time for the table d'hôte, at half-past four. We had an excellent dinner—an immense variety of dishes—but, according to the custom here, substantial joints appeared last. The dining-room is a delightful one, being spacious, and overlooking the fashionable promenade and the Meuse. About seven in the evening, a party of us went to service at the English church. The congregation was but small, consisting principally of travellers like ourselves. Two prayers were added to the usual service,—one for the King and Queen of Holland, and the other for the preservation of all persons travelling by sea for their "lawful purposes," and for their safe return to their own country. I thought this in very good taste; England, the seat of the mother church, being an island. The sermon was upon the uncertainty of life; after it there was a collection made, perhaps to pay for the seats. In going to and returning from the church, we crossed one of the numerous canals that intersect Rotterdam, by an unwieldy ferry-boat. None of the peasant women wear bonnets; the generality have snow-white caps, with lace borders, projecting from the face like a little bonnet front, deepest over the forehead, geoffered, and kept in the round plaits by a fine wire run along the edge. Some wear massive gold ornaments on the forehead and sides of the face, that have been trans-

mitted from mother to daughter for generations past. We met several decorated with them in our walk along the Boompjes;* and almost all wear necklaces of garnet-coloured beads, fastened tightly round the throat by a broad gold clasp in front, and rings on fingers that have probably never worn a glove.

On Monday morning at six, we left Rotterdam by the Rhine steam-boat. Most of the party on board were those with whom we had come from London, with a few additions, amongst which were Col. and Mrs. R——, whose acquaintance we soon made. Their agreeable company contributed much to the pleasure of our journey, as we saw a good deal of them. The Colonel is a Waterloo man, and has lately retired from the command of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers. The sail to-day exceeded my expectations, for I much admired the pretty quaint Dutch country houses, villages, and towns, that we passed. The vessel generally stopped a few minutes at the latter, when some of the peasantry would hasten to its side to offer their tempting baskets of cherries for sale. We reached Emmerick, the end of our day's journey, about five in the afternoon. Being the frontier town of Prussia, the packet was immediately taken possession of by police and custom-house officers, to prevent anything being taken on shore previous to examination, and to demand our passports. The Hotel des Pays Bas is the only respectable one in the place, therefore the rush to procure rooms for the night was very great, as some of them are vastly superior to others, for which the same charge is made. In about half-an-hour, after engaging ours, we were summoned to the steamer to have our luggage examined. I soon heard my name called out, and then found that my largest box had to undergo a scrutiny. I did not think the officers easily satisfied that I had nothing contraband in it, for they pulled the things about a good deal. The examination of each box attracts a number of persons around, more curious than polite, which adds to the annoyance. The officers are sometimes very capricious, for W.'s luggage, and that of many others, they did not look at at all.

On Sunday morning at seven, we again embarked on the Rhine. The scenery was very flat and dull the whole way to Dusseldorf, which we came to at four in the afternoon. We were then told that the vessel would be stationary till eight in the evening, when it would proceed on all night, but that those who chose could remain in Dusseldorf, and go on by a boat that would leave at half-past eight in the morning, which we immediately determined to do, as we had no wish to lose any part of the Rhine, and the night promised to be overcomingly hot, and but light berths in a crowded vessel. The only persons who stayed behind, except ourselves, were a pleasant Dutch party, whose acquaintance we made the following day. We had rather a long walk from the landing place to the Breidenbacker Hof, which is delightfully situated in the Allaè Strasse. Here we had charming rooms and great attention. I think the German waiters models for those in other countries; so civil, attentive, and active, they are quite incomparable. Always from sixteen to two and twenty years of age, for the constant running about they have would not suit older persons; and so smart and dapper in

* The favourite promenade of the town, on the banks of the Meuse, and delightfully shaded by rows of tall trees.

their appearance, all dressed alike. We saw many good shops here. We bought a bottle of "Eau de Cologne Perfectionné" in one of them, superior to any I have ever met with; but we did not purchase more than one bottle, as we thought our friends in England would not be satisfied with Cologne Water made in Dusseldorf. We this evening bade adieu (finally, as then thought) to our new friends Colonel and Mrs. Ross, as they went on in the steam-boat, having a close carriage on board. Mrs. R. fancied she could make herself tolerably comfortable by occupying it. Our acquaintance was also brought to an end with the gentleman and his two daughters. They were on their way to Boppardt, to put themselves under the care of Dr. Schmitz, a celebrated professor of the hydropathic system, who resides at the largest and most conspicuous looking house in Boppardt, commanding a lovely view of the Rhine (from which we afterwards saw it). Here the Doctor receives his patients to board, during the administration of his water regimen. Our steam-boat acquaintances were going to stay there three months, though apparently quite well.

* * * * *

Soon after this, we met with a party who consisted of foreigners only, except ourselves, and, perhaps, a gentleman or two. We soon made friends with a Dutch party, whom I have before mentioned; the Baron and Baroness von Cutargeth, from the province of Goulderland, and a young lady with them, Miss des Jombe, of Utrecht, whose appearance was quite that of an English girl. They were on their way to the baths of Wiesbaden; and till they arrived at Biberech (where passengers leave the steamer, who are going to Wiesbaden), we were altogether in each other's society. They were very agreeable, well-informed people; all spoke French fluently, and Miss des Jombe spoke pretty foreign English, having been educated at a school in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, kept by an Englishwoman; and where she had been in the habit of speaking the language three days each week. She seemed at first rather shy of speaking to me in English; but the Baron urged her to do so, instead of continuing to talk in French; and I was really surprised to find how well she understood me, when I spoke slowly. She could read English, she said, with great ease; and spoke of the pleasure she had derived from reading James's novels. The Baron would now and then come to us, and laughingly inquire whether she was improving in her lesson? Though this nice Dutch party had sailed with us from Einmerich, until this morning, I had only observed the Baron, who was too remarkable looking to escape notice. He wore a most grotesque fur cap, pepper-and-salt-coloured coat, with an order on the left side; from his waistcoat was suspended (by a massive gold chain) an enormous bunch of cornelian seals; on the forefinger of his right hand was an equally enormous ring, of the same stone; and he was almost incessantly smoking from the largest meerschaum I ever saw. Yet withal, his manners were very gentlemanly; and his wife had quite an air distinguée. The steamer did not stop at Cologne, except to receive some passengers. The old city looked well from the Rhine. We reached Bonn about five, where we landed; as the vessel was going on during the night, and we had no intention to go on with

it. We took up our abode at the Hôtel de l'Etoile d'Or, by the Baron's recommendation, who also went there: it is situated in the Grande Place, and is one of the most delightful hotels I was at on the continent. My bedroom looked into a square open court, along the sides of which were ranged, tier above tier, the most beautiful exotics, oleanders (red and white), the cactus speciosissimus, a great variety of choice geraniums, orange trees in bloom; and up the white walls of the court, most luxurious vines were trained: and such an air of neatness about every thing; the surface of the flower-pots all covered with moss, of the prettiest kind. After tea, we went to see the Cathedral: we were fortunate in finding the doors open, as there were persons in it, engaged in decorating the bishop's throne, to the left of the grand altar, as he was to perform high mass there the following Sunday. Here I, for the first time, saw a priest receiving confession: his face was concealed by a piece of white linen: the penitent was a man. The altar was decked out most theatrically.

We next went to see the exterior of the University; interesting to the English, being the place where Prince Albert was educated. It is a large and handsome pile of building. We travelled from London to Dusseldorf with a Major Smith, who, with his wife and family, lives here: he told W— that he gave a series of balls during the winter, which were more popular than any others in the town; by his allowing the young men to dance with girls of their own age, instead of the foreign custom of dancing first with all the married ladies, of whatever age they might be. He also said the Princes Albert and Ernest frequently came to his balls during their residence at the University; always attended by their tutor, Count Kolowrath. We walked through most part of the town, meeting students at every turn, dressed fantastically; their mouths invariably garnished with either meerschaums, or the more humble cigar. Here are several fashionable-looking shops, and many of the houses are very pretty. Almost every window and balcony was filled with choice plants, in bloom.

Thursday morning, about eight o'clock, we embarked in the Elberfeldt, to proceed as far as Mayence the same night. The sail was through the heart of the famed Rhine scenery; and my new friend, Miss des Jombe, having been up the Rhine before, kindly pointed out to me every thing of interest. We first passed, on the right, the grey ruins of Godesberg: a little further to the left, are the Seven Mountains; the highest of which is called the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock; with the picturesque ruin of a castle on its summit. The next reach of the river brought into view the castle of Rolandseck, and the beautiful island of Normenworth; on which is a large hotel, formerly a convent, to which a romantic and affecting legend is attached; but I will spare the reader; for, doubtless, he or she have also been up the Rhine. Suffice it to say, from here to Mayence, the river presents a succession of most lovely pictures: castles, convents, towns, and villages seem to have dropped down in the most picturesque situations. All the mountains, rising in every direction, within view of the Rhine, are cultivated with vines to the very summit. In steep places, the vineyards are partitioned, by low walls of loose stones put together, to prevent the earth giving way. We saw men at work in them, in places

that seemed quite unapproachable. To-day, instead of dining in the saloon, which we had hitherto done, dinner was set out upon deck ; so that no part of the scenery might be lost. One o'clock is the invariable hour for it. How the cookery is managed, appears to me quite marvellous, as a great variety of dishes are daily supplied ; and the waiting is managed most expertly. I should think there must be a perpetual washing going on ; for at breakfast, dinner, and tea, every one has a clean—though rather damp—napkin set. Soon after dinner, a magnificent view opened upon us. To the left, on the top of inaccessible-looking bold rocks, stood the strongly-guarded fortress of Ehrenbreitstein ; and a little to the right, the large, picturesque town of Coblenz, with its minaret-like spires, and bridge of boats ; and the blue Moselle gently yielding up its waters to the Rhine. We soon after passed Boppard and St. Goar, and came to the Lurleyburg, where three small cannon were discharged from the steamer ; the effect of which was most startling, as the sound was repeated from aide to aide. At Biberich, our Dutch friends took their leave of us, with a regret that was mutual, that our acquaintance should so soon terminate ; but we parted with the possibility of meeting again at Wiesbaden, as we then contemplated returning homewards by the Nassau baths.

We reached Mayence about nine. Being a strongly fortified town, W— had to surrender his passport, before they would admit us through a barrier, on landing. We went to the Hôtel de l'Europe ; and a very comfortable, and even splendid house it is : the master a most attentive person, though possessed of a superabundance of foreign politeness, bowing, and greeting us whenever we chanced to meet. At first, I forgot that it was incumbent upon me to return his salutations, however lightly. And so perfectly new to be lighted to one's bedroom by a waiter who never retired without saying, " Bon soir, Madame." I would describe my extraordinary German bed here, had not the kind been so frequently described by other writers.

Friday, 17th June.—Devoted to seeing Mayence. We went through the market-place, with its picturesque gable-fronted houses, to the Cathedral. It is a handsome structure, though of a mixed style of architecture ; full of ancient monuments and small chapels. Our guide was an exceedingly intelligent young German woman, who spoke French well : she attracted our attention to the tomb of an Archbishop of Mayence, of the house of Saxe : " Of the same family as your Prince Albert," said she. After gratifying ourselves by an examination of every thing worth seeing here, we explored the town—saw the brazen statue erected to the memory of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing—and went into one or two booksellers shops ; in one of which, W— bought Hood's " Up the Rhine," which proved a never-ending source of amusement to us. We returned to the hotel, to a private dinner, at four. An exquisite one was served to us ; almost too great a variety of every thing ; for which, the charge was only equal to three shillings English. There was a pudding much like a nice sponge-cake, to which was handed a singular sauce, composed of almonds, currants, and chopped raisins, in Rhenish red wine, sweetened. It proved, however, a very good mixture. Hearing there was to be a military concert in the evening, at the public gardens, in

the neighbourhood, W— hired an open carriage, and we went to it. We congratulated ourselves that we did so, as the Austrian and Prussian bands that play there, alternately, weekly, during the summer, have an European fame. We heard the Prussian band: they played most delightful German airs, many of their waltzes, and, to our astonishment, concluded with our national anthem, arranged as a waltz. Yet, notwithstanding this desecration, concluding the concert with it was so English, I listened to it with unmixed pleasure. The gardens were crowded with fashionables, and an immense number of military. Mayence is garrisoned equally, by the King of Prussia and Emperor of Austria: therefore, there were Prussians in their blue and red, and Austrians in white and red; besides the uniform of Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau. The band was stationed in the upper part of the garden, in an elevated tent; and beneath it, all around, were placed little wooden tables, with forms to sit upon; all painted in the Austrian colours, red and white; and over some were awnings to match. The generality of the company sat to the tables, sipping chocolate, coffee, or the light Rhenish wines. The gardens are laid out with great taste, and full of rich, shady walks, and choice flowers. The walking entrance to them, is only half-a-mile from Mayence; but the carriage road extends a mile further; stretching the whole length of them. They gradually slope upwards, and in a line with the Rhine; commanding, in every part, lovely views of it, and Mayence, with the opposite shore of Hockhuin, and the distant range of Jannus mountains. We were fortunate in seeing the whole lighted up by a brilliant sunset. I believe we were the only English that evening. The scene was very entertaining; quite a little insight into German manners: such an ever-beginning, never-ending taking off of hats. I could perceive a slight whispering, as we passed some of the groups; they evidently guessed our country. I wore a plaid dress on the occasion, which seemed to attract great attention amongst the German ladies.

Saturday was spent at Frankfort. We felt a most particular interest in it, from having had a relation an attaché to the English Legation there last year. We left the railway station at Cassel (the opposite river to Mayence), by an early train in the morning.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of Service in China, a Residence in Hong Kong and Visits to other Islands in the Chinese Seas. By ARTHUR CUNYNGHAME, Aide-de-camp to Major-General Lord Saltoun, K. C. B., G. C. H., commanding Her Majesty's and the Hon. East India Company's Troops in China. 2 vols. post 8vo.

As Aide-de-camp to that distinguished officer Lord Saltoun, Captain Cunynghame enjoyed many opportunities for observation peculiar to his position, of which he appears laudably to have availed himself. We have had many works upon China, and they have each had their distinctive merits. Captain Cunynghame's "Recollections" are, however, not the less welcome on that account, for there is a freshness in his sketches which strongly marks their individuality, and he gives us his impressions with the frankness of a soldier and the urbanity of the gentleman. He does not profess to detail the history of the war,—that has already been sufficiently accomplished by Lieutenant Ouchterlony and others,—he merely relates the result of his own observations; and these are in general very pleasing and graphic. We select the following :—

LUXURIES OF EUROPEANS IN INDIA.—"No one thing, perhaps, strikes a stranger so forcibly at his first arrival in India, or one of the Company's dependencies, as the apparently luxurious life the Europeans enjoy; and, perhaps, no feeling dies away so quickly. It is, indeed, a change, after being accustomed to one small cabin for four or five months,—even that, perhaps, shared by a friend or acquaintance,—to find oneself roaming through these lofty saloons, which upon the hottest day are not without a delicious breeze, given by the never-ceasing motion of the punka. Everything so quiet and soothing; the servants, though ever so numerous, stealing through the apartments without noise and confusion, and at the magic words 'Qui hi?' (Who waits?) though spoken at the lowest pitch of the voice, one or more instantly appear, ready to bear your commands. Attached to each sleeping apartment was a bath-room, a necessary comfort to this climate. On the beds were very hard mattresses covered with China mats; thus rendering them deliciously cool. A glass window is unknown, the entire house on every side being fitted with Venetian blinds.

"Each day, at two, a tiffin was served up, after which we read, &c. until five, at which time we dressed. The palanquins were then in attendance; we drove until seven, which was the hour for dinner. It would be superfluous to detail a long list of Eastern dishes; suffice it to say, everything was the very best, combining the greatest luxury with true comfort and genuine hospitality. The meal being concluded, a venerable Mussulman handed a magnificent and highly scented hookah to the governor.

CHINESE TEMPLE.—"During our stay I took the opportunity of visiting their temple, commonly called joss house, which was very unique, and which, I was informed, was as handsome as any in the second-rate towns in the

Chinese empire ; from which opinion I am not inclined to differ after the frequent opportunities I subsequently had of testing it. The carving, both upon the stone and wood-work, was well executed. The porcelain figures of men, dragons, &c., with which they delight to adorn their religious buildings, were finished in a style which far exceeded my expectations.

"There were a number of altars, and presiding at each a due complement of gods and demons, all of which seemed to be largely supplied with offerings of the good things of this world, in the shape of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., set out in handsome China bowls. The attendant priests were rather flattered at our tasting these dainties, and at our lighting our cigars at the holy fires which were kept burning opposite each of the principal gods ; they moreover invited us to taste of the dishes which had been prepared for their own meal, many of which were noted very good, though considerable difficulty was experienced in the use of the chopstick.

"The dress of the priests differed but little from that of the rest of the community, their great distinction consisting in their wearing no tail, which, for a Chinese of any other class to be devoid of, would be considered the highest reproach. One amongst many of their customs totally at variance with our own, is that of choosing their priests from the dregs rather than from among the highest class of society. In the outer court of the building were to be seen a number of filthy wretches beseeching charity, such as are to be observed in Catholic countries just without the doors of most places of religious worship. These poor creatures were engaged in pastimes, such as cards, &c. ; no doubt very amusing to them, but little suited, according to our ideas of propriety to, the place they were in."

A CHINESE WEDDING.—"On my return from the joss house, seeing a dwelling house gaily decorated with pieces of gaudy-coloured silk, &c., lamps and lights, I entered and discovered a Chinese wedding to be going forward. Both bride and bridegroom were decked out in the richest of silks ; and at the moment of my entry the attendant relatives were busily employed cramming into their mouths a preparation of betel-nut until they were nearly choked, this being a portion of the ceremony which on no account is to be omitted. The lady was a Malay, who are almost the only wives the Chinese are here able to procure ; for although there were at the time I mention between 10,000 and 12,000 Chinamen at the settlement, I was given to understand there were but two Chinese women ; these had been taken to London some years since, for the purpose of exhibiting their feet, and had returned thus far towards their native country, the nearest point to which they could then approach, as the jealousy of the government is so great that it forbids all its subjects from leaving China to visit foreign soils, more especially women ; and there could not be the shadow of a doubt that were they to have ventured home, their lives would have paid the penalty of their rashness."

COUP DE SOLEIL.—"The excitement being somewhat abated, the heat was now beginning to be severely felt by the men, particularly among those who for so many months had had no exercise ; numbers were falling out from the ranks, and some—I believe I do not exaggerate when I say nearly a dozen—fell down dead upon the spot. Our first care therefore was to march them, as speedily as practicable, to a neighbouring village, taking possession of a number of joss houses and other buildings, to get them shelter from the sad effects of such a sun. We lost but five men killed by the enemy's fire, but before night about twenty of Her Majesty's 98th had perished from the effects of coup de soleil."

In addition to his Chinese Recollections, Captain Cunynghame records his impressions on a visit to Manilla, the island of Laconia, &c. He also relates some interesting occurrences on his return homeward, which our readers will find well worthy of their attention. The work is very tastefully embellished with drawings and wood engravings, and

the binding is elegant and appropriate. The dedication is addressed, very naturally, and by permission, to Major-General Lord Saltoun. We have been much pleased with the perusal of these interesting volumes, and can safely recommend them to our readers.

The Candidate for Favour, in Poetry and Prose. By HELEN HYAMS.

THIS is a miscellaneous collection of prose tales and poetical pieces, by a Jewish lady. The poetry greatly preponderates over the prose. In both departments of composition the writer shows that she possesses a literary taste, but much yet remains to be done in the way of improving it. The poetry is often defective in the measure, and the prose is in some places too artificial. These are faults, however, which time will correct. The following short poetical piece is as favourable a specimen as we could give of the writer's manner. It is entitled

THE CHANGELING'S GRAVE.*

I.

The night was cold, the moon was bright,
And icicles in clusters hung;
The air was clear, and all was light,
As if broad day its radiance flung;
The scene was drear, an arid waste,
Girt by the moss-grown rock alone;
The hunter, with redoubled haste,
Attempts a prayer, and hurries on.

II.

Ah! he has nearly pass'd the dell;
Why starts he in such wild affright?—
Let his own words the secret tell:
Away! in pity, withering sight!

* The wretched superstition, on which the following verses are founded, is too generally known, and was, unhappily, too often acted upon, even so near our own time as the early part of the last century, to require any very lengthened comments. If a child was sickly, deformed, or otherwise particularly afflicted, it was supposed to be a fairy changeling, and little or no attention was paid to the poor stricken one; it was, indeed, sometimes put to the most cruel and lingering torments, protracted till it died, in order to free the supposed inhabitant of Fairy-land, who was expected to resume his proper shape, when the usurper should have been dislodged by the accredited means. It is easy to suppose that, under such circumstances, the popular superstition would often be made available for the worst purposes. Thus, it is related, that the kinsman of a young and noble infant in the West of England, caused the child to be immolated, and took possession of the estates, in pretended expectation of the rightful heir's return from Fairy-land. One day, as the shades of evening closed around him, being accidentally separated from his attendants when returning from the chase, he suddenly found himself beside the changeling's grave, a spot unhallowed by the consecration of the church. A vain search was instituted; sometimes his figure was visible in the dell, standing close to the grave, which appeared to be covered with rare and exotic flowers, yet any attempt to approach him proved futile; for the adventurer making such trial was either seized with inexpressible horror, preventing his advance, or a thick mist overspread the spot and remained an impenetrable barrier; but if these preventives did not suffice, a stunning blow was bestowed by an unseen hand, and, on recovery, the unlucky wight found himself in some other and remote part of the mountain pass, of which the dell constitutes a part.

It is the changeling's grave, and I
 So long have fled the spot in vain;
 Ah! now I hear that fearful cry,
 And it accuses me again!

III.

Who dares to say that I did play
 The traitor for thy large estate?
 Rest thee! the grave should not betray
 The deeds of avarice, and hate!
 Hurrah! hurrah! a troop comes on!
 Off, off! ye shall not seize on me!
 Spectres avaunt! ye turn to stone
 My moving flesh! I cannot flee!

IV.

They watch'd all night within the hall,
 For him that own'd that vast domain,
 And oft was heard the seeker's call;
 But ah! they watch'd and sought in vain.
 There is, beyond yon tow'ring hill,
 A spot, man's foot does never tread,
 Where fix'd, as by some power of ill,
 A stone form watches o'er the dead!

V.

Flowers spring on the tiny grave,
 Of matchless beauty, and most rare,
 Which an undoubted virtue have
 To draw the poison from despair.
 But then they must by hands be cull'd
 Free from all sin, on bosoms worn
 Where baneful passions are all lull'd,
 And virtue's highest gifts adorn.

VI.

If, tempted by the goodly sight,
 Unworthily they should be grasp'd,
 The scene will change to blackest night,
 The thief by demon form be clasp'd,
 And hurl'd in headlong fury through
 The dark abyss, appall'd by dread,
 Found in some chasm he never knew,
 Distracted, maim'd, or even dead.

Reliques of Ancient English History, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of the earliest Poets, together with some few of later Date. In 3 vols. Vol. I.

MR. MOXEN has done good service to the cause of English literature by his cheap and elegant republications of English standard interest. The present work, when simplified, will add one to the number of his previous meritorious publications. This is the fourth edition—a plain proof of the popularity of the work. When the remaining two volumes are published, we shall probably refer at some length to so interesting a work.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry ; consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our early Poets, together with some few of later Date. In 3 vols.

THIS is one of Mr. Moxon's excellent republications, in a cheap and excellent form, of works which, in a more expensive shape, had already received the stamp of public approbation. The choicest specimens of old English poetry chiefly, in the ballad style, are now placed before the reader at the cheapest possible price. Those who may have seen the following before will be glad to meet with it again in our pages. It is a ballad entitled

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

As it fell out on a long summer's day
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margare't,
And you see none by me ;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair ;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain :
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
And stood at William's feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William ?" she said ;
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep ?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,
Such dreams are never good :
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine',
And my bride-bed full of blood."

"Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good ;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine',
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three ;
 Saying, "I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
 "By the leave of my ladie."

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
 He knocked at the ring ;
 And who so ready as her seven brethren
 To let sweet William in ?

Then he turned up the covering-sheet :
 "Pray let me see the dead ;
 Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
 She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
 Than any of thy kin ;
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brethren,
 Making most piteous mone :
 "You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
 And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
 I do but what is right ;
 I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse
 By day or yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
 Deal on your cake and wine : *
 For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
 Shall be dealt to morrow at mine."

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
 Sweet William dyed the morrow :
 Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
 Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancel,
 And William in the higher :
 Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,
 And then they could grow no higher ;
 And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you the truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

* Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals. Ver. 31. 35. Swine, PCC.

The only other quotation we give is a ballad by Allan Ramsey. It is well known in Scotland, but will be new to most of our English readers. Its title is

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THERE came a Ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin;
But answer made she none.

"Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie
From Scotland new com home.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret! O sweet Margret!
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"My faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee."

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her best:
"Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
 A piece below her knee :
 And a' the live-lang winter night
 The dead corps followed shee.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie,
 Or any room at your feet?
 Or any room at your side Willie,
 Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Margret,
 There's nae room at my feet,
 There's no room at my side, Margret,
 My coffin is made so meet."

Then up and crew the red red cock,
 And up then crew the gray :
 "'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
 That I were gane away."

No more the ghost to Margret said,
 But with a grievous grone
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay!"
 The constant Margret cried :
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her saft lips, and died.

An Essay towards a New Translation of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, on the Basis of the Authorised Version; with a Paraphrase, and Brief Explanatory Notes. By BASIL H. COOPER, B.A., of the University of London.

MR. COOPER is a scholar and a man of talent. He has, moreover, evidently applied himself with great care to a consideration of the subject to which his essay relates. Still, we must say, that we do not see he has improved in the existing version of the Epistle to the Romans. His "argument" and "paraphrase" are decidedly the best parts of his production. His translation, with a few exceptions, is more forced, unnatural, and less perspicuous, than the one now in use. In some cases, too, he has brought out the import of the original so imperfectly, as to inculcate an objectionable theology. For example, his translation would in one place, though we are sure he does not mean it, carry the idea, that *because* we were sinners the Deity loved us. Surely the Scriptural statement of the truth referred to would be, that *while*, or *though*, we were sinners, the Supreme Being loved us. Our pages are not the proper place for theological discussion, else we would point out several instances in which Mr. Cooper's translation seems to us liable to the objection of not stating with sufficient precision the great truths which the inspired Apostle, in his Epistle to the Romans, sought to expound and enforce.

Poems, by ELIZABETH BANET BARRETT. Author of "The Seraphim," &c. &c. In 2 vols.

MISS BARRETT is an accomplished lady. She is imbued with no small measure of the poetic spirit, but there is a frequent quaintness in her manner of expressing her sentiments, that often mars their beauty and impairs their effect. The measure, too, which she has chosen for many of her pieces, is one not in common use, and, though strictly correct, does not commend itself to the ear. With these drawbacks, there is much poetry in the volumes before us. The pieces are on miscellaneous subjects, but they are all, more or less, of a serious or sentimental nature. The volumes are dedicated to the writer's father. The dedication is beautiful as a piece of composition, and remarkable for its touching tenderness. Many of the poems, too, are characterized by a pathos which must make its way to every bosom. We give one specimen. Its heading is, "Catarina to Cameons, dying in his absence abroad, and referring to the poem in which he had recorded the Sweetness of her Eyes."

On the door you will not enter,
I have gazed too long—adieu!
Hope withdraws her peradventure—
Death is near me—and not you!
Come, O lover,
Close and cover
These poor eyes, you called, I ween,
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

When I heard you sing that burden
In my vernal days and bowers,
Other praises disregarding,
I but hearkened that of yours,—
Only saying,
In heart-playing,
"Blessed eyes mine eyes have been,
If the sweetest HIS have seen."

But all changeth. At this vesper,
Cold the sun shines down the door!
If you stood there, would you whisper
"Love, I love you," as before?
Death pervading
Now, and shading
Eyes you sang of that yestreen,
As the sweetest ever seen.

Yes! I think, were you beside them,
Near the bed I die upon—
Though their beauty you denied them
As you stood there looking down,
You would truly
Call them duly,
For the love's sake found therein,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Notices of New Works.

And if *you* looked down upon them,
 And if *they* looked up to *you*,
 All the light which has forgone them
 Would be gathered back anew !
 They would truly
 Be as duly
 Love-transformed to Beauty's sheen,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But, ah me ! you only see me
 In your thoughts of loving man
 Smiling soft, perhaps, and dreamy
 Through the wavings of my fan ;
 And unweeting,
 Go repeating,
 In your reverie serene,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen,"

While my spirit leans and reaches
 From my body, still and pale,
 Fain to hear what tender speech is
 In your love, to help my bale—
 O my poet,
 Come and show it !
 Come, of latest love, to glean
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

O my poet, O my prophet,
 When you prais'd their sweetness so,
 Did you think, in singing of it,
 That it might be near to go ?
 Had you fancies
 From their glances,
 That the grave would quickly screen,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen ?"

No reply ! The fountain's warble
 In the court-yard sounds alone !
 As the water to the marble
 So my heart falls with a moan,
 From love-sighing
 To this dying !
 Death forerunneth Love, to win
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Will you come ? when I'm departed
 Where all sweetnesses are hid—
 When thy voice, my tender-hearted,
 Will not lift up either lid,
 Cry, O lover,
 Love is over !
 Cry beneath the cypress green
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When the angelus is ringing,
 Near the convent will you walk,

And recal the choral singing
Which brought angels down our talk?
Spirit-shriven
I viewed heaven,
Till you smil'd—"Is earth unclean,
Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

When beneath the palace-lattice,
You ride slow as you have done,
And you see a face there—*that* is
Not the old familiar one;
Will you oftly
Murmur softly,
"Here ye watch'd me morn and e'en,
Sweetest eyes were ever seen."?

When the palace ladies sitting
Round your gittern, shall have said,
"Poet, sing those verses, written
For the lady who is dead,"
Will you tremble,
Yet dissemble—
Or sing hoarse, with tears between,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

Sweetest eyes! How sweet in flowings
The repeated cadence is!
Though you sang a hundred poems,
Still the best one would be this.
I can hear it
"Twixt my spirit
And the earth noise intervene—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

But the priest waits for the praying,
And the choir are on their knees;
And the soul must pass away in
Strains more solemn high than these!
Miserere
For the weary—
Oh, no longer for Catrine,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Henri de Clermont; or, the Royalists of La Vendée. A Tale of the French Revolution. By the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY, M. A., Prebendary of Lichfield.

THE title of this work sufficiently indicates its nature. In the story there is a ground-work of historical fact, on which a superstructure of fiction is erected. The little volume is well written, and is calculated to improve the minds and benefit the morals of those young persons for whose perusal it is mainly written.

Poems, by FRANCES ANN BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE.

THE "American Journal" of Miss Fanny Kemble, published seven or eight years ago, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. Its affectations of style, and the semi-aristocratic assumptions of its author, drew down the censure, not of the critics only, but of the public. There is little of this in the little volume before us. The Poems, however, are unworthy of the name. They are exceedingly common place. The following is one the best pieces in the collection:—

THE DEATH-SONG.

MOTHER, mother! my heart is wild,
Hold me upon your bosom dear,
Do not frown on your own poor child,
Death is darkly drawing near.

Mother, mother! the bitter shame,
Eats into my very soul;
And longing love, like a wrapping flame,
Burns me away without control.

Mother, mother! upon my brow
The clammy death-sweats coldly rise;
How dim and strange your features grow
Through the hot mist that veils my eyes!

Mother, mother! sing me the song
They sing on sunny August eve,
The rustling barley-fields along,
Binding up the ripe, red sheaves.

Mother, mother! I do not hear
Your voice—but his,—oh, guard me well!
His breathing makes me faint with fear,
His clasping arms are round me still.

Mother, mother! unbind my vest,
Upon my heart lies his first token:
Now lay me in my narrow nest,
Your wither'd blossom, crush'd and broken.

The Birthday: a Tale for the Young. By the Author of "Gideon,"
"Jonah," &c.

THIS is a well-told story. It is also one of great interest, and ingeniously and pleasingly inculcates important moral truths. The author's previous works have earned for him a high reputation in that department of literature in which the inculcation of moral truths is blended with the sallies of the imagination. It is right, however, we should warn those who are opposed to the new theological views which are now so much in vogue in Oxford, that these views are indirectly inculcated in this beautiful, and otherwise meritorious volume before us. The publications of the Tract Society are held up to condemnation, and the evangelical party are caricatured in the person of Mrs. Dawson, one of the personages who figure prominently in the volume. The book is embellished with a well-executed frontispiece.

Musings. By the Author of "Heart Breathings."

THIS is one of the most beautifully got up volumes we have ever seen. It is a triumph of typographical taste, and the style of binding is correspondingly elegant; but the little book has still higher recommendations than these. It contains the utterances of a heart which is guided and governed by celestial principles. The pious aspirations and contemplations of the author can hardly fail to be of great benefit to the minds of others, who may, like him, feel this world to be a wilderness, and are travelling along a rough though right way to a heavenly home. We give one specimen of these "Musings." It is headed "My Mother's Portrait":—

"I MUSE, dear mother, on thy sacred memory! Not many years ago, I lay, a helpless babe, beneath thy gentle care. Unconscious of each danger—scarce aware of oft-repeated wants, I reposed on thee—a poor dependant on thyself! 'Twas love—a mother's love—which prompted thee to watch thy infant; and when that watching I contemplate, I cannot but admire His mercy who appointed thee my mother! But for his compassion—unmerited indeed—I might have been the offspring of a brute in human form, or subjected to thousand ills, from which poor nature shrinks.

I muse with gratitude to Him, the Author of my being, whilst yet I trace thy gentle hand in leading me, a giddy child. I see thy watchful eye; I muse upon the deep solicitude which thou didst manifest on my behalf. Approaching boyhood—beginning now to show the seeds of disobedience—I see thee take my hand, admonish, and again behold thee bow the knee, a suppliant for thy boy!

And now, a youth, I take my leave of home—the scene of early years. I stand and listen yet again to thy fond admonitions; yes, upon the eve of my departure, I hear thee say, as though it were but yesterday—"We are clear of your blood." And again I wave adieu as I see thee stand, with tearful eye, among the little group assembled on the shore whereon we parted.

Mother! thy prayers were heard! A gracious eye watched o'er me; and though that parting scene was dark, and unnumbered evils seemed as though they would prevail, yet how wisely did our bounteous Benefactor order all! Twenty years have rolled away since then, my mother, yet has mercy—boundless mercy—attended every step. Though vicissitude has marked my course; and trial and exercise have been my portion, yet compassions, infinite in number and degree, have ever been reserved for times of danger and necessity.

And now, my mother, I would turn to contemplate thyself! But a brief period, and thou wast here a dweller in a house of clay! I see its outward form. This picture brings thee to my recollection. Each feature is thine own, my mother!—yes, it is thine own familiar face; it, too, bears marks of anxious "musings." But, my mother, all has ended well with thee. Thou didst dread "the cloud," I know. It approached with threatening. But see its issue. Did not Jehovah graciously fulfil his word, notwithstanding thy timidity? Who attended thee in early life? Who marked thy future course, and guided every step? Did not He, the Lord? And now arrived to hoary hairs—weak nature drooping—to whom canst thou be looking but to Him? Cheer up, my mother—all is well. Jehovah will be faithful, though thou fearest. He'll crown thee yet with joy.

Ah! now the *mind* gives way; reason resigns her post; yet 'tis well, my mother! Mercy—rich mercy—mingles with the dispensation. It has brought us to resign thee at His bidding who has need of thee. One interval of reason—yes, He gives it—and thine heart—thine eye—are manifestly upward; thanks to His name! We feared it not, yet 'tis pleasing in remembrance. Thy parting words—that outstretched hand—one long yet brief adieu!—is grateful, and we part to meet again!"

The German Interpreter ; or. Original Conversations in English and German on every topic useful to the Traveller. By J. C. MOORE.

THIS little work is well adapted, both to aid the Englishman in the study of the German, and to be of great service to him in travelling in Germany. The page is arranged into three columns. The first gives the English of the phrases most in use among travellers in a foreign land ; the second gives the German of the same phrases ; and the third the way in which the German is pronounced. The "German Interpreter" will be found a most serviceable pocket companion to every Englishman travelling through that country.

Chapters on Working People ; how to elevate their morals, and to improve their social condition. By BENJAMIN LOVE, author of "the Hand Book of Manchester."

THIS little pamphlet is written with a good intention, and contains some useful suggestions, which we trust will meet due consideration from the employers and the employed. The following observations respecting the desirableness of cultivating a more fervent and friendly intercourse between the masters' and their men, will not, we trust, be without their effect :—

"A GREAT obstacle to the people's improvement is the want of free intercourse, and, consequently, the want of sympathy, between employers and the employed. This is an evil deeply to be deplored ; and as the plan we purpose to submit will tend to remedy it, we beg to offer a few remarks in connexion with the subject.

"Though few persons are now to be found who entertain the feudal notion, that servants are a class whose natural lot it is to toil, and at times to suffer deprivation ; yet it is a fact, that many employers are purely indifferent about the welfare of their dependants.

"It may be remarked, that the support afforded by employers to charitable institutions, is evidence that they do, indirectly, sympathize with the labouring population. This, however, is not sufficient. Besides, the existence of charitable institutions appears, in some cases, to be injurious to the welfare of the labouring population ; and is there not reason to believe that subscriptions to charities are frequently substituted for *personal* exertions in behalf of the needy?

"Several hundreds of work-people are employed in a factory. They are regarded as intelligent, dexterous machines, which fit in, and work with, those made of wood or iron. To yoke them together, and to extract from both the greatest aggregate of work at the smallest possible cost, is regarded as an object worthy the utmost consideration. At the end of a week's labour, the intelligent machines are paid the wages they have earned, and are lost sight of until the time arrives when the entire machinery is again put in motion. In the mean time, of the insensate machinery prodigious care is taken ; but what becomes of the intelligent machines? How much thought is bestowed on these ! A week's labour receives a week's wages—it is all the *claim* that can be preferred against the master—and then the immortal mind of the intelligent machine, after a week's compression amid shafts of iron, enveloped in steam and smoke, is left to rebound in any direction that accident may direct.

"How powerful for good might be the influence of an employer ! We believe that, in some cases, this influence is not exercised, purely from the want of a field in which it might be displayed ; whilst, in other cases, the thanklessness, ingratitude, and impertinence of many of the labouring population, check every disposition to sympathy, and eventually destroy it.

"Too often the want of sympathy referred to is fully reflected by the working people. They have no feeling in common with their employers: they regard them as oppressors. Hence mistrust arises; and this feeling retards and obstructs sincere efforts made at times for the improvement of the labouring population."

Theory of the Fine Arts. An Introductory Lecture, delivered in the Classical Theatre of King's College, London. By WILLIAM DYCE, M.A., Professor of the Theory of the Fine Arts to the College.

This Lecture was delivered on the 24th of last May. It is, for the most part, too technical for the general reader; but to the scientific mind, it will possess no ordinary interest. On the subject of music, considered as a science, Professor Dyce makes the following remarks:—

"When I spoke of a science of the Fine Arts, what was the notion suggested by the term? If the question, whether there could be any such science, were proposed to the majority of educated persons, what answer should we receive? I suppose it would amount to this: that there is a science of music, and, perhaps, also of architecture; but that for the rest, it is uncertain how the case stands.

"Now, this answer is doubly erroneous. In the first place, it is not true that there is a science of music,—such as it is currently supposed to be,—in any other sense than there is a science of painting, architecture, or sculpture; and in the second place, the science of Fine Art, if there be such a science, must have for its object, not those branches of physical or mathematical science which are employed in a secondary way by artists in the production of their works, but that which constitutes the essence of Fine Art, viz., beauty, character, action, passion, sentiment. So that, in truth, the science is based on the very characteristic of art, which, at first, may seem to exclude it from the domain of science altogether.

"Some of you, perhaps, who are accustomed to the current notion, that music is both a science and an art, will have been startled by my calling its accuracy in question. If, you will say, music has not some superior prerogative, why does it occupy a place in the platform of university education? Why do its professors obtain degrees which place them on a par with members of the learned professions? Does not this proceed on the supposition that music has something more dignified, more scientific about it than other fine arts?

"It is quite true that by the ancient Greeks and by the writers of the middle ages, music was termed a science; but their reasons for doing so would in these days be reckoned very questionable. So little had the ancient science to do with the practice of the art, that, if we may believe Aristoxenus, the only author among the Greeks who wrote as a practical musician, the doctrines of the theorists were not only useless in practice, but had no more relation to music, as an art, than they had to grammar, rhetoric, astronomy, poetry, painting, or architecture. The science, in fact, bore the name of music, because the principles of which it consisted were derived, or rather were supposed to be derived, from the consonance and dissonance of musical sounds; but the principles themselves were believed to be of universal application, and in that view constituted, so far as they went, the theory of all the arts; and Dr. Burney, indeed, confesses that if music were formerly reckoned to be a science, it was on grounds which, if they are not now-a-days altogether exploded, are at least totally distinct from those on which it is now supposed to rest its claims. The present science, which deals with the laws of the vibrations of sonorous bodies, the transmission and reflection of sound, the generation of the common chord by a single sound, and other subjects included under acoustics and harmonics,

did not come into being until music as an art may be said to have arrived at perfection. The present system of harmony and counterpoint had been discovered and acted upon by musicians two centuries at least before the physical laws on which it is based were demonstrated scientifically.

"But if the science of music be such as I have described, then there is a science of painting of an equally abstruse character. What shall we say, for example, of optics, of the laws of the production of colours, of the transmission and reflection of light, of perspective and the casting of shadows,—all of which the painter, by mere necessity, is forced to comply with? If the relation of the art of music to one branch of physics gives it the rank of a science,—if it may lay claim to that branch as its peculiar science,—much more may architecture, which works by the aid of so many of the physical sciences, lay claim to a similar privilege.

"The truth is, that every imitative art, since it addresses itself to us through the senses, necessarily employs sensible means and materials of imitation, which, belonging to some part of the natural world, are included, according to their kind, in some branch or other of physics. And this is true whether the imitation be accomplished by the use of natural powers or materials, or by a fictitious resemblance. In music, the material employed is sound—not a figment or a symbol agreed upon to simplify sound—not an imitation of sound, but sound itself; which is moulded to the will and fancy of the composer. So also the architect employs in his art materials provided by nature, and subject to the laws which govern the various productions of nature employed for architectural uses."

Lachrymæ Ecclesiæ. The Anglican Reformed Church and her Clergy, in the days of their destitution and suffering during the Great Rebellion in the seventeenth century. By the Rev. GEORGE WYATT, LL. B. F. S. A. Rector of Burghwallis, Doncaster.

THIS volume is well written, and the author displays considerable research in its preparation; but one great blemish in it is, the tractarian spirit which pervades it throughout. The author has no charity for those beyond the pale of the Church. It is melancholy to see a man of cultivated mind, and the teacher of a religion, whose very essence is charity, thus resigning himself to the sway of such unamiable feelings. The following is a fair specimen of the manner in which the book is written:—

"There were also two other persons, John Bastwick and Henry Burton, who, though not so distinguished as Prynne for learning and intellect, were yet equally so for restless and rancorous enmity against the hierarchy. Bastwick was a physician, and the language he employs in some of his publications against the prelacy can hardly be surpassed, in its scurrility and blasphemy, by any other writer. Henry Burton was—*proh dolor!*—a clergyman of the Church of England. Disappointed ambition exasperated this hot-brained fanatic, and he joined with Prynne and Bastwick in all their furious ravings and their insolent calumnies against the Church. On reading even the titles of some of their effusions, one cannot but be amused, in these days of more courtly taste, with their quaint inventions, whilst one is also disgusted with the teeth-gnashing ribaldry of their language. At length however, popular as they were—and Prynne immensely so—with the general multitude, the penalties of the law were inflicted upon them. Heavy fines, long imprisonment, and even bodily tortures were their lot. Prynne was condemned to the pillory, and to have his ears cut off, a sentence severe enough in itself, but hardly too severe for the foulness and mischief of his offences. He underwent it with firmness; nor were these rebellious spirits indeed to be so easily put down. They all bore their ills exultingly, and with a buoyancy of heart worthy of a better cause."

IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND AND THE IRISH¹

THIS is a new work by Mr. Grant, author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. As it is not yet published, nor will be until the day on which this number of our Magazine appears, we will not, in the present article, enter into any criticism on the book. All we intend to do, is to give our readers such an idea of its contents as may enable them to form some conception of the way in which Mr. Grant has treated so interesting a subject as "Ireland and the Irish."

The author, soon after his arrival in Dublin, visited the State Prisoners, on two occasions. On the second occasion he spent eight hours with them. In this part of his work he gives some facts, before unknown, respecting Mr. O'Connell.

MR. O'CONNELL'S HABITS AND RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

"Mr. O'Connell is one of the most pleasant men I ever met with. No one can be many seconds in his company without feeling at the most perfect ease. He converses, as may be inferred from what I have already stated, in the most free and familiar manner with all who are admitted to his society. There is nothing stiff or distant in his manner; nothing in look, or tone, or word, or action, which indicates any sense of superiority to those around him. There is a simplicity and artlessness about him which are perfectly child-like, and are exceedingly winning to strangers. You ask yourself, Can you be actually conversing in this easy and familiar manner with one who, for the last thirty years, has filled so large a space, not only in England and Ireland's eye, but in the eye of the world? You ask yourself, Can this be the man who has played so prominent a part on the stage of political life? who is at this moment, in some respects, the most important man of his age—who is, in short, in a moral sense, the monarch of Ireland? Yet so it is. Such is Mr. O'Connell. No one, no matter how opposed to him he may be in politics, can be any time in his society without being fascinated by his pleasing manner, and delighted with his conversation. In private, Mr. O'Connell has no enemies. He never had any; it is impossible he could. Those who have never met with him often entertain, owing to antagonist views on political questions, very strong prejudices against him; but the moment such persons enter into conversation with him, their prejudices vanish, and feelings of admiration and friendship take the place of dislike. Some very extraordinary instances of the transformation of violent prejudices against Mr. O'Connell into equally strong prepossessions in his favour, as the result of a short per-

¹ *Impressions of Ireland and the Irish.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. In Two Volumes.

sonal interview, have, at different times, come under my own personal observation. In private, he rarely talks of politics. A stranger might be hours in his company before he discovered, from anything that spontaneously escaped his lips, that he is the greatest political agitator which the world has produced. He talks about every variety of topic without saying a word, unless led to it by others, respecting the part which he himself has so long played, and still continues to play, on the stage of political life. He is a man of superior conversational powers; his information is varied. I was surprised to find that a man who had devoted so much of his time, ever since he was called to the bar, to professional pursuits, and the emancipation of his country from what he considers an unjust and degrading bondage—I was surprised to find that such a man, in a company of about twenty persons, most of them belonging to the learned professions, should display a variety and accuracy of knowledge on general topics which none of their number could make any pretensions to. His attainments as a theologian are also of a superior order.

If, as before remarked, a fonder father than Mr. O'Connell is not, perhaps, to be met with in her Majesty's dominions, it is but due to his family to say, that never did sons or daughters feel or manifest a more devoted attachment to a father than do Mr. O'Connell's family to him. On one of the occasions on which I was with him, he received a letter from one of his sons. He read it in my hearing. It was one of the most affectionate letters which a dutiful and attached son ever penned to an affectionate and indulgent parent.

Mr. O'Connell is a man of excellent business habits. This fact is not known in England. I am not sure that it is so even in Ireland, beyond the sphere of his personal acquaintances. He does everything by system; all his movements are made in accordance with previous arrangements. Even when in the zenith of his professional reputation and success as a barrister, he was most assiduous and systematic in his attention to matters of miscellaneous business. What may appear still more extraordinary, he was never known to omit or neglect the most trivial matters, provided he had engaged to give his attention to them, during the five months of last year when the monster meetings were being held. I met with a gentleman in Dublin who has had a world of private business to transact with Mr. O'Connell; and he assured me that never, in all his intercourse with public men, did he meet with one on whose punctuality to his appointments, or fulfilment of his promises, he could more confidently rely, than on those of Mr. O'Connell.

The reader will not, after this, be surprised to learn that Mr. O'Connell is an early riser. He is usually up between five and six in the morning, in winter as well as summer. He is also exceedingly temperate; if left to his own taste, he would seldom, if at all, partake of even a single glass of wine. For the sake of others, he does take one or two glasses, but rarely more, at dinner. Whiskey punch, which is so great a favourite in Ireland, is not patronised by Mr. O'Connell. He retires to bed early. Except in some very peculiar case, he never remains in company after ten o'clock; no matter whose guest he may be, or who may be his guests, he leaves the table at ten o'clock, and very soon after retires to bed. His regular and abstemious habits have, doubt-

less, much to do with the excellent health which he is known to enjoy. And here I may mention, by way of parenthesis, that, though I have been in the habit of seeing Mr. O'Connell for nearly twelve years, he looked quite as well, and as hale and hearty last autumn, as when I first saw him in the beginning of 1833.

There is another trait in Mr. O'Connell's character, which I mention last, in order that it may make the deeper impression. He is a *religious* man; eminently so, according to the views of the church to which he belongs. My own principles being Protestant, while those of Mr. O'Connell are Roman Catholic, I have the greater pleasure in bearing my testimony to the fervour of his devotional feelings, and to the exemplary attention which he pays to the injunctions of the Church of Rome. Through a long life—one, as all the world knows, of a most exciting, and distracting, and soul-absorbing kind—Mr. O'Connell has not, I am assured, permitted a single day, winter or summer—except, it may be, in a few cases of extreme urgency, arising from bodily illness or other causes—to pass over his head, without attending to his public as well as private devotions. Every morning, as the clock strikes seven, is Mr. O'Connell to be seen entering chapel to attend mass. I was told by one who is intimately acquainted with him, that he also takes the communion daily; but on that point, I do not speak with the same confidence. The time he daily spends in his devotions at chapel is about an hour. A little after eight o'clock, he returns to his own house. Soon after this, he takes breakfast, and then prepares for the secular duties of the day. What a rebuke, to many Protestants who make great professions of religion, is administered by the regular, unostentatious, and exemplary conduct of Mr. O'Connell, in reference to his religious duties—exemplary, according to the light which Heaven has given him."

The next chapter is devoted to Conciliation Hall and the Repeal Association. The reader will peruse with interest the following particulars respecting them.—

CONCILIATION HALL AND THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

"It may be asked, and often is asked in England, what is done with the money received as the price of membership of the Repeal Association, and what with the weekly Repeal rent? Though the friends of Ireland in England never for a moment doubted that the money so contributed and raised, was applied to legitimate purposes in connection with the progress of the cause of Repeal, yet they have often been unable, from want of a knowledge of the details of the expenditure, to silence those who with an air of triumph say, that the money is not expended as it ought to be, but that it is appropriated to private purposes by the leading Repealers. This, it might be supposed, is so improbable a supposition that no one could believe it. And yet there are persons—intelligent persons too—who either do believe it, or profess to believe it. I mentioned to Mr. Ray, the Secretary of the Repeal Association, that the question is everlastingly put by the enemies of Ireland to her friends in England, "What is done with the Repeal rent, and the money otherwise raised for Repeal purposes?" Mr. Ray expressed

the greatest pleasure at having an opportunity of giving a full explanation of the way in which the Repeal money is expended. It will be remembered that until within the last three years the amount raised was but small, as compared with what it has recently been; and, consequently, there was not, until lately, the shadow of a pretext for making the statement, that the money collected for Repeal objects was misapplied to private purposes. Some eighteen or twenty months ago, after meeting all demands upon them, the Repeal Association had a surplus of £6,000, which they invested in the funds. In the interim came the building of Conciliation Hall, which cost somewhere about £3,000. The expenses of the late trial were enormously great: they swallowed up a very large portion of the amount, large as it has been, which has been received during the last twelve months. Both of these were doubtless accidental sources of expense, which are not likely to occur again. But though the Association will not be again subjected to extraordinary outlays, from the causes in question, there will in the nature of things, be always new sources of expenditure opening up, to meet which the Association require to have some surplus funds in their hands. But supposing no such causes of extra expense were to occur, the stated, systematic, permanent expenses of carrying on the agitation are very great. Mr. Ray, as Secretary, receives £400 per annum; and, considering the nature and responsibility of the work which he has to do, and the singularly efficient manner in which he discharges his duties, he is certainly anything but overpaid. The assistant secretary is engaged at a salary of £300 per year. The cashier receives a salary of £150, and the bookkeeper £100. There are about fifty persons altogether permanently employed by the Association, as clerks and otherwise, with salaries varying from two pounds to fifteen shillings per week. For printing alone, £200 are paid on an average per month. Postages cost the Association the same sum per month, or £50 a week. The item of newspapers and advertisements, subjects it to an annual expense of from £2,000 to £3,000, or about £250 per month. Then, out of every sum remitted from the country, twenty per cent. has to be deducted for local expenses. At least, £150 per month may be put down for miscellaneous expenses.

It will thus be seen that the permanent and unavoidable expenses of working the Repeal Association, as detailed to me by Mr. Ray, the Secretary, are necessarily very great. To meet these expenses would, of itself, require a handsome weekly rent. When to the regular expenses, those arising from accidental causes are added, it will be easily understood what ways and means there are of swallowing up the rent."

Next we have a chapter on Donnybrook Fair, but we must not pause to make any extracts from it. Mr. Grant, availing himself of the kind invitation of one of the leading professors of Maynooth College, visited that celebrated institution. He devotes a long chapter to it. We can only make room for the following

FACTS CONNECTED WITH MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

"The number of students at Maynooth was, last year, 450. When I visited the institution in the latter end of August, the students were

returning after their summer vacation. Of course, the precise number for the present year could not then be ascertained; but it was supposed it would be much the same as during the year ending in July last. Of the students at Maynooth, two hundred and fifty are what is called "free," that is, are received into the institution without paying anything. A certain number are chosen from each province by the Catholic bishops. All above two hundred and fifty pay for their instruction, the same as at other collegiate institutions, but on a more moderate scale.

The complete or full course of education at Maynooth College requires a period of ten years; but the number of students who remain in the institution that length of time, is comparatively small. Seven years is the usual period. Those students not on the free list usually enter at the early age of fourteen: the free students are received at the age of seventeen. If far advanced in their education before they enter Maynooth, the circumstance is taken into account in arranging as to the period they are to remain in the institution. No one is admitted into holy orders unless he has gone through a certain course of education, and made a certain amount of progress in the studies assigned him. The prescribed course of study is very comprehensive, and if the students were well grounded in the different branches of education to which they must apply themselves, they ought to come out of the establishment superior scholars. All the branches taught at other collegiate institutions are taught at Maynooth. Of course, the progress of the students must, in a great measure, depend on the competency of the professors. Perhaps the regulation which most materially militates against the college of Maynooth, as regards the instruction of the students in the sciences and in general literature, is that of no one being eligible to the office of professor who is not a Roman Catholic priest. All the professors, consequently, belong to the priesthood. To me, this appears a very unwise arrangement, because the presumption is that the persons most distinguished for their literary, philosophic, and scientific attainments, will be found to be those who have chiefly, if not exclusively, applied their minds to those subjects coming within the range of their respective departments. The proficiency in theological matters, which their admission into holy orders presupposes, must needs have distracted their minds from the particular branches of education in which it is their province to instruct the students.

I ought here to mention, that the reason assigned for this arrangement is, that all the young men who enter Maynooth are presumed to do so with the view of preparing for the priesthood. In fact, if any young man made an admission to the contrary he would not be received into the institution. Consequently, all the students are obliged to go through the same routine of education, submit to the same discipline, and practise the same religious duties. "It happens, however, that not much more than half the students do, after all, eventually enter the church. It is ascertained that, taking one year with another, out of every seventy-five students, only forty settle down in the capacity of priests. Of the remaining thirty-five, some die and the rest engage in secular occupations of various kinds. A goodly number connect themselves with the newspaper press, some as editors and others as reporters."

The next six or seven chapters contain an account of the author's travels in various parts of Ireland. We quote from the chapter on the Lakes of Killarney the following description of

A CASCADE AND THE SCENERY AROUND.

"But of all the scenes, which I saw during my visit to these lakes, there was none which could for a moment be compared for real loveliness, to that which is to be seen from a spot adjoining the cascade, nearly opposite the place where the middle is separated from the lower lake. This most picturesque waterfall is in a deep defile in the bosom of the Turk, one of the highest of the many lofty mountains in that part of Kerry. Along the base of this lofty mountain is a singularly beautiful drive. The portion of ground lying between the mountain and the middle and lower lakes is covered with large trees of various kinds, planted by some previous proprietor of the place, and interspersed with diversified shrubberies of nature's production. You enter by a door in a stone wall to the footpath, which conducts to the waterfall. After walking twenty or thirty yards through narrow avenues of gigantic trees, whose ample branches and luxuriant foliage almost exclude the light of the sun, you near a gurgling rivulet which rapidly runs along a narrow but rocky bed. On the opposite side is a high hill, gradually receding towards the summit. Here and there you catch a glance of the originally rugged nature of its surface; the rocks in particular places peeping through the dense covering of oak and other wood, by which it is everywhere adorned. Advancing a few steps further, within two or three yards of the streamlet, you begin to ascend a portion of a hill, divided from the other by a deep ravine, through which the miniature river runs. After ascending the hill by means of a circuitous path, in some places almost concealed from the view by overgrown brushwood, you reach a flat piece of ground, on which has been placed a plain but stable seat. Wearied, and out of breath, with the effort to reach this spot, you unconsciously sit down to rest yourself. It is then that the beauty of the scenery around you bursts on your astonished view. The mind is bewildered by the combination of objects which challenge your admiration. Through a deep defile, along a slightly aloping bed of stones runs the rivulet already mentioned, until within fifty or sixty feet of where the spectator is sitting, when it comes to the brink of a precipice forty or fifty feet deep. Over this precipice, which is in some parts perpendicular, and in others has a gentle slope, rushes, in five different places, separated from each other by large stones and bushes of stunted growth, the miniature river. Again its waters meet and again they separate, in some places into two, and in others into three divisions. In this way, alternately meeting and parting, they roll down their rocky and rugged bed, filling the place with the music of their roar. On the further side of the waterfall, and all along the hollow through which the rivulet runs, the huge mountain, too precipitous to be scaled by human being, is clothed with the most beautiful mantle of variegated wood on which the vision of man ever feasted itself. In many parts, the oak and the larch, neither of them planted by human hand, but both the spontaneous growth of nature, overhang the precipitous cliffs along the course of the rivulet, and by their ample foliage

conceal from the view the otherwise frowning aspect of the riven rocks amidst which they have so firmly struck their roots and entwined their branches. There is something in the entire aspect and situation of this place far surpassing anything which ever entered the imagination of man. Then again, if you turn away your eye from the immediate spot on which you stand, and look in a north-east direction, how unspeakably lovely is the landscape that lies before you ! Mountains, lakes, islands, forests, plantations, and, in the distance, cultivated fields, all combine to stamp the prospect with the very perfection of richness and beauty. It was my singularly good fortune to behold the dazzling scenery of which I am attempting, but with, I know, very limited success, to convey some conception to the minds of my readers ; it was my good fortune to see it just as the sun was about to disappear in the western horizon, after having shone the entire day with unwonted brilliancy. When I first reached the enchanting eminence whence I obtained the glorious prospect, the sun was pouring a flood of golden light on every object which he touched. I stood there until he descended beneath the horizon, and everything around me began to lose its distinctness. There was not a breath of wind ; and the air was as soft and fragrant as it was calm. It became necessary I should quit the fairy spot. I felt as if I could have remained there all night, listening to the music of the rivulet's roar, and ruminating on the unparalleled loveliness of the scenes on which I had been gazing with a wonder and delight bordering on enchantment. That night ! Those scenes ! Neither will ever vanish from my recollection. They are things to be remembered till one's latest hour—things not to be forgotten so long as reason holds her sway, and the powers of the memory remain unimpaired."

The twelfth chapter of Mr. Grant's work gives an account of his ascent of one of the highest mountains in Kerry. He thus describes what he saw and felt on

THE SUMMIT OF MANGERTON.

"If the ascent of this hill was fatiguing beyond what any one can conceive who has never performed a similar feat, I was not many moments before I felt that by a leisurely survey of the scenery around, I should there be abundantly rewarded for all my toils, even had they been ten times greater than they were. Taken all in all, it may be questioned whether many scenes of equal beauty and interest are to be witnessed in the world. The extensive panorama to which I have before referred, now seemed to expand beneath our feet. Its additional distance only served to diminish the distinctness of its more marked outlines, and to impart a consequent softness to it, which greatly added to its charms. We stood high above a range of lofty hills, a few miles in a south-west direction, whose base, and part of their acclivity, were clothed with forests of trees, not planted by the hand of man, but which were indebted for their existence to the mysterious operations of nature. They seemed to spring out of their rocky beds in the same way as grass grows out of the earth, where no human agency has been employed in sowing the seed. Along the craggy summits of these mountains, some of which were at least 1,000 feet below the elevated spot on which we stood,

floated a succession of clouds, the one seeming to chase the other, as if in sportive mood ; and each, by intercepting the rays of one of the most beautiful and brilliant suns which ever shone on the world, casting dark shadows on those parts of the bleak and rugged mountain tops over which they majestically rode. It was a striking scene—one never to be forgotten. I had seen nothing like it before. A man might be for months in the same elevated locality before he would see anything like it again.

Then, again, between the lofty range of mountains to which I have been alluding and another range equally high, two or three miles in a southwest direction, there lay a most lovely glen or valley, varied with wood and water, small plantations, and numerous patches of cultivated land. At the western extremity of this valley—it might be six or seven miles distant from where we stood—lay a beautiful bay, forming a part of the vast Atlantic. How striking the contrast between the waters of that stupendous ocean, there reposing in all the tranquillity of an untroubled lake, and those portions of it where the tempest roars, and the mountain billows roll along with a might and majesty which impart a sublimity to the scene that overwhelms the mind of the spectator ! It may assist the reader in attempting to form some idea of what I am endeavouring to describe, when I mention that the place where I am supposed to be standing is 2,750 feet above the bosom of the beautiful bay which lies beneath. From that spot, and on that scene, I gazed until I felt bewildered by what I saw around me. Oh, what exalted ideas must the enlightened and devout mind entertain of the power and intelligence of the Divine Being, when it surveys such mighty and marvellous works as those which I was then called to contemplate ! How calculated is it to make man shrink into conscious insignificance, when he finds himself surrounded by such stupendous displays of the power of the Great Supreme !”

We only give one more specimen of the author’s descriptive powers. It is from the chapter devoted to

THE SCENERY OF GLENGARIFF.

“ I say deliberately, though knowing “ that comparisons are odious,” that taken all in all Glengariff is superior to the neighbourhood of Killarney, or to any other locality in Ireland which I had then visited, or which I visited before my return to England. Others, I am aware, may think differently. The lovers of that class of scenery which unites in the greatest degree the attributes of softness and richness would, no doubt, prefer the Lakes of Killarney to the scenery of Glengariff. Those, on the other hand, who think with me, that the essence of the beautiful in nature’s workmanship is to be found in a union of the majestic and sublime with the quality of loveliness, will concur in the propriety of the preference which I have given to Glengariff. You seem to pass along an immense tablet of nature’s formation, where mighty masses of stone, having all the appearance of large tracts of rock, lie everywhere scattered about on the left ; while on the right, in a valley, or rather glen below, and in the acclivity of an extensive but not very elevated hill, are rich plantations, beautiful parks, lovely lawns, elegant mansions, cultivated fields, and comfortable home-steadings. On

the right, the beauty of the scenery is mainly to be ascribed to the taste and hand of man. On the left, man has nothing to do with it : what is there to be witnessed is wholly the work of nature's God. The enormous blocks of stone, mostly as smooth on the surface as if they had been brought under the operation of the mason's chisel and mallet, are of a light grey colour, and hard as granite. They are piled on and scattered beside each other, as if Nature had been trying what strange effect she could produce by their fantastic distribution. Masses of stone, or, to speak more properly, single stones are to be seen in all directions, which, if broken into fragments, would supply materials for a building as large as the Mansion House of London. And, to add to the effect of these ponderous blocks of stone, numerous oak and other trees, are to be seen growing luxuriantly upon and between them. The epithet grand, is the only one I know which can convey any idea of the character of this scenery. Oh, how Nature here mocks the efforts of puny man ! In the qualities of grandeur and magnificence she seems to have even excelled herself. You wonder whether she could surpass what she has here done, or whether she has not put forth her greatest efforts. It is quite common for writers, when overpowered with feelings of wonder and admiration of anything sublime or beautiful, to wish some poet had been present to pourtray what they feel themselves unable to describe. No such feeling entered my mind, while I stood in the midst of Glengarriff, almost transfixed with amazement at the grandeur of the scenery around me. Poet, indeed ! A poet would be positively and truly an object of pity in that spot. The very sight of the place, instead of evoking the spirit of poetry, would extinguish it altogether,—at least for a season. He would quit the place with an infinitely humbler opinion of what he and his poetry could do in the way of description, than when he entered it. The idea of a poet trying to enter fully into the scene, and undertaking adequately to describe it, would be absolutely ludicrous. I felt, when standing amidst the grandeur and sublimity of Glengarriff, as if I had been amply rewarded for my visit to Ireland, even had I seen nothing else worthy of attention in the course of my travels in that country."

Mr Grant commences his second volume with a chapter on "Cork and its Neighbourhood." While here he spends a great portion of a day with Father Mathew. Our readers will probably like to hear what he says of

THE GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

"Father Mathew resides in Cork. I had the good fortune to have a letter of introduction to him. Not less fortunate was I in finding at home a man who is constantly employed on his mission of mercy. I met with him on the evening of my arrival in Cork, and breakfasted and dined with him on the following day. He is now in his fifty-fourth year ; and yet, notwithstanding his extraordinary labours—labours almost unparalleled in modern times—he would not be taken for more than fifty. He is rather above the middle height, and fully made, without being corpulent. There is something striking in his appearance ; something which inspires affection and commands respect the moment you are introduced to him. He has a fine intellectual cast of

countenance, with an expression of mingled mildness and benevolence. The form of his face is correctly represented in most of the numerous portraits which have been published of him. His complexion has a slight tinge of the sallow hue, which well accords with the benign expression of his countenance. His face is rather full, but inclines more to the oval than to the rotund form. His hair, which is ample for a man who has reached the meridian of life, is moderately dark. His manners are those of a perfect gentleman of the older and better school. And here I ought to observe that he is a man of high family connections. He is remarkably easy and affable in his manner; he has none of that laboured punctilio which has, of late, been too often mistaken for gentlemanly breeding. There is a pleasing placidity and pensiveness in the expression of his countenance, and no trace of that demure aspect which we are apt to associate with the clerical character. He always wears a frock coat and Hessian boots. His conversational powers are of no common order, and his information on general topics, notwithstanding his singular devotedness to his spiritual duties and to the cause of temperance, is varied and accurate. He possesses a cultivated taste in the fine arts; but this and everything else is kept in due subordination to the great mission which Providence has appointed him to fulfil. Though comparatively unknown to the public previous to the commencement of his great temperance enterprise, he was known and esteemed—in many instances, idolized—by all classes of the community in his immediate neighbourhood. Never did a minister of *any* religious denomination consecrate himself more unreservedly or constantly to his pastoral duties, than did Father Mathew prior to the identification of his name with the temperance movement. His whole soul was in his work, and his entire time was given up to it. He visited the sick, relieved the necessitous to the utmost extent of his means, and administered the consolations of the Catholic faith to the departing spirit. Nor was this the full amount of his works of mercy and labours of love. He sought out opportunities of acting as arbitrator in all cases of quarrel or dispute between man and man; and with a success never, I believe, before equalled. In addition to all this, seeing the great expenses, often ruinous to the working classes, attendant on the burial of their deceased relatives, and the ill-blood which was frequently occasioned by the illiberal and unseemly feeling shown to the Catholics at the time of interment, he purchased, in 1830, eleven acres of ground, formerly used as a botanical garden, and converted it into a cemetery. Here the bodies of the poor are interred gratuitously, and any sum received from those who can afford to pay is applied to charitable purposes. I went through this cemetery with Mr. Mathew, and was charmed with its beauty. It is laid out under his own superintendence in the most tasteful manner. It is only inferior to the celebrated Père-la-Chaise of Paris, in extent and situation. No fewer than 24,000 persons have already found a resting-place in this most lovely spot. To a poetic mind, the thought of being buried in it would disarm death of half the terror with which it is usually regarded. It is open to Protestants as well as Catholics, though it is chiefly persons of the latter system of faith whose bodies are interred in it. Father Mathew has already chosen the spot in which his own remains are to be buried. It is in

the centre of the cemetery. He has also caused his own monument to be erected. It consists of an unadorned stone, about, I should think, fifteen or sixteen feet high, and from two to three in breadth about the middle, but slightly tapering towards the top. The inscription on it is exceedingly short and simple. It is this:—

ERECTED IN 1830,

BY THEOBALD MATHEW.

“When Mr. Mathew shall have been gathered to his fathers—which, for the sake of mankind, it is to be hoped will not be for very many years to come—there will be added to the above, the time of his death and the age he had attained. And these few simple words will constitute the only inscription on the tomb of one of the greatest benefactors of his species, and one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. Yet plain and unpretending as the inscription will be, it will be sufficient. Mr. Mathew’s memory will need no more—it will not need even that. It will live in the hearts, not only of millions of the present generation, but will be held in the highest reverence for ages to come. As I mean to devote a separate chapter to the temperance movement in Ireland, I will not particularly refer to it in this place. It may suffice for the present to say, that I regard Father Mathew as being, in a moral sense, incomparably the greatest man of the day. The amount of good which he has done exceeds the powers of arithmetic to compute. Language cannot express the measure of veneration with which such a man ought to be regarded. It is not his boundless benevolence only that inspires this feeling in my breast; his charity to those who differ from him is a quality in his moral character scarcely less estimable than his great philanthropy. That charity embraces in its comprehensive arms men of all religious denominations. He is just as ready to do a kindly action to a Protestant as to a professor of his own faith. Speaking of religious differences, he made a remark to me which I wish were indelibly inscribed on the hearts of men of all religious denominations. ‘We are all,’ said Mr. Mathew, ‘trying to get to heaven, each in his own way, and according to the light which God has given him. Why, then, should we quarrel with each other?’ How, let me add, should the thought that those who differ from us are quite as conscientious and sincere in their belief as ourselves—how should this thought extinguish every uncharitable feeling the moment we find it rising in our hearts?

Until I had the happiness of meeting with Mr. Mathew, I was at a loss to account for the extraordinary influence which he has acquired over the minds of his countrymen. I can well understand it now. There are thousands of others, not natives of Ireland, who regard him with an affection and veneration verging on idolatry.

One would think that the character of such a man as Mr. Mathew would be beyond the reach of misrepresentation and calumny. And yet it is not so. The shafts of calumny have been levelled at him, as they have been at all the great and good men who have gone before him. His motives have been impugned, and his actions misconstrued. He has been charged with making the temperance movement an instrument for the propagation and extension of the Catholic faith. There never was a greater misrepresentation. I saw him administering the

pledge in his own house, and he knew no more than I did whether those who received it at his hands were Catholics or Protestants; nor could they have known, from anything he said or did, whether he was Protestant or Catholic. He has been represented as having political objects in view in promoting the temperance movement. Quite as unfounded as the other. He is no politician—he never was. But, say others, what comes of all the money he receives for the temperance medals? The insinuation sought to be conveyed, though the parties have not the candour to convert it into an open, direct charge, is, that he is a pecuniary gainer by the success which has attended the temperance cause. This last allegation is, were that possible, more groundless than the other two; for, to my certain knowledge, he is pecuniarily a loser by the temperance movement. He is subjected to a weekly expense of six pounds for printing alone; his postages are heavy; he has to pay a regular salary to a secretary for carrying on that part of his correspondence which he cannot himself undertake. And then there are his travelling expenses. There is hardly a week in which he does not travel from 150 to 200 miles for the sole purpose of furthering the temperance cause. From first to last, he must have travelled from 25,000 to 30,000 miles in his capacity of the Great Apostle of Temperance. In addition to all this, he has been paid for but comparatively few of his medals. The greater number of his converts have been from the very lowest orders of his countrymen, persons not in circumstances to pay for medals or anything else. I speak what I know to be a fact, when I say that he has given away hundreds of medals in particular parishes, without receiving one farthing in return. But I am wrong in advancing a single word in refutation of these charges, Mr. Mathew's very appearance is their best refutation. There is something in his look, his tone, his manner, which carries demonstration to the mind of every person who has the privilege of being in his society, that a more honest, honourable, upright man never breathed the breath of life."

While at Cork our author visited the Groves of Blarney. We have only space for a small portion of what he says of a place so celebrated as

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

"The Castle of Blarney is surrounded by woods of very great extent. A little to the westward is a now deserted mansion, which, when inhabited, must have had a very imposing appearance. In front of it is a spacious and beautiful lawn. A few yards eastward of the castle are the Groves of Blarney. The most attractive objects are the grottoes, and the fanciful distribution of the rocks—some of them natural, and others artificial, but mostly clothed with an ample covering of ivy or honeysuckle. Here trees of immense size, whose luxuriant foliage throws a perpetual shade over the place, are seen growing out of small rocks, or, as some persons would call them, stones of prodigious size, carelessly scattered about through the grounds. The castle, towards the top, is of difficult ascent, owing to the ruinous character of part of the stairs. The celebrated stone to which tradition has ascribed peculiar virtues if kissed, is at the north-west angle of the castle. The stone has the reputation of making all who kiss it remarkable, ever afterwards, for their

honeyed manner of speaking. The only source of regret is, that they are not as sincere as they are smooth-tongued. It is in the insincerity of the fine speeches which those make who have kissed the Blarney stone, that the phrase, 'Ah, that's all blarney!' had its origin. When the virtues in question were first attributed to this stone is not known. The tradition is traced back for about one hundred and twenty years, but no farther. Formerly the stone was four or five yards from the top, and the only way of reaching it was by letting oneself down by means of a rope. This being attended with great danger to the adventurer, the proprietor of the place caused the stone to be taken out, and to be put on the top of the building. This was six or seven years ago. In 1840 a maniac happened to get to the top of the castle, and threw the stone to the ground. Lighting on another stone, it broke in three pieces, which were again placed in the north-east angle of the building. The largest fragment of this celebrated stone being supposed to contain all its virtues when in its original state, it alone is now kissed by the visitor who is sufficiently adventurous to reach it. In the summer of last year, a young man, who had got to the top, fell over the summit of the castle when in the act of stooping down to kiss the stone. The height from the ground is 132 feet; but, falling into a tree with ample branches beneath, he miraculously escaped with his life, though not without being much hurt. I was sufficiently venturesome to reach the stone. It is of a dark-greyish colour. Its length is about fifteen inches, and its depth about four. In shape it bears some resemblance to the lower part of a boot. Its greatest breadth is about seven inches, and the narrowest part of it may be four inches broad. It is an object of great curiosity. Very few visit Cork without going to the Groves and Castle of Blarney; and those who have not enough of the adventurous spirit in them to reach the top and kiss the stone, try to get as near it as possible."

On his way from Cork to Kilkenny, Mr. Grant met with Tim Haly, one of the most zealous teetotallers in Christendom. Tim has long been coachman part of the way, and the passenger who is fortunate enough to sit next to him is sure to hear him expatiate on the advantages of temperance. Listen to

TIM HALY ON THE VIRTUES OF WATER.

"Just think of the effects of whiskey—just think of the effects of whiskey! Do you hear of a quarrel? It's whiskey that has stirred up the bad blood that is natural to us all. Is there a fight? Whiskey is at the bottom of it. Do you hear of a murder? Take my word for it, it is to be traced backwards to the use of intoxicating liquors. Name any crime you please, and I will prove that whiskey has, in some way or other, been mixed up with its perpetration. Matrimonial miseries, domestic unhappiness, social wretchedness, and national degradation; every evil under the sun, will be found, if you go sufficiently far back, to have had its origin in whiskey—which is, sir, the greatest enemy of man. And then, sir,' continued Tim, after a moment's pause, 'only contrast water with whiskey. Water is the gift of God; and why has he given it in such great abundance, but that we

may drink it? God made water, and man, or rather the devil working in man, makes the whiskey. We are surrounded with water; it is above, about, and below us. Above us in the clouds; about us in rivers, lakes, ponds; and below us in the bowels of the earth. It was the only beverage drunk in Paradise. Adam knew nothing of whiskey, neither did Eve. Their only drink was from the flowing fountain, the running stream, or the gurgling brook. And look, even now, to the animal creation. They drink nothing but water, they use no intoxicating liquors, they are all teetotallers! They would not take whiskey or whiskey-punch if offered them. No animal, except man, would allow its lips to be polluted or its breath to be poisoned by spirituous liquors. You see my horses—those fine noble cratures. Do you think they would put their mouths into a pail of whiskey, or a bucket of whiskey-punch? Not they. I would be ashamed of them, and they would be ashamed of themselves, if they did. No; water—water—water—and nothing but water, is the thing for them. Then, sir, there are the birds of the air, the feathered songsters which delight us with the warblings of their melodious voices. When they descend to the earth, is it in quest of whiskey? No, sir; it is that they may quench their thirst in water, and when they have drunk their fill, they raise their faces to heaven in token of their gratitude for so great a blessing. Would they take whiskey if you would try them with it? Sir, they would turn away in horror from the liquid. They know it would spoil their delicious voices; it would destroy their dulcet tones. Only imagine an intoxicated lark in the air attempting to sing. What a melancholy exhibition it would make. What unmusical notes, if notes at all, it would send forth. Nor is it only the beasts of the field and the birds of the air that regard spirituous liquors with righteous abhorrence. The finny tribe, sir, accord in this matter with their feathered and four-footed brethren and sisters. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that three rivers ran into the ocean—one of whiskey, another of ale or porter, and the third of pure water,—which of the three rivers, think you, would a salmon ascend? Why, sir, when it came to the river of whiskey, it would snort, turn up its nose, turn back, and bound away in disgust. Well, it comes to the river of porter or ale. What is the result? Why, it turns sick at the smell and pale at the sight. Lastly, it comes to the river of pure water; what does it do then? Do, bless your soul! it leaps for joy at the idea, and darts like lightning into the very midst of it. And should not we take a lesson from the lower order of cratures? Only fancy, sir, what would be the consequences were the animals to drink as we do? Just suppose that my four horses before commencing their journey this morning had each emptied a pail of whiskey. What then? Why, that they would be dead drunk and the coach upset, and we, very likely, lying killed by the side of the road there. But, sir, my horses are as good teetotallers as myself. I wish I could say the same of you and of all. Whenever I see a man drunk on horseback, I always say to myself, the man is the greatest baste of the two. I have a greater respect for the horse than his rider. Water, sir, I say again, is the thing. It is pure, sound, wholesome; sweet to the taste, and refreshing to nature. It enters into every crevice of the stomach, penetrates every accessible part of the constitution, circulates

through all the conduits of the system, makes the tour of every region in man's interior, however remote from the centre. And, in justice to it, I must add, that it cleanses, purifies, washes, and renovates every locality through which it achieves a passage. Yes, sir, and here Tim's eye gleamed with delight, and his manner became more animated and emphatic; 'yes, sir, water—blessed, glorious water—does all this and a great deal more. It is natur's medicine. It never does you ill; it always does you good. Tell me, did you ever hear of a man tossing restlessly on his bed, like to die of a burning thirst all night, after his two or three tumblers of water? Did you ever know of a head-ache next morning after a copious draught of natur's beverage? You never did, and you never will hear of any ill effects from cultivating an acquaintance with the pump. There's no bad breath after the use of the primitive liquid; no confusedness of head, no tremor of the hand, no blanched cheek after paying one's respects to Adam's wine. Water—pure, clear, crystal water—gushing from the fountain, poured from the pump, or drawn in pitchers from the running rivulet or noble river, is, I say again, and I say it once for all, the most blessed gift of a bountiful Providence; and as such it ought to be thankfully received, prized, cherished, and *drunk* by all mankind."

Mr. Grant gives some further account of this excellent though somewhat eccentric man, under the head of

A TEMPERANCE CONVERSATION WITH TIM HALY.

"I listened to Tim's speech on the virtues of water with no ordinary gratification. I could not doubt, indeed I knew, that every word came from the lowest depths of his heart. The very sight of the watery element seemed to raise him to the third heaven of bliss.

"There, sir, that's a sight! There's a scene for you,' he exultingly exclaimed, when we passed any river, pond, or lake; and his countenance brightened up as he uttered the words. 'I carry out my principles,' he added, soon after concluding his speech.

"Oh,' I remarked, 'I'm quite sure of that. Nobody would suspect anything to the contrary.'

"I should hope not, sir. I have tasted no liquid but water for the last four years."

"You have tasted no spirits nor beer, you mean?"

"No, sir, nor nothing else of drink kind but water."

"What! no coffee?"

"Not a drop."

"Nor tea?"

"Nor *tay*."

"What! not tasted tea nor coffee for four years?"

"It's the thruth I'm telling you. It's as thrue as that you see that noble river there,' pointing to a mere brook three or four inches in depth, and two or three feet wide, which lay a few yards' distance from the road.

"You quite surprise me. What then do you have for breakfast? Milk?"

"Milk! Ah! don't be after mentioning that same. Milk! never. No, sir; *water*, sir; *water*."

"There was an emphasis and peculiarity in the manner in which Tim uttered the last sentence, of which no idea can be conveyed on paper.

"'Don't you find water, especially in the winter, to be cold, cheerless, and altogether unpleasant?'

"'No, sir, no; nothing of the kind. It is quite the reverse. It is genial, grateful, cheering, delicious. I take four full tumblers every day in the year, winter, and summer. And just look at me, and say whether it does not agree with me?'

Here Tim turned to me his fine, full, rosy-complexioned face.

"'Do I look any the worse, sir, for my four tumblers of water, in its rare native state, to breakfast?'

"Not having had the pleasure of seeing Tim before, I could not answer the comparative part of his question; but I assured him, which I could do with perfect sincerity, that his looks were excellent.

"'What age would you take me to be, sir?'

"'I should say you're about fifty.'

"'I *mane*, sir, to enter my sixtieth year in a few months.'

"'You surprise me. Are you serious?'

"'I am, sir. When I was fifty—I was not then a teetotaller—I looked sixty; and now that I am almost sixty, you say I look only fifty. It's water, sir; pure, generous, sound, wholesome water, that has done it all.'

"At this moment we entered the little, comfortable, compact town of Fermoy, where we had to change cars. Tim proceeded on his road to Limerick, and I to Kilkenny. Had we gone another stage together there is no saying but he might have made me a convert to his teetotal principles."

But we have not space for farther extracts. Mr. Grant devotes chapters to Irish Humour—the Physical, Social, Moral, Religious, and Political Condition of Ireland,—the Temperance Movement,—the Dublin Press,—the Provincial Press,—and concludes with a chapter on suggested Remedies for the evils of Ireland.

We have kept our word. The book not being out at the time we write, we have not written critically of it, but have contented ourselves with a mere glance at the nature of its contents. Mr. Grant's "*Impressions of Ireland and the Irish*" appears at a time when Ireland and everything Irish excite the greatest attention—a circumstance which gives good augury of the success of his book.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY A GLASGOW GRADUATE.

FAMILIAR as we all are by name with death, and familiar as most of us are with it by observation, we are seldom the less startled when there comes upon us suddenly the tidings that some one whom we had known and loved, or a light of the age by the perusal of whose writings, or the contemplation of whose deeds, we have been charmed and instructed, has sunk into the grave. The voice has ceased, and the hand is still; and we fall back upon the memory of the past, with pleasure certainly, yet not without regret that we have not more improved the time; that we had not listened with more earnestness to the voice of melody giving forth accents of wisdom and truth; that we did not more venerate and reward, when it might have been in our power, the benefactor who has passed away from us. With very mingled feelings, indeed, do we often recall to mind every incident, even the most unimportant, of one whose memory is cherished, whose every word and action is brought before us with renewed freshness.

The death of Thomas Campbell has given rise to, or, rather, renewed this train of thought in my mind. I have enjoyed, at intervals, various opportunities of intimate and friendly intercourse with that gifted poet and amiable man. I was anticipating a renewal of this pleasure, when, on calling at his lodgings in Pimlico, the poet's last dwelling-place, except the tomb, in London, I learned that he had left town, and shortly afterwards saw the sad announcement that he was dying at Boulogne.

I now dwell with melancholy pleasure on some incidents connected with Campbell, particularly referring to his Rectorship of the University of Glasgow, his election to which office first brought me into intimate contact with him.

To this period of his life Mr. Campbell always delighted to refer. He was proud to think that he had inspired with enthusiasm hundreds of young hearts, who bore him triumphant over the indifference or the envy of the old and the cold-hearted. It is a pleasure to the writer to recall these scenes to mind, and he hopes, at the same time, to gratify the reader. Dr. Johnson has said, that no one should write the history of a man who has not eaten and drunk, and lived in social intercourse with him. This opinion may be modified by the remark, that too great nearness

often prevents a complete view. Contemporaries are often best employed in recording materials for the future historian.

Thomas Campbell's father was a manufacturer in Glasgow. The term *manufacturer* did not then, nor does it now mean one who works with his own hands. It was, in these days at least, applied almost exclusively to one who had learned practically the art of weaving, and then applied his capital to the employment of operative weavers. That Mr. Campbell was not in very prosperous circumstances, however, I infer from the fact that he received boarders into his house. My father having been an inmate of his family while at college, and being a class-fellow of the future poet's, a friendship ensued between them, which was terminated only by the early death of the former.

There is a very natural curiosity to know when and where men of genius have first breathed in that world they were destined to adorn. The exact day *when* the mother of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" first smiled upon her boy, is well enough known, I dare say, and I have good authority for fixing the place where. Walking with him on one occasion in the neighbourhood of Glasgow College, I was led, knowing that was the *whereabouts*, to ask him the exact spot. He pointed out the place, but said the house no longer existed, being replaced by a building of a more modern structure. For the information of the curious, I may mention that this more modern building, now no longer modern, is a tall *land* (Scoticé) which occupies the south-west corner of the cross formed by High Street and George Street. The house in which Walter Scott was born has also fallen before modern improvements. Its site is now occupied by a lane which bounds the southern front of the Edinburgh University buildings, and is dignified with the name of South College Street.

It might be inferred from the name alone, that Campbell's family had come; at some time more or less remote, from Argyleshire; and it may be inferred also, that their migrations to the Lowlands was recent, from some passages in his poems—in those beautiful lines, for example, "On a Scene in Argyleshire," where he so touchingly alludes to the single rosebud he had found in the garden "where the home of my forefathers stood." I was gratified to observe two *magnates* of the name of Campbell among his pall-bearers—viz. the Duke of Argyle and Lord Campbell. This would, likely enough, have been in accordance with his own wish, for, Whig as he was, and contemptuous enough of ancient prejudices, he was not (as what poet is?) without the vanity of looking up to old families and titles of honour. He was on friendly terms with the heads of the Argyle family. I do not know whether the learned law lord, the son of a Fifeshire clergyman, traces his genealogy to the same clan. I have an indistinct idea

that Campbell's family were related to the Camerons of Lochiel, a name he has immortalized in one of his most spirited poems.

The following letter from Campbell was found among my father's papers. It gives a graphic account of the predicament in which the poetic Rambler found himself on his first visit to Germany, a country the literature of which he much admired. Did he ever visit his favourite Poland? I suspect not.

September 5, 1800.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter at Ratisbonne, on the Danube. Will you grudge a high postage for this scurvy little sheet? I can find no better in this unhappy town, and I feel myself impelled to write by a remembrance of your estimable qualities, and gratitude for the pleasure I felt on receiving your kind congratulations respecting my little publication. Here, among strangers, neglected, solitary, and in bad health, the sensation which your letter produced brought tears to my eyes. What would I not give to enjoy your society in this dreadful place! How have you been? How do you proceed? How are your friends, in particular your worthy father? For my own part, though a little flattered by being well received in the aforesaid piece, I am still an unprovided vagrant, full of little schemes, always baffled, but still getting subsistence from time to time by literary labour. I know your good heart, and, from an established maxim, that only rogues succeed in the world, fear that, like myself, you may not have imbibed enough of the Jew to get rich. But you have a good business, a fine education, a keen and acute judgment, and manners well suited for a physician, so that now or in future I think success must be certain.

"A rage for seeing the continent sent me from Edinburgh to Hamburg, and from Hamburg I passed through Brunswick, Leipsic, Baryth, and Ratisbonne, as far as Landshot on my way to Vienna; but could not get any farther on account of the French, who had attacked the Austrians, and beat them in a severe engagement. The carnage and pursuit was dreadful, and the whole affair lasted ten hours. I returned to Ratisbonne; the Austrian lines were pursued on the road thither. After a few days they fought the French again, in an action under Count Klenaw, when both sides claimed a victory. General desultory actions took place under the walls of Ratisbonne, principally between the pandours and cavalry. Parties of two or three hundred in a body disputed in the adjacent forest, with seldom more than a single field-piece.

All this time, the sight of French artillery, and the fear of their bomb-ketches, kept the town in awe, and they durst not fire a gun, for fear of bombardment from the heights that commanded the town. All Bavaria, and Ratisbonne above every other place, presented a terrible picture of the calamities of war.

At this crisis, before the armistice took place, wounded men came in by thousands; the peasants, driven from their homes to beggary and starvation, crowded the streets with distressing complaints; in short, pain for the past, apprehension for the future, and helpless distress were seen in every countenance. A temporary suspension of these horrors followed the armistice. The French, who had now driven Klenaw with his Hungarian infantry, huzzars, cuirassiers, woodriders, woodmantles, &c., across the Danube, entered Ratisbonne, and have behaved with a moderation and propriety highly commendable. As an Englishman, I trembled for my safety. The French, however, instead of taking me prisoner, treated me, in every company where I went, with kindness and civility. Lefort, second in command to General Grenier, was particularly polite, invited me to his quarters, interested himself in my affairs, and, when I expressed a curiosity to see Moreau on his arrival in Ratisbonne, gave me a ticket to the play, and took me to the very box where the great commander sat. He and all his fellow officers have left town. God grant that the new squadron may be as generous and polite men! Bating this attention of the French officers, I have met with little to delight me in Ratisbonne. The town is dull; the manners lewd and disgusting. Pride, poverty, and barbarity, are strongly marked in its inhabitants.

"I have seen a few striking curiosities, and heard in their churches that sublime and sacred music of which the Kirk of Scotland affords but a faint idea. But, alas! a fit of illness, the like of which I never suffered before, has reduced my body to utter imbecility, and my mind to a state of dejection correspondent. A bilious fever, occasioned by a *coup de soleil*, in a hasty retreat to town from a village where we had gone, with a gentleman of Ratisbonne, through rash curiosity, to see a skirmish with the French, at first occasioned uneasiness, and finally confined me to bed. The doctor's fees, and a plunder which took place among my money and effects during my illness by the light-fingered troops of my honest landlord, have also contributed to my distress. I seldom heard of a poor stranger being so miserably fleeced.

"The armistice is broken! In two days hostilities begin! Merciful God! thy chastisements are light compared to the miseries occasioned by men!

"We know not what plan is to be pursued, but 59,000 Austrians passed yesterday over the hills on the opposite side of the Danube. Angereau is coming from Bohemia. We are placed between two contending armies. Adieu. Write me, my dear —. Address to the Scotch College, Ratisbonne, Germany.

"I remain, yours, unchanged,

THOMAS CAMPBELL."

The correspondence does not appear to have been regular; Campbell's whereabouts at this time was likely not very settled. Some years afterwards, as the poet's early companion, then practising as a physician in Roxburghshire, was taking a professional ride, he happened to observe a packet at a carrier's addressed to "Thomas Campbell, Esq., at Minto House." Putting up his horse at the nearest "entertainment for men and horses," he despatched a trusty messenger to learn if it was his own *Tom Campbell* he had thus accidentally discovered so near him. The poet brought an answer in person. A hasty leave was taken of his kind entertainers, the noble family of Elliott. They seem to have made too much of a lion of him, and he was glad to recover his liberty. The packet was re-addressed, and consigned again to the carrier; and the two friends found themselves in the evening snugly seated in the doctor's family parlour. A few days were spent in cheerful reminiscences of college days, in mirth and social glee. I have not heard that any poetry was composed on the occasion, nor what became of the doctor's patients. He was then a bailie of the ancient burgh Jeddart, famed for the peculiarity of its justice. One of his colleagues, a man of strong mind, more original than cultivated, was greatly delighted with Campbell's society. Transported, like Tam O'Shanter at the dance of witches, one evening, with the poet's exuberant life and wit, he exclaimed, "By ——! he's just a *soul*! I never saw a *soul* before!"

For this part of my notices I am indebted to traditionary authority: I had not then seen the light.

The now venerable lady, who in matronly bloom did the honours of the house, tells me, that she was at first disposed to use a wife's privilege of grumbling, at having a *great man* and a stranger so suddenly introduced into her family; but he soon convinced her he was no *stranger*; and the *great man* did not assume the airs of a giant. She well recollects, however, that there was considerable confusion introduced into her domestic arrangements, with increase of mirth and laughter in the house, likely enough results from such a meeting. The two friends parted, never again to meet on earth. The one (the hand of death was already stretched over him) shortly afterwards reposed in the quiet church yard, of a lovely village in Northumberland; the other other has been, within these few days, deposited by the hands of the great and noble of the land, among the illustrious dead of Westminster Abbey. Dare we venture to say, Have they met now?

As characteristic, in some degree, of a poet's life, it may, perhaps, be worth while to mention, that he who had just been the *lion* at an earl's table, found himself minus a few shillings to complete the fare of the coach on the next stage. Ah! little

could the noble ladies have dreamed of this, when they expressed themselves disappointed at the silence of his muse !

Connected with this subject, I may mention an incident which occurred many years after, when I had prepared for myself, as I thought, a pleasure, but which, as a little reflection might have forwarned me it would, turned out a disappointment. The widow of his early friend had never seen Mr. Campbell since the visit I have mentioned, until more than twenty years after; when she was on a visit to the humble lodgings of her son in Glasgow.

Mr. Campbell was also in Glasgow; and upon my invitation, he, with his usual alacrity, immediately set out to call upon her, with me, cheerfully commenting on passing objects, as we went along. He was evidently not in a sad humour: but the interview was sad. They scarcely spoke to each other. Each was probably engrossed with the thoughts of other times. In the interval both had borne many sorrows, and how changed they must have seemed to each other. I was a good deal pained, and had some difficulty in leading to a general conversation. In subsequent meetings, more cheerfulness prevailed.

My first introduction to any member of Mr. Campbell's family, was, in every respect, a pleasant one, and made a lively impression upon a youthful imagination. I was then some twelve or thirteen years old; a careless, yet, at times, pensive Glasgow Grammar School-boy. The summer holidays had come on, and pleasure was the rule, study the exception. At least, such was the case with me, and eschewing holiday tasks, I accepted, with pleasure, an invitation to rusticate with a companion, whose home was in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. About two miles from that city, dwelt, in retirement, two ladies, maiden sisters of the poet. Between the elder of these, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, and my aunt, there had existed an intimacy, as close as that between their brothers; and the termination had been similar, namely, the early death of my relative. I was therefore furnished with due credentials, and entrusted with the delicate mission of delivering, not a grand cross nor a garter, but a lock of her lost friend's hair. It was a bright summer evening, when the raw school-boy walked up to the retired cottage of the sisters. Not much troubled with sentimental emotions, nor sufficiently skilled in nature to understand the sources of deep feeling, he was not at all prepared for the outburst of tears, and the warm embrace which followed the introduction of one part of his message; he felt sheepish enough, no doubt. Boys, Scotch boys, at all events, are always abashed and awkward in the presence of ladies. They can be impudent enough at other times. Our little scene was soon over. Tea and fruits succeeded. We cannot live long on romance.

The poet was evidently the idol of the place. Two of his

likenesses adorned the walls, and several of his works lay on the table. Among them some volumes of his "Specimens of English Poets," just published; also, a review, the Edinburgh, if I remember rightly, which had spoken highly of the work. I had not then seen the "Specimens," but had read all the poems Campbell had published, and was not long in procuring a reading of the new publication. At the age of thirteen a boy may enjoy poetry much; and if not strictly watched and prohibited, will have read most of the standard modern poets—Burns, Campbell, Scott, Byron, with a long et cetera. Burns may have been listened to in the cradle, as part of the fond mother's *lullaby*. Walter Scott with his stirring scenes—his hunts, his battles, and his chivalry, is the poet of the ambitious boy, who dreams of camps and battle fields. Campbell's is a milder, yet a sterner muse, and finds a ready entrance to a young heart. Byron oppresses with grand terrific scenes, except in certain pieces to be read by stealth when the maiden heart is caught napping. Even these are not understood; and their chief fault is that they send the ingenuous young man on a voyage of discovery.

When to works such as the above are added, Virgil, Ovid, and Homer, spelled word by word, and scanned line by line at school, I had enough of the words of poetry to be able to listen to the conversation of the Misses Campbell. But indeed, we talked less of poetry than of the poet. He seemed the only object of Miss Elizabeth Campbell's thoughts. She was a good deal older than he, and spoke of him almost as of a son. I have always understood that she first taught him to read. She alluded to this, but I do not recollect that she was his only English teacher. It is very likely, however, that such was the case; and well might she be proud of her pupil.

At this time Miss Campbell's scanty means were eked out by an allowance from her brother; and I was, in some degree, amused to hear that at the very time she was so enthusiastically luxuriating in his fame, there was a little feud, a pique, or pet, betwixt them; that, in fact, they were not on speaking, or rather writing terms; and, I remember, she grumbled at the price she had paid for the "Specimens," which he had not thought fit, at that time, to make her a present of. This feeling, I am well aware, did not last long. I rather think such *tiffs* were not quite angel visits; and they probably took their origin in a wish, on the lady's part, to exercise a little of her early authority, which it is by no means to be supposed the wayward poet would be willing to submit to.

A kind reply to my dispatch was penned, and a present, after the approved courtesy of embassy, was sent to my constituent. It consisted of an engraving of the poet, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and had the additional value of that cele-

brated painter's autograph signature. It still ornaments the chamber of her to whom it was presented; and the recent event will not have lessened the consideration in which it was held. I left the cottage a proud boy, with a poet's portrait in my hand, and poetic dreams in my head. Whether I was inspired with any greater admiration for Horace and Virgil, dactyls and spondees, our excellent old teacher, Dr. Lorrain, might have told, when his reign was resumed; but, alas! he is not now alive to be called in evidence against me. I know that I soon afterwards, obtained a prize for a poem, which, some years ago, I happened to fall in with, among some old papers; and discovered to be one of the most incomprehensible pieces of doggrel I had ever set eyes on. The worthy gentleman, whom I have just mentioned, was master of Jedburgh School, when the poet made his advent there; and has often told me that it produced quite a sensation in that quiet town, although the appearance of Walter Scott was by no means strange in their streets. Dr. Lorrain, one of the best of men, was a somewhat intolerant Tory; and, as a teacher, disapproved highly of the students voting against the wishes of their professors. On Campbell's election, he exhorted his family not to vote for the Whig. Led on by his son, however, his boarders took a different view of the matter, and voted accordingly.

Mr. Campbell's election to be Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in 1826, first brought the writer of these pages into personal acquaintance with the illustrious poet.

The Glasgow rectorship is a singular instance of an office of no great importance and little influence in itself, having been elevated into high consideration and a much coveted honour, by the manner in which it has been conferred. In former times, the names of Edmund Burke and Adam Smith adorned the list; and in recent days, Francis Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, Henry Brougham, Thomas Campbell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir Robert Peel, were enough to adorn any office.

A short explanation of the nature of the rectorship, and of the mode of election to it, may be agreeable to southern readers. The function of the Rector was originally that of a judge, in serious matters of academic discipline. Quarrels between students, and between professors and students, could only be settled in his court. This is the law still. Any sentence of severity, such as rustication or expulsion, can be pronounced only by the rectoral court, whether the Rector be present, or represented by his assessors. The improvement of class discipline, and general manners, has rendered this court nearly a form. Yet still, in any case of attempted oppression, the students conceive that they might look for protection and justice to a magistrate of their own free choice, elected from year to year, and independent by talent, rank, or character, of any professional clique. The very existence

of such an officer is a check upon the attempt, and instances are not wanting where it has so operated.

The Rector, styled Lord—in the old charters, *magnificus*—and by courtesy as all judges are, is also a visitor and auditor of accounts; and, as such, has a negative controul over the college funds, as well as a right of interference, not very well defined perhaps, in the management of the University geuerally. He has also a vote along with the Principal, the Dean of Faculties, and thirteen professors, in the patronage of the most important chairs, and a number of bursaries. There is only one college in the University, which college consists of the Rector, Dean of Faculties, Principal, and thirteen professors. This body is called the Faculty of the college, and has all the endowed funds and patronage in its power. With the addition of the Chancellor and the remaining nine professors, chiefly medical, of the University, these form the *Senatus Academicus*, from whom emanate all degrees, whether honorary, or by right of examination. The Benatus again, joined to the whole of the matriculated students, form the *Comitia*, or general assembly of the University—a court held on stated days for several purposes, that of most interest being the election of the Rector. The senate elects the chancellor and the dean, and the obscurity of the objects of its choice, forms a ludicrous contrast with the eminence of the selected of the general voice. A noble duke distinguished for nothing but his rank, or a neighbouring baronet, or wealthy squire, conservative of venerable abuses, and liberal of good dinners, has usually been the delight of the former; the names we have already given, indicate the lofty aspirings of the latter.

For the purposes of election, the *Comitia* is divided, in accordance with the practice of many ancient universities, into divisions, termed nations. The *Comitia* for the election of the rector *magnificus*, is held on a stated day, and is quite a republican meeting. It has a right to choose its own president—an office which, as a matter of courtesy and convenience, has usually been offered to the principal. After the matriculation lists have been read over, and an opportunity given to correct clerical errors, the nations withdraw, each to a separate hall, for the purpose of voting. There each meeting elects a president, who calls the roll and declares the vote. A delegate is then appointed to deliver the final vote. As a matter of course, one of the most active of the successful party is named. The vote, signed by the president, is consigned to his care. On the *Comitia* re-assembling in the common hall, the four delegates compare their votes, and the delegate of that nation to which the rector elect belongs, mounts the rostrum, and announces the election in a Latin formula for that case provided. There is usually no small uproar on these occasions; but nothing like the hootings and yellings against unoffending and absent per-

sons, which are read of as common at the Oxford convocations. This election may be termed a kind of safety-valve to the exuberant spirits of the students. It takes place at the very beginning of the session. The excitement lasts only a few days, and the books and obedience to the gown are resumed with alacrity and pleasure. Any disputes or hard words that may occur in the heat of the battle are speedily forgotten; or, if they do rankle in the hearts of any, it is only among the narrow-minded and silly. The leaders of parties are generally good friends, and are almost certain to be found, at the end of the season, high among the honours—a very sufficient answer to the objection often made, that this boyish electioneering diverts them from their studies.

The idea of electing Thomas Campbell had been entertained by many separate parties of students unknown to each other; and when the first announcement of his name was made, the parties who had done so were pleasantly surprised to find that several others were ready to take the same step. Newspaper paragraphs, hinting at the subject, had been put in circulation. Many, not friendly, chose to say that the students were led by the press. These were not behind the scenes. The truth is, the students supplied *feelers* and private intelligence to the editors, and received in return, when the contest became close, assistance in the form of eloquent leaders, or impartial letters from *Aliquis* and *Nemo*. Neither did the leading politicians of the city actively interfere with their young friends, whose proceedings, however, they did not fail to watch with interest. These remarks are general, both as to parties and to time.

Certainly, Mr. Campbell had no direct knowledge of the intention to propose him. As little could the Right Honourable Gentleman who, to the alarm of Campbell's supporters, was brought forward in opposition—no less a man than George Canning, then Prime Minister, and in the height of his popularity. Many a quiet man has been surprised to find himself the object of youthful eulogium or vituperation on the question of thrusting upon him an honour he had never dreamed of. This is the penalty of becoming distinguished in a free state like ours. It must have greatly amused, for example, the excellent Sir Thomas Brishane, if the matter ever came under his notice, to see himself branded as having been the governor of a convict colony, and as, therefore, unfit to be the governor of the *free students* of Glasgow.

In Mr. Canning's party, were some of the cleverest and most engaging among the junior students. Their real leader, however, was Professor (afterwards Sir Daniel) Sandford, who, by this time, had begun to dream of being a senator, and perhaps a Minister of State. The Paisley weavers ultimately sent him to Parliament, and the Jews rather prematurely sent him out of it. His speech in opposition to their complete emancipation was fatal

to him. The brilliancy of Canning's rank, and probably the potency of his influence, dazzled the afterwards ultra-Radical professor, who at this time, by the general suavity of his manners and the sparkling glare of his eloquence, possessed more influence among the younger students than any member of the University.

The Premier's politics were a shade too liberal for most of the professors, who, in general, would have grudged to see even a cobweb disturbed; but, at present, they were unprovided with a candidate, of even the slightest note, to their liking. But the Minister might have all to say in the distribution of loaves and fishes, while from Campbell nothing of that kind was to be expected. *Fortunately*, therefore, Mr. Canning was all but unanimously fixed upon as *the professors' man*. *Fortunately* may seem a strange word here, but it is significant. At one time, the professors had been much divided among themselves when party politics ran high. At the period now alluded to, an understanding had been come to, that no open division should appear; the minority tacitly yielding. This very naturally led the students to ask, Why this combination among themselves, if they have nothing which they need fear to see the light? And various abuses and misappropriations of college property were freely commented on.

The contest was sharp, but Campbell was chosen by the unanimous votes of the four nations, notwithstanding Mr. Sandford's using his influence, both in haranguing his class, and as president of the Ratio Londoniana, in a most extraordinary way. This gentleman seemed always to have a deep animosity towards the poet—the secret sources of which I know not; but there was no love lost between them.

On one occasion, he attempted to take precedence of the Lord Rector at a dinner party, but was defeated and somewhat humbled by the quickness of a lady standing at Campbell's side. "Bless me, I was not dreaming of any precedence," said Campbell; "but is it not strange that Mr. Sandford should be so vain as to think that his being a bishop's son and a professor, should give any rank? Why, it merely means the son of a dissenting clergyman and a respectable schoolmaster." An anecdote was current at this time of a dignified functionary of the University—a man of pomp and form. He sneeringly said they would not know where to address the official announcement; so obscure, it might be inferred, did *he* consider the man whose poetic fame was bounded only by the limits of civilisation. A gentleman present promptly answered, "You have only to address it to the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and put it into the post-office."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

DOMESTIC CONDITION OF THE HINDOOS.¹

CHAPTER III.

WE shall now notice the several employments and duties of native girls both of the higher and lower classes, in reference to their connection with the family of their parents. First, in reference to the higher classes.

There seems to be, as it were, a regular system of the division of labour observed in Hindu families. Certain duties are performed by young girls, and others are left exclusively to the disposal of the elder females. Be it known that we refer to families of the higher classes of natives. When, in the morning, the necessary articles are brought by the servants, it is the business of the young girls to observe and examine them. One of them selects a certain quantity of those things brought from the market, washes and cleans them, cuts them if necessary, arranges them neatly, and, upon every preparation being made, presents them in order to her old mother, who is engaged in blowing the fire and kindling the flame within her kitchen walls. Another prepares a like thing in the same manner, and follows the example of the former. Another girl prepares to assist the mother in her management of the affairs of the kitchen, displaying her activity by running from one corner of the kitchen to the other, to please her old mamma, readily handing to her anything which may be placed without her reach, expertly cleaning some vessels that must be employed in the business of cooking, skilfully blowing the fire herself if her mother be fatigued and exhausted, and doing everything that she can possibly do for her mother by way of helping her in the management of her domestic concerns, and lightening the oppressive load of those duties and affairs by which she is always overburdened. In the midst of all this process, their eyes are filled with smoke, the watery humour is trickling down their nose, the hand is occasionally seen wiping the face, drying the eyes, and cleaning the nostrils. Time gradually runs on; and the mother and the young girls, as they proceed on with their duties in the kitchen, observe and watch its flight. A word is sent through some domestic of the house to the father, who may then be superintending the concerns of his family, and to the young boys who may be playing in the streets, or may be just returned from their schools, intimating to them all that the time is full, the breakfast is ready, and they must be prepared for receiving it. The mother gives the command, and, in obedience to it, the young girls, who are always ready to please their old mamma, at once cry out the names of their papa and younger brothers with a voice peculiarly tender.

We will, however, by the way, give a brief sketch of the operations in which the male portion of the family are engaged at this part of the day, before they go abroad to their duties, and leave the females at

¹ Continued from page 176, vol. xli.

home to themselves. The father and the boys take to their bath, and then engage themselves in their religious exercises in a room set apart for the purpose, rubbing their foreheads, hands, and breasts, before they commence their operations, with some white powder sanctified in the shastres, muttering some holy words taught to them by their priests, and, when in this manner they fulfil their devotional duties, repairing to the eating room, which is always close by the kitchen walls, which do not prevent the smoke within from going without, and giving to the males, who are quite unaccustomed to it, much irritation and annoyance. The mother working in the kitchen, or the young girl assisting her, then serves up to them the meals, either in plates of some metal, or on convenient leaves of some plant, as circumstances may permit. The boys, and the old man their father, on eating their food, and washing their hands and mouths, and going through a certain round of ceremonies that their own habits or custom may have rendered necessary, put on their clothes and hasten to their respective duties—he to his office, those to their schools. Now all matters connected with the household business are left to the exclusive disposal and management of the leading females in the family. The young girls now resort to their particular amusement; living in the house of their own parents, where every one is disposed to regard their faults with a smile of complacency, and to correct them only with a gentle reproof; moving in a circle where all those by whom they are surrounded are bound to them by a mutual sympathy of habits and manners, and forming parts of the family where they are guided in all their operations by a voluntary impulse of their own will, rather than the dictates of obligation, where they have no settled object to aim at, or no particular avocations to be engaged in, and where the idea of their whole happiness consists only in the good disposition of their parents towards them, and their wishes; they seek only after amusement as the chief element of their present happiness, and find it in everything that is variety. They engage themselves differently. Some are busily employed in weaving their little playthings in wreaths of flowers; some in ornamenting themselves in various ways, according as their humour or fancy may direct them; some in buying new toys or new playthings, and carefully laying them in store to serve for the use of the children they expect to be after blessed with. This circumstance shows their love of marriage, and the extreme anxiety they indulge for being possessed of children, and having it in their power of administering various ceremonies consequent upon their birth, and the several succeeding periods of their lives. Some of them are found busy with their needles, sewing clothes belonging to themselves, as well as those belonging to the rest of the family. A few of them, we are happy to declare, seem to have arrived at such perfection in this art, that all the females, if not the male portion of the family to which they belong, quite dispense with the necessity of employing tailors. Clothes of their workmanship cover the limbs of many of their relations and friends, especially of their own sex, and they are often so nicely made that the rude hand of the tailor can easily be distinguished. The author has to boast of having a sister whose skill in this interesting art rendered her an honour to the family of her parents, and now makes her the most useful member of that of her husband.

This part of their employment is certainly the most interesting, and, so far as the present state of our families is concerned, the most honourable. And well might we exclaim with a most distinguished writer, who observes in reference to the employment of ladies, that "whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of young ladies busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue, and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain work or in embroidery, I look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous snares of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments," and so on.

But, unhappily, the case is such that those girls of the native families who may have acquired any degree of proficiency in this interesting art, are few compared with multitudes of them who are often engaged in several frivolous and unworthy pursuits; yet these few are not free from the faults of others, no less are they given up to those absurd and unprofitable ceremonies which always occupy the attention of those around them. No less are they wrapped up in notions of the importance and necessity of those ceremonies as giving life and interest to the objects of the family circle. Many of them even renounce this kind of employment as a vain drudgery, and do not unfrequently unite themselves with others in the observance of foolish ceremonies, and in idle amusements. Indeed, the time of native girls upon the whole is miserably spent. They are often engaged in unnecessary ceremonies, in useless rivalries, in vain meddling with others' matters, in idle talking, and petty frauds. The marriages of their fellow mates, and the features, manners, and dispositions of their husbands, the money which the parents of the parties spent in their marriage, the ornaments bestowed upon the bride by the parents of the bridegroom, and the articles of furniture given in exchange to the latter by the parents of the former, and various other circumstances connected with their marriage ceremony, form the subject of their talk, laughter, and amusement. They insist upon their parents to get them married to some one or other whom they think fit, to prepare some golden ornaments for them that they might the better be able to shine in the little society of their fellow mates, to purchase for their use some varieties of clothes, and to do all those things for them which might please their own taste or amuse their own fancy. Few girls might be seen reading some religious book, or hearing with attentive ear some moral instructions which a pious guest may happen to give them. They mistake his instructions for the outbursts of some madness or religious enthusiasm, and reward his attempts with mockery and laughter, which the better informed may have regarded with reverence.

When some particular religious ceremony takes place in their house, the young girls are occasionally employed in singing some interesting rhymes during some hours of the day and night, and by taking large swings in a sort of cradle hung up for the purpose. They sing, indeed, in such sweet and delightful tones, as almost to ravish the ear. Jovial and gay in their disposition, they often intermix and enliven their songs with humorous wits, which they aim at some one amongst themselves of whom they intend to make a sport. And this they manage so dex-

terously, and in such an appropriate manner, as perfectly to make their song adapted to the case of the person against whom they thus point their wits. They then take a share in the ceremonies going on around them. They make certain vows and resolutions in imitation of the elder females of the family, under some supposed difficulty or inconvenience. They observe certain fasts, and go through a routine of numerous other ceremonies, which afford them excessive delight and interest. They engage themselves in such frivolous kinds of pursuits, not so much from a sincere religious feeling being awake in their minds, as with the view of deriving some amusement or employment from them. Thus they allow the hours of the day to pass away. At night, having worked for some time in the kitchen as they had done there in the morning, under the superintendence of the mother, they then assemble together, talk, laugh, mock, sing, and perform their curious trifles even in the presence of their elders, without dread of punishment, or the fear of any one reproving their wild outbursts, or checking their intemperate mirth. The father passes by them, heedless of their trifles. Knowing that they are but the temporary residents in his family, and that they can have no other opportunity of indulging their humours so freely, when the restraints of fathers and mothers-in-law shall have been imposed upon them, he never discountenances them in their free gambols, but rather contributes to multiply circumstances which would warrant their indulgence in their sports. The look of the mother is always smiling upon them, she takes peculiar interest in their amusements, of which the father seems to have no idea. Freed from her domestic affairs and the concerns of the kitchen, she even occasionally participates in their gay amusements and their pleasing trifles. The want of gaiety in her daughter she mistakes for a natural stupidity or dulness; and her who displays such a disposition she quite despises, and bestows upon her only a sparing measure of her regard and esteem. She likes those much who display all possible vivacity and mirth in their sports and amusements. Her face beams upon them with favour and delight. A few expressions of her approbation as evidenced by her words or countenance, afford them sufficient encouragement in their trifling exercises and frivolous amusements.

But we should never think that this miserable state of things will always remain unaltered. We have cheering hopes of better days to come; and better changes may we then see! Our girls are capable of being considerably raised in the scale of intelligence, if right discipline be observed with regard to them. Trivial circumstances develop great latent genius. And instances are not few, trifling as they are, which go to prove that our girls possess minds not inferior to those of the most talented, and capable of the highest degree of cultivation. Their simplest amusements display to us the force of their talents. We have already remarked, in the preceding sentences, with reference to the proficiency acquired by some of them in the art of sewing, and to their pretty excellent workmanships, which, indeed, do the highest credit to their judgment and skill. Now there is another kind of employment equally harmless and interesting, which indeed sets forth their talents to the best advantage. This employment may be called rather occasional than daily, for it is engaged in only during some part of the year.

What we mean will be evident from the following brief description of it.

Some time previous to the Dasara and Dewálí, the two great festivals of the Hindús, young girls are seen employing every evening in our native towns in drawing out various lines and figures, first with white powder and then filling the vacant spaces with other colouring powders of different descriptions, on small elevated pieces of ground prepared for the purpose, and attached closely to the verandah of their houses; and they always acquit themselves so well in their undertaking that we are happy to have it in our power to say, that their performances set forth their skill and abilities in the most prominent light.* The curiosity of every man on this subject will be satisfied by his taking a short trip after sunset in our native towns, when numbers of those interesting girls are found employed in their busy manipulation out of doors, under the cool shade of the advancing eve. It is indeed a most delightful spectacle to observe a parcel of these young native girls busily engaged in their harmless [?] employments in the open air during these calm hours. Their beautiful round faces, blooming with the red blushes of modesty and beaming with intelligence, remind the spectator of those rosy blushes which tinge the distant sky, and excite the most pleasing vibrations in his heart, as if he were really transported to the seats of the heavenly angels. Would to God that such interesting beings, gifted so richly by nature, but depraved so miserably by custom alone, were removed far away from a state in which they cannot live long without being exposed to the moral contamination which reigns around, and were brought up in a family whence the clouds of superstition and ignorance have been dispelled by the irradiating beams of knowledge, and where the blessings of education continue to shed their benignant lustre on all around.

The remarks we have just made, the reader must be aware, refer to the families of the higher classes. With regard to those of the lower ranks, nothing worthy of mention occurs. The girls belonging to those families are not so merrily employed as girls of the higher classes. They do not buy new toys and adorn themselves with various ornaments, like their fellows in the other families. They have no fine clothes to sew. They are not so careful about attending to different ceremonies, for they have no money to discharge the expenses attending them. They practise no singing, for they are so far removed from the polish and refinement of the higher classes, as never to have been able to acquire a taste for that art. They draw out no Kanas,† like the girls of higher families, and if few of them do so, their performance is the rudest of its kind. They interchange no presents among one another as the others. In fact, they are engaged in no interesting employment during the hours of the day. From some instances, however, it appears that their whole amusement consists in a few slight skirmishes with their brothers or their mothers, in picking up a few small stones, playing with them and throwing them away, or in collecting some quantity of earth, moistening it with water, and making some

* We allude to the drawing of what are called Kanas.

† The art of drawing figures and lines on some clean spots of ground prepared for the purpose, as above noticed.

fancy work of it. Amusement is found in variety, and variety is procured by money; whereas these girls are brought up amidst want and poverty—yea, they are nursed up in scenes of animosity and brawls, which are the unexceptionable characteristics of their families. Theirs is no amusement; theirs is rather a hard, troublesome work. With their poor wretched mothers they wait on their toil out of doors, and submit again at home to the duties of the kitchen, envying the lot and enjoyment of their fellows moving in the higher circles of life.

We now propose to give a brief sketch of the ceremonial part of Hindu marriages: their nature, the manner in which they are formed, and the effects resulting from them, will be treated of separately in the following pages of this essay. Such is the desire prevailing in Hindu parents with regard to the marriage of their children, that, to say the least of it, the children are betrothed while yet in the womb of their parents. In that case, should the issues be of opposite sex as expected, the betrothment is confirmed by the parents; or, if the matter turn out the reverse, the question is dropped. In most cases, however, girls are betrothed to boys while they both are yet infants, and nearly of the same age, with but a slight difference of years. The mother of the girl prides herself upon the circumstance that her daughter has obtained a husband at such an early age. She frequently invites her son-in-law to her house to dinner, confers on him some little presents, and sends him home with a servant to lead him, or asks his consent to remain with her and his little wife for some days. On some great *holy* days she sends a few plates—some filled with flowers others with fruits—to the mother of her son-in-law, and receives a like kind of return from her in acknowledgement of the present which she had sent to her. Thus things move on, until at last the day of their marriage ceremony is fixed upon by the parents of both parties, after having consulted the opinions of their respective priests, in whose hands the parents of the children are generally like mere tools. The expenses to which the parents are put on this occasion are enormously great, but they shall be spoken of particularly by and by. Two or three days previous to the day of marriage, ceremonies are observed at the respective abodes of the boy and girl of the most trifling description, which the unbounded rapacity of the priest always multiplies, and the slavish disposition of the parents tacitly countenances. The boy is at his house seated on the ground, his body is rubbed over with different powders, and washed perfectly clean. He is surrounded by all his female relations, who sprinkle water upon him in drops, reciting a few rhymes in praise of the intended bridegroom. Visitors consisting of females come from every quarter of the town to witness the joyous scene. They all lift up their voices in an exalted chorus, accompanied by the sounds of music without, adoring and praising the fabled deities whom they suppose as presiding over human affairs, and imploring them to shower down their blessings on the boy and the girl throughout the whole of their life after their union; a circumstance which points out their deplorable ignorance of the only living and true God, who is the disposer of all events, and whom they thus exclude from their supreme regard, and the fatal illusion under which they labour in rendering to beings which have merely an imaginary exist-

ence, a superstitious homage, quite derogatory to the honour of the only Governor and preserver of all things.

Well, the officiating priests, who administer the ceremonies, impose upon the surrounding superstitious multitude by the solemn grandeur of their appearance, the sonorousness of their voice, and the hard, unintelligible words which they pronounce. The boy is from time to time made to walk up and down the house, to attend at the performance of certain ceremonies, followed by females, who wash, clean, and dress him, and administer unto him every possible service that it is their duty on those days to render. The boy thus undergoes a variety of trifling ceremonies without a moment's respite. The girl is dealt with in the same manner, at the house of her parents, as the boy; surrounded by the same superstitious multitude of females, and oppressed by the same overburdening number of ceremonies. To-day are invited all the relations and friends of the bride and bridegroom, by the parents at their respective dwellings, when to-morrow is their wedding-day. Every preparatory or necessary measure is at the preceding night so planned and arranged by the females of the family, as to bear on the grandeur of the method in which the great marriage ceremony is intended to be performed the next day. The female members of the houses of the bride and bridegroom entirely abstain themselves from sleep, and they are deeply engrossed with all their preparatory engagements during the whole night. The morning dawns, the trumpet sounds, the drums beat, and the music commences at both the houses. The priests attend, the parents of the boy and girl are dressed most sumptuously, and preside at the administration of the ceremonies passing before their view. A great sacrificial fire is erected in the middle of the house by the priests, who, on the plausible ground of religion, impudently and unceremoniously consume many useful articles of the parents in the great devouring element raging in the centre. This fire is considered as forming the most essential part of the whole ceremony of that day. About sunset, numbers of people, all consisting of relations and friends, attend at the house of the bridegroom. The boy is equipped in the most magnificent apparel, decorated with the most glittering ornaments of gold, and the most brilliant jewels. Long wreaths of beautiful and elegant flowers are wound round about his head, and thrown over his shoulders, flowing down to his feet. He is then seated on a horse, the most sumptuously equipped, a cocoa-nut covered with tinfoil is put into his hands, the trumpets sound forth their echo in the air, music is set to work, the drums beat, a perfect concert flourishes, and a most splendid procession follows. The whole procession stops as it comes within a short distance from the house of the bride. The horse of the bridegroom, who is still riding on its back, steps onward in front of the bride's house. A curious and unmeaning ceremony then follows, which might seem almost a mockery to a stranger. There goes first the brother of the bride, and squeezes an ear of the still riding bridegroom. He meets with his reward, carrying off a splendid dress which the parents of the bridegroom bestow upon him. Then steps on the mother of the bride, in her splendid apparel, with an *arthí** in her hand, which she moves

* A plate in which some kind of lamp is put.

about the face of the bridegroom, and gives him some sweetmeats to taste a little of it. She meets with her reward, too, for all her trouble. Then follows the father-in-law, with a majestic pace, a piece of cloth held over his head as he moves on, and, offering some sweetmeats to the lad, carries him on his arms into the house, and places him on a chair. The bride is brought forward, covered all over with gold and silver, and placed before the boy. Another ceremony, equally ridiculous with the former, attracts the notice of an observer; it is that upon whose issue the marriage-knot of the pair does substantially depend. A shawl is interposed between the bride and the bridegroom. The reverend priests commence pronouncing their hallowed benedictions and prayers. The intervening shawl is still suspended between the pair. Perfect silence reigns throughout. Every present soul remains in breathless expectation of the issue of the ceremony. Every eye is rivetted on the boy and girl. Every ear is given to the words of the priests, who pour out their benedictions and prayers in the loftiest strains of their hollow voice. All of a sudden the reverend priests stop; the hands clap; the intervening curtain drops; the drums, the tomtoms, the pipes, the trumpets, make their mingled roar; the bridegroom puts a string of black beads round about the bride's neck. It is this string which binds up, as it were, their marriage-knot, proving a sufficient guarantee for the bridal fidelity, and a satisfactory vouchsafe to that devoted service which the bride is enjoined to owe to her husband through life. The bride and the bridegroom are thus united together from that moment by the flimsy cord of mere ceremony, which shall be broken by the fiery edge of passion, as the thread of tallow is broken by the flame of a burning candle. Yet rejoicings ensue. The female voice is exerted in the loftier and sweeter notes. Joy beams forth in the eyes of the parents, and lights up the countenance of the married couple. Warm and cordial embraces are mutually interchanged between the parents of the married children on the one hand, and their relations and friends and visitors on the other. The money, and cocoa-nuts, and beetlenuts are distributed among the Brāhmins, and visitors, and strangers, and men of all descriptions. The bride and the bridegroom are then seated on a horse whose gaudy accoutrement vies with the gilded trappings of the riders upon its back. They are followed by a most splendid procession to the house of the latter—the bridegroom. Many other ceremonies follow one another in uninterrupted succession for several weeks together. The bridegroom is most ceremoniously invited to the house of the bride immediately on the next day to observe a continuation of their nuptial ceremonies. There the young boy and girl are made to sit together, and permitted to pass away a few hours in some interesting trifles, to which custom has given the appearance of importance. The eating leaves are rolled in small cylindrical parcels. A few of them are given to the boy, a few to the girl. Their female friends surround them on all hands. The girl is advised, secretly, by a friend, who sits beside her, to catch one of the pieces strongly in her teeth at one of its ends, allowing the longer end to remain without. The boy, assisted by a like friend on his side, puts out his mouth, and bites off the outer end of the rolled piece of leaf. Thus, indeed, after the wedding ceremony is entirely

over, multitudes of several other vain, trifling, and unnecessary ceremonies still continue, without interruption, to be observed for a succession of days, weeks, and months, as if they were calculated to keep up the fading grandeur and interest of the past great nuptial ceremony. And those ceremonies are, indeed, of such endless varieties, that an enumeration of them would be a mere waste of paper. Those that we have adverted to can well suffice to give to the general reader an idea of their extreme absurdity, and the unnecessary waste of time and money which their observance involves. But it often happens, that when the ceremonies in which the native females so fondly indulge themselves interfere with the pressing duties and callings of the males, the latter always demur as to the unnecessary length to which the women are anxious of carrying the ceremonies, and as to the vain expenses of money to which they lead. Hence sounds of discord and contention are heard in our family mansions on these occasions, which a right view of the subject would have entirely prevented. Here, discontent marks the brows of the old mother; there, the eyes of the old father flame with anger. Thus a damp is thrown on the excited spirits of all the females of the family, who, erewhile, lingered unconsciously amid the scenes of their favourite ceremonies. It is not, however, our business here to descant on a vast number of other trifling ceremonies besides those we have noticed, which, even for a considerable time after the principal ceremony of marriage is performed, do not still cease to be observed in our families.* Custom, unconquerable custom, sits, however, lofty on the throne of ignorance, and bids defiance to all the prejudices or notions of particular individuals.

I shall here advert to the treatment of the newly-married son-in-law by the parents and relations of his wife. The boy, immediately after his nuptial ceremony is over, is occasionally invited to attend by his father or mother-in-law, at some feast held, or some other ceremony observed at their house. At every visit which he thus pays to his wife's house, he receives presents, consisting of clothes, fruits, or sweetmeats at the hands of his wife's parents. His treatment at the house of his wife by her relations while he is yet young, and his marriage has as yet lately taken place, is made to adapt itself to the circumstances of the time or occasion in which he happens to be present before them. When on some merry day or some great festival, he is invited to attend at his father-in-law's house, notwithstanding every necessary honour and reward conferred upon him by the parents of his wife, he is not allowed to pass away without being treated by the other members of the family in any manner which their own present humour or fancy might dictate to them. Several young girls, and even elderly females, surround him on all sides, gazing at him with eager attention, making remarks on his features, disposition and dress, whispering into one another's ears the probability of his rising to fame and distinction in future, as if they could read his fortune in his physiognomy, flattering him at first with some small praises, presenting some sweetmeat for him to eat, or some water to drink, describing

* A most intelligent native writer, in his *Essay on Female Education*, has dwelt at sufficient length on the ceremony of the Padar, and others of a kindred nature, to which we mean to allude.

in his face the proportions of his wife's body, the features of her countenance, the peculiar taste which distinguish her, the ornaments of which she is very fond, and the amusements in which she loves most to indulge, and telling him to be kind and favourable towards her in spite of all the aversions and opposing views which his other relations may have against her. This zeal on the part of the relations of his wife in acquainting her husband with all the circumstances connected with her, may be accounted for by considering the want of a free and familiar intercourse between them, which would alone enable the husband in arriving at any correct knowledge of his wife's real character and concerns. But the relations of the young married girl do not rest contented with this short discourse with their son-in-law, which is rather to the benefit of the girl than their own. They have not yet attained the end which they originally sought after. They therefore now proceed with their tricks with the son-in-law. They contrive different plans by which they may amuse themselves with the married couple. They forcibly drag the young lad into the presence of the girl, who instantly hangs down her head on seeing him. They play jokes upon him, and use with him every indecent freedom, without thinking of the consequences that may arise—of the displeasure which their tricks may naturally give to the boy, and the prejudices which they may lead to exist in him against them. Of this, indeed, the girl's relations are perfectly insensible, and they therefore persist, though unconsciously, in their jokes and tricks to the fullest extent of their wishes. But when he is invited to his father-in-law's house on such days as the Holi festival, the liberty which the females of the house, who are always on the alert to find some matter for amusement, use with the poor lad, goes beyond its due bounds. They then behave to him in a manner highly offensive to him, and quite incompatible with the nature of the relation in which he stands to them. They proceed to tease him in a thousand different ways. They rub his face with the red powder, and oblige him to rub that of his wife with his own hands. They squirt upon his clothes some red fluid which they prepare beforehand for the purpose. They throw handfuls of some red powder upon him. They then mock at him, laugh at him, and amuse themselves in various other ways, taking advantage only of his silence and bashfulness. The girl stares with amazement at such a free and indecent conduct of her relations towards her young husband. The mother-in-law, father-in-law, and brother-in-law, have seldom any direct hand in those proceedings, though they may privately connive at them. They stand, all the while, like mute spectators of the foolish play around them, without attempting to check or reprove the free conduct of their relations towards the poor solitary boy—their son-in-law. Such a freedom of conduct exhibited on these festive occasions with reference to the son-in-law by the relations of his wife, is rather to be attributed to, and is certainly encouraged by, the young age of the boy himself. Adult sons-in-law are seldom treated with such liberty, even on occasions of festivity and mirth. But instances of adults being married at the first time are, under present circumstances, indeed very few in the annals of Hindús, in comparison to the great majority of instances of the early marriage of children. With regard to the relation in which a son-in-law of any age

and under any circumstances stands to the family of his wife's parents, a lamentable want of sociality of intercourse is to be observed between him and the relations of his wife. True it is that, whenever he goes his wife's house, he receives all marks of respect from her parents, and from all those who may be related to her. They rise up as he passes by them, in token of respect—especially the females; but never once, throughout the whole tenor of his connection with them, does an instance occur in which there exists a friendly and familiar intercourse between him and his mother-in-law, or even his father-in-law. Go he may, as often as opportunity permits; he can never once have the fortune of seeing his wife, far less of speaking to her. While she is at her parents' house as well as his own, he can scarcely ever hold a free conversation with her for fear of shame; neither can he send her a message through a mediator, thereby conveying to her all the sentiments which he might otherwise have fully communicated to her himself. Written messages are, under the circumstance of her ignorance, impossible; or, if possible, the practice might be prohibited by the fear of giving rise to hurtful and evil suspicions. In fact, he can hold no free or friendly intercourse with any of the members of his father-in-law's family. For the mother-in-law to speak to him, or to use any manner of familiarity with him, is considered a violation of that modesty which her peculiar relation to her son-in-law necessarily enjoins upon her to observe in her conduct towards him. Indeed, he enjoys every respect and regard at his father-in-law's house from all the members of the family, but he enjoys none of those delights which he could have derived from a friendly intercourse with them. He is there like a solitary being left amidst a circle of those who can scarcely enter into a real and close sympathy with his feelings. Those who are there, are so miserably destitute of every social sentiment towards him, that they scarcely even fully talk to him, or, when they speak to him, speak so sparingly as to seem to number out, as it were, their very words. He can little expect to enjoy in a society of such individuals, those pleasures and delights which free and mutual interchange of ideas is calculated to afford. He is there left to shift for himself. We may easily believe that, from their peculiar relation to him, they may have his good sincerely at their heart; but it is difficult to take it for granted that they prove it so by their conduct towards him.

Unhappy, therefore, is that native lad who, under any circumstances, even the most pressing, leaves the family circle of his own parents, and consents to live among relations of such description, with whom he can expect to hold no friendly intercourse, which is so essential to contribute to his real domestic enjoyment. Ere long, however, sad experience will tell him that his is a sorry and ill-judged exchange. Indeed, the respect and veneration in which he may be held by a few females of the family may be somewhat gratifying to him. Want of sociality of intercourse would certainly by him be much felt there. But, in addition to that, those feelings of respect and esteem which the male portion of the family might have cherished towards him, begin gradually to diminish. The male portion particularly of native families are more prone to haughtiness and pride than the other sex, and would therefore bear hard the necessity of always paying that homage and

respect to their son-in-law, which they would willingly have paid him if he were at a distance from them. They think it hard even to speak to him, and they soon naturally grow weary of him. Such is the nature of the treatment which the son-in-law receives at his father-in-law's house. Thus have we seen that, under circumstances, in reference to the native families, nearness tends, in no small degree, to diminish, in addition to the want of social intercourse, that respect and esteem which they ought to cherish towards the son-in-law, and which distance may have inspired and kept alive. The wisest policy, therefore, that I can recommend a Hindú son-in-law to observe, is never to trust himself to the relations of his wife; for, by so doing he might subject himself to all the miseries which want of social intercourse, and consequent diminution of respect would entail upon him. And he shall afterwards have to look up to that part of his life which he spent in his father-in-law's family, as of the most miserable kind. These observations, we may however remark, are applicable, not to a particular family amongst the Hindús, but to all of them universally.

The state, treatment, and character of the married girl, are the next points which must deserve notice in this place. The girl, when she gets married, generally assumes a dignity and grandeur which betoken the wonderful influence of the state upon which she has entered: and in the gravity and seriousness which now mark uniformly her conversation or her conduct, we discover the effect of her marriage state, as distinguishable from the pettiness and frivolity which had characterised her in her other state. After her being so betrothed or married, she remains a considerable time in the house of her parents. There does she explain to her mother the details of relations which connect her to the family of her husband, and amuses her with accounts of those peculiar habits and dispositions which her short residence in her husband's house may have acquainted her with, as having characterised its several members. When the household duties are finished, and the females of the family are a little eased from the burden of their domestic concerns, the married girl, with her body decked with ornaments, and her hair covered with flowers, takes a seat, with her newly-acquired gravity, amongst her sisters and her other fellow-mates, who look upon her with a stare of wonder and admiration, which she takes for a compliment to her. She looks on her own body, prides herself upon the golden ornaments which so richly adorn it, compares them with those of others, and expresses her contempt of them, if her own be larger and more valuable than theirs. She is, under her parents' roof, free from all domestic concerns; amusement is her highest idea of happiness, and she can find it in everything that it is variety. She has there no particular duties to attend to, no particular avocations to follow. Her time is generally spent in employments which have been adverted to under the head of the amusements and employments of girls. She feels here so easy and so free from a sense of responsibility with reference to any domestic concern of her parents' house, that nothing would seem to check her happiness except some positive or present harshness. There, indeed, is nothing hers. But soon the scene changes: time soon flies away; circumstances change, and the state of separation in which she had so long remained from her husband becomes no longer necessary

or lawful. I hope the reader understands what I mean. She grows older, and, hitherto quite pure in her actions and intentions, passes, a modest virgin, into the chamber of her husband. She now leaves her father's house, and goes to her husband's. By the way, we shall stop to describe the ceremony which follows her puberty. The ceremony, which goes by the name of *Sola*, takes place on the day in the evening of which she is intended to be united to the husband, some trivial ceremonies having already been observed on the preceding days. The whole body of the girl is thickly decked with ornaments; her head is covered with a variety of fragrant flowers, and her limbs loaded with large heavy bracelets to such a degree as almost to crush her under their enormous weight. She is scarcely able to move her hands and feet freely. The husband is similarly equipped, though not to such a degree of profusion as the wife. They both are then seated on an elevated place. Dressed in all the elegance of clothes, and decked over with costly ornaments, and seated on a lofty place the happy pair appear the most commanding figures in the house. The first thing which strikes and fixes the attention is the costliness of the girl's ornaments. The husband and the wife are then made to attend to a certain routine of ceremonies, at which the cunning priests usually officiate. The next thing which fixes the attention is the loud vocal strains which resound through the whole house, and heighten the effect of the imposing scenes around. Numerous women come from every different corner of the town to witness the merry pair. The ceremony occupies the whole day, and at night, some short ceremonies of a trifling nature being observed, the two youths are united together, and left to themselves after a highly formal and mutual introduction. Thenceforth the girl really makes one of the body of her husband's family, and her duties and rights are there now fully recognised. She is now introduced, as it were, into a new system. She sees new objects around her, and a new order of things quite different from that which she used to observe at her parents' house. Everything here is hers. She now gains some station in life, some object in the avocations of home. New scenes open to her view, and new duties press upon her notice. Amusement is no longer the object of her pursuit. The present has lost half its charms in her sight, and cares about her future happiness engross her attention. She now lives upon the future. Hope and pursuit are now necessary to the full-grown being. All this is true. But she is here subjected to the tyranny of her husband, father-in-law, and mother-in-law, who have the power of treating her in any way they choose. Of all the others, she is most under the influence of her mother-in-law, who exercises her authority over her, not only in matters related to household affairs, but even in those which involve her immediate and personal interests. She is there bound to respect all, to obey all, to rise in their presence, to listen to their commands, and diligently to execute them. None, on the other hand, respect her; none even take so much notice of her as to acknowledge any service which it may lie within her power to render. The goodness of her husband alone can be her only hope amidst circumstances of such a gloomy description. But if he be unprincipled and violent, as is often the case, her misery is beyond conception. She then labours under the most heavy curse

that can ever in her life befall her ; for the happiness of her existence depends upon her husband. She is rejected, despised, scarcely spoken to, and beaten by him ; and even, under circumstances of an extraordinary nature, deprived of all participation of his bed itself. She is smitten with despair. She is obliged to submit tamely and silently to all the horrors of his despotic sway, which the unhappy circumstance of her marriage with him has alone conferred upon him. She is not only there subjected to the tyranny of father and mother-in-law and her husband, she is also subjected to the tyranny of fashion. She takes her meals in the same plate in which her husband may have previously dined, without taking a clean one for herself. She sometimes washes and cleanses the vessels which may be rendered any way useless for the purposes of the kitchen. She often cleans those spots of ground where all the members of the family may have previously dined, by covering them with a thin wash of cow dung. She is then burdened the whole day with domestic concerns, in which she is so busily engaged as scarcely to be able to obtain a moment of relief. She is regulated in her neat management of them by her mother-in-law, who always keeps a watchful eye over her conduct. She is, indeed, like a mean homely drudge, who does what she is bid to do without any reflection or judgment on her own part. She must have some elderly and experienced female to guide her even in the simplest operation of the kitchen ; for, otherwise, she is likely to be crushed beneath the oppressive weight of household duties which might wholly devolve upon her. She is there always puzzled and confounded, and is at a loss to know what to do.

Neither does she prove, such as she is, an easy and useful companion to her husband. She has received no education which could enable her to discharge, with judgment and skill, the most important duties of her husband's family, or to assist him in any difficult part of his undertakings. Her views are not sufficiently enlarged by education, and her feelings are not directed by it into a proper channel. The girl had, indeed, the best opportunities of improving herself under her parents' roof. She had much time at her command, and few cares to vex or disturb her. If she had then employed her leisure hours in storing her mind with useful knowledge, and directed her attention with full advantage to subjects which enlarge and strengthen the understanding, and counteract the influence of petty cares, she would now have proved, not only a useful, but an agreeable companion to her husband. But her time, instead of being so usefully employed, was lamentably wasted in the performance of unnecessary ceremonies, in vain rivalries, or in useless meddling with some neighbour's affairs. With such tastes and inclinations, she goes to her husband when the proper season arrives. Little wonder, then, is there that she does not, in many cases prove an easy companion to her husband. Her mind is full of those childish impressions and prejudices which she had received under her paternal roof, and which now become fixed principles of her reasoning and conduct. The names of parents, of relations, and of home, strengthen her bigotry to those notions or sentiments which she may have received in their company, and the absurdity of which she might have been easily brought to conceive ; and stronger, of course, do her prejudices against education become. "What," when she is told of the value of learning,

she asks herself, "were my parents in a mistake? Can it be that they did not know what was best for me to do? How can I now change my course of life which they have hitherto allowed me to follow? Can it be that those wise parents led me astray?" And similar other questions in the same tone. Here, however, opens wide the field for the husband to call into play all his active energies, to train her up in the principles of sound education, and to promote, as much as possible, the interests of her immortal soul, which, as a husband, upon whom the chiefest good of his wife greatly depends, he ought never to overlook. From the very nature of the situation which she fills, she presents the tenderest claims on his affection and regard. To suppose him exhibiting an ominous listlessness and indifference to her eternal interests is a contradiction which we can never conceive to be realized when piety and benevolence retain any hold of the mind.

THE EVENING HOUR.

Eve is the hour of bliss,
 When angry passions cease,
 And toil and turmoil are exchanged,
 For harmony and peace.

Eve is the dreamy hour,
 When the child of fancy sees
 An eye in every star, and hears
 A voice in every breeze.

Eve is the poet's hour,
 When lofty thoughts take birth,
 And the soul is wafted far beyond
 The gross desires of earth.

Eve is the lover's hour,
 The hour that wakes soft sighs,
 Sweet hopes, fond fears, vague wishes, all
 The spirit's mysteries.

Eve is fond memory's hour,
 When the mental eye looks back
 Through the mist of parted years, to trace
 Sweet childhood's happy track.

O blessed evening hour!
 To every son of earth
 Thou bring'st repose, and rest, and peace,
 Calm joy, and quiet mirth.

NARRATIVE OF A MONTH'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.¹

BY A YOUNG LADY.

No. II.

THE road passes through a most fertile country, and the famed wine district called Hockheim, the wines of which are so highly esteemed. We arrived at Frankfort in an hour, and spent the early part of the morning in looking into the magnificent shops of Bohemian glass, Berlin wool, and confectionary. At one o'clock we had an excellent dinner at the table d' hôte of the Hotel de Russie, where we met a pleasant party of both ladies and gentlemen, some English. After it we walked through the public gardens sloping down to the Maine, and then into the town, past the cathedral, to the long narrow street called the Jew's Quarter, with its quaint dismal-looking houses; in one of which resides, by choice, the mother of the great Rothschilds, though one of the latter has a palace-like house in the modern part of the town. On our return to the hotel, we passed the church of Nôtre Dame. Hearing music, we entered, and found ourselves just in time for the beautiful music of the Salut. When over, a number of persons staid to confess; I saw, I think, a dozen in the various confessionals that lined each side of the church. The priests' faces were all veiled by a piece of white linen, and the penitent, if a woman, held her handkerchief to the side of her face. I could not resist gazing, perhaps too earnestly, at the whole proceeding.

We left Frankfort about six in the evening, and arrived at Mayence again about seven.

On Sunday morning, at half-past ten, we re-embarked on the Rhine, as William had taken our tickets with the Dusseldorf Company, and no other boat was leaving again, that belonged to them, till the following Tuesday. Soon after commencing our sail we were told that we should not reach Neilingen (the end of our day's journey) till twelve at night; and that in three hours from that time the boat would go on again; so there was no alternative for all of us but to remain in the vessel during the night, though there were no berths in it. Hitherto we had happily avoided such a necessity. To-day we passed by Worms, Mannheim, and Spire; and, the weather being fine, we dined upon deck. William met with a lively young Frenchman on board, the son of a banker at Avignon, whose attempts to talk to us in English were very droll. Speaking of the fondness some German ladies have to tobacco smoke being puffed in their faces, he remarked—"They do like much to have the smoke pushed into their figures." At Mannheim there is a splendid palace fronting the river, in which the

¹ Continued from page 256, vol. CLXI.

Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden resides. Here the steamer took up several passengers, amongst whom was an elderly and deformed lady, a widow, and her son, a fine-looking young man, about five and twenty. I had no idea, till she told me, what relation they were to each other; but had been particularly struck and interested by his entire and devoted attention to her whilst on deck together. She said they were on their way to some baths (the name I do not recollect) for his health; as he was a professor, and being obliged to speak much in public, his lungs had become slightly affected; and that his affection for her was so great, he could not make himself happy unless she would accompany him, which she consented to do, though never having been in a steamer in her life before. I was able to understand all this from her, as she spoke French, being a French-Swiss, who had married a German, and since lived in Germany. But notwithstanding which, she told me she had never been able perfectly to acquire the language of her adopted country, for that she had always spoken in French to her family. I seemed to have a fellow feeling with her, as the only ladies who were travelling all night besides ourselves, were Germans, who could not speak a word of any other language. About ten o'clock the conductor unlocked the pavillion for our accommodation, as it was an exceedingly hot night. I thought it fortunate there were only four of us. We soon arranged ourselves at full length along the stuffed seats that line the sides of it; I slept better than I expected, but my poor Swiss friend had not a moment's sleep, owing partly, perhaps, to the novelty and excitement.

In the morning, at seven o'clock, the boat stopped at Iffetsheim, the station where passengers land to go to Baden Baden; the latter is only five miles distant from it. Here we were glad to bid adieu to steam-boats for a time; still more glad should we have been if we had then known (what we did afterwards) that we had been propelled by high-pressure steam-engines from Mayence, in order, I believe, more effectually to stem the increasing current of the river. A conveyance from Baden arrived at the station almost at the same time that we did (laden with persons going on in the steamer) by which we returned. An hour's drive brought us to the gayest of German spas. We went immediately to the Hotel de France, recommended to us by the hotel keeper at Mayence. Here we had two pleasant rooms to the front, overlooking the promenade. After breakfasting and remaking our toilets, we walked in the promenade to a magnificent building called the Conversation Haus. Along the front of it is a lofty Corinthian colonnade, under the shade of which is placed a number of chairs. These soon fill with company when the band plays, which it does three times during the day—at seven, three, and six o'clock, in the neighbouring very pretty rotunda-shaped building.

I will endeavour to give some slight description of the splendid public rooms here, beginning with the Conversation Haus, the principal one, and which you first enter. It is a large and lofty saloon, longer than broad, with an orchestra at each end, lighted up at dusk by immense and magnificent chandeliers and lustres, reflected a hundredfold by the costly mirrors that line the walls. The ceiling and cornices are in arabesque, the whole is hung with beautiful green

damask. This room, according to many accounts the most famed in Europe, is filled towards evening by a moving mass of promenaders. To the left in it stands the roulette table, and near it are two doors both leading into the room appropriated to rouge et noir. From an early hour in the morning gaming is going on at these tables, but in the evening they become crowded by players and spectators. Amongst the former I was surprised and sorry to see my own sex occasionally. Not a syllable is heard above a whisper around them, except the banker's voice, announcing the progress of the game. It seems incredible that fortunes should be lost and won with so much sang froid. When the clock strikes ten at night, all is over; the players rise from the tables as if touched by the hand of an enchanter. I am told the master of these tables pays an enormous sum annually to the Grand Duke for permission to keep them, and that one half of the proceeds thus obtained is devoted to charitable purposes. On nights of bals parè the great saloon is given up to the dancers, and the roulette table removed into a gorgeously-furnished room on the right (used on ordinary ball nights for cards). Here are the most luxurious couches, ottomans, and chairs—one a complete throne-chair, all in gold and crimson satin damask—velvet carpets, superb mirrors, ceiling in fresco by the first German masters, and timepieces by an eminent Parisian. Separated from this apartment by an ante-room, is the usual ball-room, the prettiest I ever saw, and generally considered unique. In the middle of one side is the orchestra. The walls are covered with mirrors, and artificial flowers tastefully festooned. Along the top and bottom of the room, and in the recesses of the windows, are ranged on ball nights the most beautiful shrubs and greenhouse plants; amongst the former were orange trees in full bloom, oleanders, and myrtles. The floor is inlaid and polished, as is also the floor of the great saloon. On first entering the room, its singular beauty, together with the music of a delightful band, seemed to render it a perfect scene of enchantment.

While at the Conversation Haus, we heard there was to be a Bal de Reunion in the evening, to which we had determined to go, as we had come to Baden with the intention of seeing all that we could during our week's stay. We heard the band at three o'clock; it played an hour. At five (the fashionable dinner-hour at Baden) we returned to the table d'hôte at the Hotel de France. We were somewhat surprised to find ourselves the only company at it, which was explained when we were afterwards told that the hotel was quite new, and not yet much frequented. Being desirous to see something of the gay tables d'hôte of Baden, we fixed to change our abode to one more fashionable; particularly as we were assured by a resident Englishman that removing from one hotel to another is an everyday occurrence, and that though living in one hotel we might dine any or every day at any of the others. At six we went again to the promenade, when we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting again with Col. and Mrs. Ross; as we parted at Dusseldorf, they proposed staying a short time in the neighbourhood of Bonn. They told us they were staying at the Hotel d'Angleterre, (the most fashionable one in Baden) where there sat down a large and amusing party every day at dinner. This, with the in-

ducement of being with them, determined us upon removing there the day but one after.

The band played in the Rotunda till between eight and nine, when it adjourned to the ball-room. The ball was but thinly attended, being only the second week since they had commenced for the season ; during which there are three a-week—on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. In the previous week, the few that had been to them had only sat and looked at each other, not having had courage to begin dancing. This evening, however, the spell was broken, for there were a few waltzes. I observed two or three couples evidently on the eve of setting off in a waltz, (as the band never ceased playing) so William and I led the way, and they instantly followed. All came to the ball in the full morning dress worn on the promenade ; ladies with bonnets, which one or two would sometimes take off during a waltz. It seemed so strange to be dancing in one's bonnet.

Tuesday we made the tour of Baden. Its situation is lovely in the extreme, encompassed, on every side but one, by hills, rising higher and higher in the distance. The open side leads to the Rhine, and about half-a-mile from Baden there is a magnificent avenue of poplars, a mile and a half long, which crosses the valley and connects the range of hills, forming an exquisite natural screen.

During our walk we called at the Hotel d'Angleterre to see Col. and Mrs. Ross, and engage apartments for the following day. We were lucky in getting very nice ones. My bedroom adjoined Mrs. Ross' sitting-room. At five we went to dinner there, adopting the custom of dining where we liked ; and much pleased were we with the attention shown us by the hotel-keeper ; for having observed that we were friends of Col. and Mrs. Ross, he considerably fixed our seats opposite to them, instead of at the bottom of the table, where the last arrivals are always put. The dinner and company were first-rate ; there were two or three princes, counts and barons innumerable, besides many English *distingués*. I sat next to a French baron, who amused me exceedingly by a supposition he made. He introduced the subject of it by talking of the fashion in Germany of newly-married people making a tour, "as is the custom in England," said he "isn't it? and as you have done?" I replied by explaining that William was my brother ; when, as if to conceal the slight embarrassment caused by his mistake, he looked at William, who was on my other side, and remarked, "C'est un beau garçon ; he also complimented me on my French, and said I did credit to my master. Many ladies appeared in bonnets, and I, having walked from another hotel, was glad to keep on mine. At Baden, tables d'hôte, as at some others on the continent, there is always a small bottle of the *vin du pays* set beside each person, included in the single moderate charge for dinner. The table looked so curious with the long row of black bottles down each side of it ; and we had the daily luxury of clear ice during the hot weather, to mix with either wine or water. The plentiful and really *recherché* dinners always concluded with a handsome dessert (at this season) of cherries, Alpine strawberries, cakes, and elegant little sweetmeats wrapped in coloured paper with German mottoes.

The Grand Duke and his sons are at present staying in Baden ; the

latter walk almost every evening on the promenade, attended by their tutors. The Grand Duke's house is next to the Hotel d'Angleterre. We saw him twice turn out to drive, with two open carriages and six, and an outrider, with cocked-hat and scarlet livery.

At seven in the evening we went to the promenade. At this time, during the season, it is crowded with rank and fashion, many very pretty and elegantly-dressed girls, and fashionable-looking young men, (some of the latter with long beards! *à la mode d'Algers*) who walk up and down a broad gravel walk or terrace, flanked on one side by a long range of public buildings, (the centre of which is the Conversation Haus, and on the other by a row of splendid orange trees in full bloom, exhaling their fragrance. Beyond is a cool green lawn, and diverging in every direction from it are delightful, shady walks, so covered with trees, that the sun never penetrates them. The band continued playing till late this evening. Its exquisite music, and the lovely view from the terrace of the thickly-wooded hill opposite, crowned by the old chateau of Baden, and seen by the light of a full moon, was quite entrancing.

Wednesday, soon after breakfast, we drove in an open carriage from the hotel to the old chateau of Baden; we had previously made an attempt to get there on foot, but the ascent is so long, and the weather was altogether so hot, that we gave it up. The first half mile is very steep, till we passed the new chateau of Baden, (the highest building in the town) where the ascent becomes more gradual, winding for nearly three miles by an excellent carriage road, through the dark pines and evergreen foliage of a part of the black forest. We alighted at the foot of the castle, and ascended to the highest part of the ruins, from which the view is splendid, comprising an extent of country to the right of many miles in circumference, with the numerous windings of the Rhine, and the more distant range of Vosges mountains skirting the horizon. The remainder of the prospect is partially shut in by the high hills around Baden, which is seen at a great depth below, with the whole line of promenade and Conversation Haus. There is a sort of restaurateur in one part of the ruins, for the convenience of the many visitors constantly flocking there at all times of the day during the season, where I saw might be had coffee, tea, chocolate, "lemonade gazeuse," &c. On our return to the hotel, we packed up and then removed ourselves and luggage to the Hotel d'Angleterre.

To-day, we dined there—company much the same as yesterday; a prince presided. In the evening, we went to the promenade and ball; the latter was more thinly attended than on the previous Monday; not a single dance was raised. It seemed such a pity to see the beautiful and brilliantly lighted room, and the band playing the most charming airs, with no dancing. This would have been our last appearance here, had we not met with a gentleman who told us that Friday's ball would be a good one, as he knew of several parties making for it; and that, if we were but staying a week longer, we should see them crowded.

Thursday morning we went through the bath rooms of the Hotel of Heesse Darmstadt; being one of the older hotels in Baden that were supplied, by pipes, with mineral water from the Ursprung, or "Original

Source." In each bath are three taps; from two flows the mineral water, hot and cold, and from the other, the eau de la rivière—a narrow rippling stream that runs through Baden. The bathman told us that persons requiring baths of the mineral water generally began with an equal quantity of it and the eau de la rivière; being too powerful to use alone for the first time. Hearing that, taken internally, the water was good for the chest, I ventured to drink a tumbler of it; and, if I had not known, I scarcely think I should have discovered that I was not drinking simple warm water. The bathman said it was frequently drunk, with the addition of milk and sugar-candy.

As a warm bath could be had of the eau de rivière only, William ordered one to be ready for himself at eight o'clock the following morning.

To-day, we dined at the Hotel de la Cour de Bâde. There was a splendid dinner and numerous company. The dining-room is quite a banqueting-hall; but in no way superior to the one in our hotel, except in having a northern aspect—desirable in this hot weather. In the evening, we joined with Col. and Mrs. Ross in hiring an open carriage (theirs being a close one), and drove in the Lichten—that avenue or alley of oaks—for an hour. It is a mile and a half long, entirely shaded by oaks, and leads to the Convent and village of Lichtenthal. From six to seven in the evening, during the season, it is quite crowded with carriages, horses, and pedestrians. For the accommodation of the latter, there are seats placed at equal distances along it. On one side, about half-way, partly concealed by the surrounding foliage, is a fountain of the purest water gushing from the rock; where, at the fashionable hour, an attendant nymph is in waiting to dispense glasses filled with the sparkling liquid. After returning from our drive, we all went to the promenade. Mrs. Ross and I wandered a short time in the bazaar and shops, which occupy one part of it, and made a few purchases. Here are displayed all kinds of tempting wares from the neighbouring countries. At one of the stalls, is a Tyrolese in her picturesque native costume. On her head she wears a tall, tapering, black hat, ornamented with a bouquet of flowers and gold cord and tassels.

Friday.—At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we set out, accompanied by Col. and Mrs. Ross, in our open carriage, to the Chateau of Eberstein and the Valley of the Murq—the most lovely drive imaginable. The road passes the convent of Lichtenthal, and, after winding considerably, traverses a part of the Black Forest; when we all alighted for a short time to gather wild strawberries—from whence all those eaten in Baden are supplied—and the fruit of the heidelberg—similar to our whortleberry—which grow in profusion here.

As we proceeded in our drive, the views were occasionally sublime. One moment, we were in the recesses of the forest, with gigantic pines closing us in on each side—Col. Ross often exclaiming, "How like the woods in Nova Scotia!"—and the next, we skirted the upper part of a lovely valley. The road rather ascends the last mile before arriving at the Chateau, which we came upon suddenly at last, at the back of it, by a turn in the road. It stands in an elevated position, looking down upon an exquisitely beautiful valley, encompassed by high hills,

through which runs the river Murq, clear as crystal—on whose banks are seen two pretty little towns of quite a Swiss character ; one, to the right, just below the vine-clad hill on which the castle stands ; and the other, Gernsbach, farther away to the left. There was such a diorama-like stillness in the scene, that I seemed to be looking on one of those pictures till awakened to its reality by the church clock of the town beneath us striking two.

The castle of Eberstein is very ancient, and belongs to the Grand Duke, who uses it as a hunting-seat. It is fitted up with great taste, and contains a comfortable and elegant suite of rooms, with a good deal of curious old armour and painted glass, and many old paintings—principally portraits of the Grand Duke's ancestors—and some quaint representations of Holy Families. One apartment used by the Duke for writing, is entirely hung with lithographic portraits of every present member of his family, and those to whom they are allied. Round the castle-yard were ranged the choicest greenhouse plants on stages ; and at one end, a fountain played.

After taking a farewell gaze of the view from the flower garden, we descended into the town of Gernsbach ; passing, at the foot of the hill, the picturesque and isolated little chapel of Klingel, built by some pious Roman Catholic in honour of the Virgin.

At Gernsbach, we crossed the Murq by a pretty light wooden bridge. We were much interested in watching the peasantry guiding their rafts down the stream, with the assistance of a long pole. We also observed numbers of pine-trees, stripped of their bark and fastened together, left to make their own way to the Rhine, into which the Murq loses itself. In some places, the current was almost impeded in its course by the quantity of them.

We returned to Baden by a long round through the valley, and past the splendid palace of "La Favorite," built by the beautiful Margravine Sybilla. In going through two villages, I saw storks' nests for the first time. What enormous things they look, surmounted by one of the parent storks ! All the cottages were of the Swiss chalet form. Indeed, the whole aspect of the country is Swiss. The peasant men wear cocked hats, which they pull over their faces when working in the sun ; and the women, straw hats, with broad flapping brims : the more elderly the tight-fitting cap worn by Bavarian broom-girls. We met several carts, all drawn by oxen. The land is considerably cultivated with Indian corn and tobacco. Bunches of the former are seen hanging up in rows to dry outside the cottage walls.

Towards the latter part of our drive, it became so late we began to doubt whether we could be in time for the five o'clock dinner, and endeavoured by sundry gesticulations to make our German coachman understand that we were hungry, to induce him to urge his horses on faster ; which we at length succeeded in doing, and arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre just after they had sat down to dinner ; but the dinners are all so large, and last so long, that a good one may be had when they are half over.

To-day we had, with other new arrivals, the Princess Belgiojoso, of Genoa. She is dark-complexioned, with black eyes and hair ; the latter she wore plain, under a close and rather thick cap. Col. Ross

remarked that he thought she had forgotten to take off her "bonnet de nuit." She used her own particular spoon, fork, and goblet of gold—rather affected this, as she chose to dine in public. The other foreign distinguos at the table, were the Russian Prince Dolgorucky and the Prince of Leinengen. In the evening, we went, as usual, to the promenade, and afterwards to the ball. It was a very superior one to that on Monday. There were about fifty persons; and we had several waltzes and one quadrille, or contre danse, as it is called here. During the latter, a little officious master-of-the-ceremonies gave out each figure at the top of his voice, before it was danced. The gentlemen, in the true old-fashioned style, hand the ladies to dance, instead of giving their arm. There were some very pretty girls, but quite the prettiest was a fair girl, of seventeen, a daughter of the Prince Wrede, and granddaughter of the distinguished General Prince Wrede. She has a lovely figure, light hair, blue eyes, and regular features, with a most winning expression of countenance: being very fond of dancing, she goes to all the balls. She wore, on this occasion, a small pale pink crêpe bonnet, that became her exceedingly. William had the pleasure of waltzing with her. The youthful Countess M——, who was here both this evening and on Monday, is a particularly elegant-looking person—an Englishwoman, too, and niece of Beau Brummell. She was a Miss Bagshawe, and married, a short time ago, the fashionable and aristocratic Count M——, whose third wife she then became. They reside, at present, in Baden. There was also a pretty Miss Storey, daughter of an Admiral Storey, whose two sisters and brother were all married on the same day, last year, at Florence, to persons of distinction, and, from that circumstance, designated as the "Marrying Family."

Saturday, June 25.—We walked, after breakfast, along the promenade to the Hotel de la Cour de Bâade, to see the entrance hall and garden. In the latter, is a small oratory. The entrance hall is large, but too much like the interior of a theatre. We also explored the baths there; they are very superior to those of Heesse Darmstadt. I believe they are considered the best in Baden. A handsome building is now completing, in a line with the Conversation Haus, which is to contain a splendid pump-room, and baths on the most approved principle.

At eleven o'clock, we went, accompanied by Col. and Mrs. Ross, to the new chateau of Baden, the occasional residence of the Grand Duchess Stephanie, and remarkable for containing underneath caverns of great extent, believed to have been formerly used by the dreaded "Vehine Gezicht" for their secret sittings, and cruel tortures and executions; and so fully described by Sir Walter Scott in "Anne of Guerslein." Previous to admission into these subterranean regions, the guide furnished us each with a lighted candle fixed in a tin tray. We had such a strange appearance, following the guide in procession with our lights. The entrance is guarded by a door, consisting of a single block of granite of tremendous thickness; the inner doors are also of the same kind. The path then winds through the solid rock, which rises on each side so close that one person only could proceed at a time. After many turnings, it leads to several separate apartments. In one, the Secret Tribunal held their sittings; and another was the "Torture Chamber," with iron rings still remaining in the walls to which the

poor victims were secured. In the next, the guide directed our attention to a small aperture an immense height above us, through which a speck of daylight was just visible, known by the name of the Jung-fornkiess, or "Virgin's Kiss." Those unfortunates condemned to death were thrown down it, and cut to pieces on sharp instruments placed to receive them. We saw two or three bottomless-looking oubliettes partly covered by wood. It is said there was, at one time, a subterranean communication between these vaults and the old chateau of Baden. The doors of these, where closed, are as irresistible as the surrounding walls. A few months ago, the guide by accident was shut in in one of the more distant rooms, and there remained imprisoned some hours before being discovered ; as there was no possibility of opening the door from the inside, or of making the voice heard. Since then, an instrument has been kept in them to enable any one to free himself, in case of a similar occurrence. After ascending into daylight, we were shown the Grand Duchess Stephanie's apartments. They are large, and have an air of faded grandeur. There is a long corridor, lined with full-length portraits of the ancient Margraves of Baden. We returned from the chateau by a new road that winds round the base of the hill on which it stands, to the hospital church ; as we wished to see the burial ground which is attached to it, and the only one in Baden.

At the entrance, were three or four decrepit old women muttering over their prayers, and counting their beads, who appeared grateful for any casual alms bestowed. In the centre of the ground, is a small chapel, where the funeral service is performed, and prayers offered up for the dead. The door was open, and, by a momentary glance towards it, I perceived an altar at the extremity partitioned off by a light iron grating. At this side of it, were several miserable-looking women on their knees. To the right of this chapel, on an enormous block of stone, is a coarse representation, rather larger than life, of our Saviour and the disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane. The latter are depicted asleep, and the Saviour, a little apart, praying with eyes uplifted, and fixed upon a common-looking, large yellow cup, which stands upon a high ledge of stone ; beside it, is the figure of an angel. The graves were excessively crowded, and in the upper end of the ground were many only recently made. From the number, I could have imagined the very air must be loaded with infection. All are planted with flowers, and decorated with Roman Catholic emblems, except those of a few Protestants who have died in Baden.

Col. and Mrs. Ross recognised the names of some English they had once known. This, perhaps, made them more inclined to linger there than we did ; so we left them, and waited their return at the entrance. We were, however, soon joined by them again, shocked by the encounter of some sad remains of mortality. We then went into the church, which is a Roman Catholic one, with the high altar and two smaller ones decorated in the usual manner. Yet, strange to say, it is used, on Sundays, for the performance of the German Lutheran and Church of England services, by turns. The Roman Catholics have a school taught in it on the Sundays, but, I think, no mass is celebrated there on that day ; as they have also the collegiate church of St. Peter in Baden.

We returned to our hotel about four o'clock, much fatigued by our morning's ramble. At five, William and I went to dine at the restaurant kept by Chabert, adjoining the Conversation Haus. The diners here, during the season, are more splendid than at the hotels—for which an additional charge is made. We were humbly taking our seats towards the bottom of the table, when we were ushered up to the top, and William was requested to preside; owing, I conclude, to having had our names put down earliest in the morning. The company was not numerous, but the dinner was most recherché and elegantly served. The ices we had had there on previous days were the most exquisite I ever tasted. Refreshments can be procured there at any time during the day.

Sunday.—I went to our English church service at the hospital church; the Rev. — Campbell officiated. There was a full congregation, consisting entirely of English—visitors, at present, in Baden. In the evening, I walked with Mrs. Ross to the Ursprung. It is situated in an elevated position, near the collegiate church, and is the great source of mineral water from which all the baths are supplied. A neat building is erected over it, with stone portico. On arriving at it, a woman in an adjoining house, perceiving us, came out, and, for a trifling remuneration, showed us the whole. She first opened a small door on the right side of the entrance, from whence issued a dense volume of steam. Here the almost boiling mineral water never ceases bubbling up from the rock beneath. The vapour prevented our distinguishing a Roman arch by which it is covered. From this spring, water is conveyed by a pipe into a fountain under the portico. Our guide afterwards filled us each a tumbler from it to drink. It was much hotter than that I had drunk at the Hotel de Hesse Darmstadt; the latter having lost some of its heat in its passage from the source. Before leaving, we walked in the long covered gallery used by the water drinkers for promenading in wet weather. The view is exceedingly pretty from it.

READING FOR HONOURS.

BY MRS. ARDY.

THE stars have veiled their light, and thick and fast
The snow-flakes drift upon the whiten'd ground;
Chill in the leafless elm-trees moans the blast;
All in yon castle rest in sleep profound,
Save in one chamber, where a single light
Glimmers throughout the tedious winter night.

There the young student with unwearied eyes,
O'er learning's hidden hoards delights to pore;
Around him many an ancient volume lies,
And eagerly his spirit drinks their lore,
And dreads the coming of morn's first faint ray,
Rising to mar his intellectual day.

He toils not for the sordid love of gold—
Rich worldly gifts await the castle's heir ;
He, at a future day, a sway shall hold
O'er the surrounding hills and valleys fair ;
Undimm'd, unclouded are his fortunes bright,
Yet do they all seem worthless in his sight.

He pants amid an ardent throng to stand
Raised and pre-eminent,—to meet the gaze
Of the assembled wise ones of the land ;
To bear their scrutiny, to greet their praise,
And grasp the glories by their voice conveyed,
Casting each proud competitor in the shade.

Yet is there feverish brightness in the beam
Of his dark eye, as earnestly he turns
To muse upon some grave and knotty theme,
And his flush'd cheek with hectic crimson burns,
Alas ! ere long, that cheek as marble pale
And that sunk eye, shall tell a mournful tale.

A tale, that though awhile the noble mind
Hath o'er the feeble frame a mastery gained,
Soon shall the unequal conflict be resigned,
Soon shall the drooping spirit wearied, pain'd
Beneath its self-sought burden sink oppress,
And only feel a languid wish for rest.

Oh ! happy, that in life's first opening days,
He prized the blessed page of Gospel truth ;
Happy, that shunning pleasure's flow'ry ways
He served the Lord devoutly in his youth ;
Happy, that ere high learning's path he trod,
He knew and lov'd the holy laws of God.

Ere summer's fruits and flowers shall glad the earth,
The student's triumphs shall be known to all ;
Yet shall it prove of perishable worth ;
Alas ! ere autumn's yellow leaves shall fall,
What of his fleeting greatness shall remain ?
The passing-bell—the mournful funeral train.

And this is fame—thus profitless and frail
Are the aspirings of the youthful heart.
What shall assuage his tender mother's wail ?
What to his weeping father peace impart ?
Not that earth's sages hail'd their son with pride,
But that in humble faith he liv'd and died.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;¹
OR,
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER IV.

BRINGS THE READER ROUND AGAIN TO THE COMMENCEMENT.

HAVING reached the hall, the new boys took the place appropriated for them, and it was not long ere the other children of the school followed their example; when the steward or father of the flock led up to the top table a well-dressed lady, who held the responsible situation of matron to the establishment. As they passed along, the boys bowed, the nurses curtsied, and every eye followed these amiable personages up to their proper position or standing amongst them. The steward knocked once with a little hammer, when the boys rose; he knocked a second time, when they all fell upon their knees; when, after a short prayer, and a sonorous "amen," they all commenced their breakfasts. As I shall not trouble the reader with anything of the same kind again, may I beg he will enjoy himself and make the most of it. There is much pleasure to be gained at such a scene, whether it be at the Foundling Hospital, or the Hospital of Invalids at Greenwich, where the happiness of the objects of charity appears to be so complete, that they are not aware of the presence of strangers. Fear not, my friend, to betray a tear at such a sight, for it is an evidence of humanity, and shows you to be a lover of your species.

The new boys were helped first by courtesy, and ere three minutes were over, the smoking milk and lumps of bread invited each boy to partake of it.

"I can't eat mine," said a child with a pale face.

"Give it me, then," answered four boys at a breath.

The steward and the matron chatted as they walked amongst *their* children, patting the head of one, and speaking kindly to another; when there was another rap with the little hammer, a thanksgiving, and then they were all in the playground.

The school-boy, by some means, always finds a difference between the bell which invites him to his meals, and that which summons him to school; and although there is but one instrument in the two cases, still he fancies the one sharper and harsher than the other.

Our young friend Richard found himself in the writing-school, where he was placed—and rightly so—in the lowest class by the master, who began the task of initiating his pupil into the mysteries of pothooks and hangers. The mild usher, too, with his meek and patient expression, went round and mended the pen of one, while he spoke kindly to

¹ Continued from page 249, vol. xli.

another for upsetting the inkstand. As he arrived at Richard, he patted his cheek, and told him to try all in his power to write well ; when the little urchin looked up in his face, and replied with emphasis—

"Yes, sir, *that* I will."

"You are not doing that well, Williams, are you ?"

"No, sir, I've got a pain in my hand."

"Yes, yes, it's the cramp ; just stretch your fingers so ; there, now, rest a little ;" and then he went on to another, and flattened down his copy-book.

And the morning sun peeped through the well-cleaned windows of the writing-school, and saw industry, humanity, and kindness going hand in hand, and every child in the school seemingly happy. Still, as the time came, the boys watched the sun's shadow on the wall, as it went on nearer and nearer towards the place which denoted the hour of twelve. The bell rang, and the children were at liberty once more ; when the dinner passed off in the same order as the breakfast, as did what was called the supper ; and again the boys took to their beds, and rose up the next morning to continue the same routine which I have attempted thus shortly to describe.

At this particular period of the history, it is necessary for me to request an important though necessary favour from none other than thyself, most gentle reader ;—it is no less than for you to pass over a whole year in the life of the hero ; or, if you like it better, fill up that space of time with such incidents and circumstances as may suggest themselves to your own imagination. Whilst you are doing so, I must point out some of the leading characteristics of Richard's mind, and bring one or two personages into the picture, who are essential to such development. And I must again repeat that you must go on from the first chapter, where the boy proved himself a hero, and was punished for a virtuous action. For myself, I will not leave out a single fact connected with his history, as I am not accountable for his actions, but have the simple duty of recording them whatever they were ; and howsoever he swerved from the path of rectitude and honour, to a certain extent he did so from necessity.

CHAPTER V.

GENUINE KINDNESS UNDER A VERY DIRTY EXTERIOR.

It may be a bold—nay, then, *it is* a bold opinion, but not the less correct for all that, that the school-boy's idea of justice, as between the master and himself, is generally the right one ; for this simple reason, that his conscience is younger, and his mind more susceptible of pure and genuine impressions. Shakespeare says that "heaven lies about us in our infancy ;" and really, boyhood ought to be the time of uncontrolled delight—of course that delight which springs from virtuous action, and it is not possible to suppose any other. A school is a kingdom in itself ; it has its plots and its counterplots, its rebellions and its revolutions, which depend mainly, as in the case of a monarchy,

upon the character and disposition of its king. And a master, like a king, cannot by any possibility *do that which is wrong* ; he may harden the hearts and dispositions of his pupils, but of course he knows best how to mould the human character, and how to train up the child in the way he should go.

The "release bell" rang a short time after Richard Biddulph had received the unjust punishment before mentioned in the first chapter, so that it was not long ere the school-room was cleared of its youthful inmates, who soon forgot the scene they had just witnessed amidst the noise and uproar of the playground. But there were a few who surrounded our hero, and patted him upon the head, and called him a brave fellow ; and his nurse, Mistress Bridget, washed the blood from his face, which contrasted with his white skin, bound up his ear, and then gave him a lecture in these words—

"My boy, mind your own business another time, and don't interfere with your betters ; for, be assured, Dr. Frampton is a terrible man when he is in a rage."

"Yes, ma'am, I know he is," replied the boy, as he went away from so generous a sympathiser.

Smarting with pain, and nearly palsied with indignation, he passed through his noisy playmates, and went straightway to the field, when, running his hand heedlessly against the wooden pailings, with a cold wind beating against his aching forehead, he poured forth his childish reasoning in the following manner—

"Was it wrong to cry 'shame' when Frampton thrashed that boy ? I didn't think it was ; no, that I didn't. But still he must keep up his dignity. Yes, so he must. Well, I don't care for the punishment, for I shall soon get well ; but I have made an enemy—ay, that I have, Oh dear ! oh dear !"

And he walked on with a measured step like an idler, although his mind was at that instant beginning to be most active, and to think for itself.

"Was it right of him to pull out the hair ? No, no ! that it wasn't," said his quick and true conscience. Then it wasn't wrong in me to say 'shame,' because it *was* a shame ; yes, that it was. I had a little brother once, at least so mother told me," (a tear now ran down his grieving cheek) "and that boy looked to my fancy like him at that moment, he seemed so good like ; and then, to treat him so ! No, I am not sorry that I did cry shame ; no that I'm not. Jack the Giant Killer didn't mind for their bigness, but acted from a good heart ; and why, then, should I be afraid of that great big man when God didn't punish me for what I did ? and *He* could have done so if he had liked."

And he looked up to the cloudy sky—for the night had set in—and saw in it a single star, which seemed to get brighter and brighter ; when his face assumed the *idea* of a saint in the pleasing attitude of prayer.

The star which shone naturally above, was taken by the child as a special providence in his favour, as he asked softly—

"Oh ! Father, *have* I done wrong this day ?" when he thought the star assumed a brighter aspect still, which he took for the approbation of his God. In a moment he bounded off like a released fawn, and was soon lost amidst the numbers. Oh ! had you heard Richard's prayer

that night, in its naked simplicity, in its fervour, and its truth, you—yes, you, gentle reader—would have exchanged your own high condition for that of Richard Biddulph, the inmate of a charitable foundation.

In my eagerness to carry the reader through the early part of this subject, I have passed over many characters who lived at the time our hero was at school, and who, from their peculiarities, deserve a place in this history.

Yes, there she stands, her name is Betty. As to her surname, that is another matter; as, like most other servants of all work, she is not at all particular about that, and wishes to stand or fall under the title she has been known by in the family. You see she is a tall girl, and rather inclined to be stout than otherwise, and she is now combing the hair of that great fellow who happens to be too lazy to do it himself. She was nineteen last Michaelmas, although, by her height and make she might be thought to be two years older; and the pink dress she now wears was originally in possession of her mistress, from whom she took it in consideration of one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny, the amount of one month's wages. She has got large rosy cheeks, which are partially hid behind the streaks of dirt which she did wash off completely last Saturday. Her shoes, too, are much too large for her feet, and would suit any person who wished to play Pantaloon, or old men's characters upon the stage. In a word, every spot of linen about her is hid behind the filth of a month, and her cap is as crumpled as the night-cap of a bride. But you do not see Betty now to advantage, for you would stare to behold her next Sunday afternoon in her new second-hand silk dress, the dirty artificial roses in her cap, and her bran new slippers. To watch her as she walks from her bed-room, which is at one end of the ward, to her kitchen, which is at the other; and to see her glance round and about so as to watch the effect it has upon the boys. But, for all this vanity on the part of Betty, she is a good-natured, kind-hearted lass, and knows full well how to manage every boy in the ward. She toasts the bread of one, and the cheese of another; and she was known to boil an apple pudding for six of the boys, without receiving six-pence for it, although she was promised a shilling. Betty, some how or other, finds it to her interest to attend to the small wants of the children; for, independently of their trying to oblige her in every way they can, they express by sundry small tokens their regard for her virtues. Betty loves cake, and, in all conscience, she gets enough of it, for some of the boys beg it from others, as well for Betty as for themselves. She is a favourite with every one of the children, without a single exception, but she is obliged to act *on the sly*. "Don't tell missis," or, "Don't let missis see," she says invariably upon doing an act of kindness, which is every quarter of an hour throughout the day. Betty *is*, there is no doubt of it, dirty in her own individual person, still she is most particular with the children in keeping them "cleaner than a couple of new pins," as she herself expresses it.

To see her again on a Saturday night, down upon her knees, rubbing and scrubbing the boys' feet, whilst Mistress Bridget scours the dirt off their upper persons—and then, to watch her extasy of delight

as she capsizes the dirty water out of the washing-tub, and departs, with a happy though dirty face, to her untidy sleeping-room, to partake of her well-earned rest.

It was to this young woman that Biddulph related the whole scene that had taken place in the grammar-school, which she heard with amazement, when, lifting up her dirty hands every now and then, she exclaimed—

"Oh lawkee! the bad man! oh the brute! but never mind," she continued, as he finished his story, "it'll come home to him!"

"Ay that it will, Betty," replied the boy, energetically.

The dirty lips of Betty encountered the cold cheek of the boy as she was obliged to run off in a hurry to her work; but, dirty as those lips were, they were true, and told a tale of Betty's heart and feeling.

The pity of some of the boys, and the surprise of all those to whom he told his simple story, created in the child Richard a disgust and loathing for the master, which tended to hasten on another adventure in which our hero was the principal character.

CHAPTER VI.

LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE BEADLE.

A "Beadle" would feel and show that he was deeply offended, if, in your ignorance of his office, you were to mistake him for the "street-keeper."

Every man to his proper place and standing in society; for the Lord High Chancellor is not the Sheriff of Middlesex, although the Sheriff may imagine his office quite equal in importance to that of the Chancellor. The upright and rather ponderous gentleman who marches at the head of the parish charity children, is, in his own individual opinion as well as that of his followers, the most important personage in the whole universe; still, though like a peacock he is bedecked out with mighty fine feathers tipped with gold, he is anything rather than an actually fine or useful creature.

"I am *the* beadle, not *a* parish beadle, not one of a class or species, but *the*—yes, *the* beadle, *par excellence*. The duties of my office entitle me to the highest rank in society; and though I do touch my hat to the rector, still I take precedence of him on the way to the pulpit; and who could hear the sermons if I did not keep the children quiet?"

And, indeed, what would be a church without a beadle, with his staff and strut, his frown and conscious smile of dignity? How he stands with his arms a-kimbo, on the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, and how good-humoured and gentle in his mien as he shakes hands with the sweep upon boxing-day. But the parish beadle's element is among the chits of the charity school, and doing the amiable at the confirmation. How he puts the parties into rows; and how he cuts the vicar, in order to assist the bishop to his carriage.

This order of gilded insect goes by the name of parish: but there are other kinds of the same class who differ with the aforesaid in some respects, whilst in others there is not a pin's head to choose between

them. And from amongst the many I shall single out one, and illustrate the propensities of his order—viz., *The beadle of a school.*

Mister James Hough stood just five feet eleven inches without his shoes, and exactly six feet with them. He was a stout individual, with extremely broad shoulders, and a small head placed at the top of them. But this was, nevertheless, a curious kind of head too, the greater part being devoted to the face, with large swimming eyes peeping out of it, and much extraneous matter hanging round and about the chin. His age might have been guessed fifty, although in reality he was just forty-five, and had held the office of beadle to the school for a period of twenty three years. During this time he had to keep up his dignity by a variety of stratagems, such as frowning with one side of his face at the boys, and smiling blandly with the other half at the steward. When the governors came down from London, he threw open the gates with dignity; and when he was called upon to flog the children, he did not allow his dignity to forsake him. In fact, though Mister Hough had a great respect for the laws and customs of society, still he had a much greater love for his own individual authority, and whoever interfered with its developement, was his most especial enemy. As he walked hither and thither during play-hours, looking after the boys, he was wont to use a small cane on their backs for not either bowing to him on the one hand, or getting out of his way on the other. These eccentricities had continued for so long a time, that scarcely any one appeared surprised at them; so that he was allowed to continue in his conduct until the steward thought it was high time he should put a stop to his practices, which he attempted to do first of all by expostulation.

Mr. Davis, the steward, was a gentleman who had got from the foundation his first education; and, going from thence into active life soon gained a competency; when he retired from the busy world to educate his three children, who were early deprived of their mother. Mrs. Davis died in childbirth: and it was a dreadful blow to the good man to be thus bereft of his early partner, and to depend upon his own single exertions in implanting upon the minds of his children correct ideas of virtue.

But as his boys grew up, his expenses increased, so as to oblige him to seek for some means of supplying the wants of his rising family. Just at this time he received a requisition from several of the governors to take upon himself the duties of steward, which he filled not only with benefit to himself, but also to the foundation. He had a melancholy, benevolent-looking face, which betrayed thought, and a kind manner towards all those with whom he conversed. He kept the accounts, and paid all the bills without the slightest pomposity or want of urbanity. He was always suggesting slight improvements for the comfort of the children; and when he walked through the grounds, which he constantly did, the boys looked at him without fear or trembling, but as though they wished to testify to him the sincerity of their love. In a word, Mr. Davis looked upon every boy as one of his own children, and the children looked up to him as a father, and tried all in their power to please him.

Mr. Davis the steward and Mister Hough the beadle happened to

be of such very opposite temperaments, that they would have come into collision much oftener than they did, only the steward did not wish to embroil himself with the beadle.

The steward seated himself at his desk, and the beadle stood before him, with his hat in his hand, and his eye was wandering about in all directions, and not knowing where to rest itself.

"Mr. Hough," he began, "you are an older man than myself, and ought to know more of the world than I do, which I have no doubt you do. Now don't you think it would be better for you not to strike the boys as I saw you do this morning?"

"Why, Mister Steward, to tell you the truth, I have been connected with this school for just twenty-four years come Lady-day, and I really think I know my duty."

"Yes yes, that's very good; but surely you have not the right notion of duty when you interfere with the happiness of the children during play hours."

"Why, as to *that*, Mr. Steward—come, I don't interfere."

"Well well, I must have a stop put to the practice; *and whether you have done it for years or not*, you shall not do it now."

The beadle looked, and the beadle whistled, and he then said—

"Oh! it's come to a pretty pass; why, don't I know my duty?"

"Consider what I tell you to be your duty, Hough."

"Mister Hough, if you please, Mr. Steward."

"Now look you," said the Steward, with determination, "if you strike another boy in this school, I'll see whether I cannot put a stop to it. There, sir, you may go."

The beadle whistled again, looked impudently at the steward, and went out at the door, slamming it after him. He knew full well that he was in the wrong, but he had not enough courage to confess it; and as he went from the counting-house to his little lodge he felt that he must give in, but that then it was not the appointed time to do so. The athletic beadle sat himself down and gazed gloomily into the fire, and when his sturdy boy tried to get upon his father's knee, he was pushed down again. His wife, too, saw that he was offended, and did not address him from policy; whilst he continued sitting till his scrap of mutton got perfectly cold, when he d—— his wife for a bad cook, and ate his dinner in an angry, discontented manner.

As he finished his meal, a boy brought him the following letter:—

"To Mr. Hough, Beadle, at the Lodge.

"SIR,—Unless you apologise to me for your insolence this morning, I shall feel it my duty to send an account of it to the governors.

Signed,—JOHN DAVIS."

"So, so! ha, ha! eh, eh! that's the game, is it!" cried the beadle, as he doubled up the letter and put it into his pocket; when, after sitting in a languid state for a minute, he looked at the little comforts around him, his wife and child, he buttoned up his coat and went straightway to the steward. After expressing his contrition, which was gladly acceded to by Mr. Davis, the beadle was about to depart when he was addressed in the following manner:—

"Mr. Hough, it is a severe task for me to speak to one who ought and does know as much as myself; but I ask you, would it not be better for you to gain the goodwill instead of the hatred of the boys? I can assure you, that although I have never once struck my own children, they do not love me the less, and I cannot see why they should. It is my object to make my sons more my friends than anything else, so that I get at the working of their minds, and am able to instil, imperceptibly, that which is good for them. You must consider every child within this school as a son of my own, and I will resent any kind of insult offered to them. Come now, Mr. Hough, do try if we cannot be friends, and the only way we can be so is by being kind to the children."

The beadle was quite taken off his guard by this quiet and touching argument. He stood twisting his finger-nails into the crack at the side of the clock during the address, and at its conclusion said, with some degree of feeling—

"I hope, sir, this will not go any further."

"No, that it shall not," replied the steward, as he took the beadle by the hand and shook it cordially, which so surprised Mister Hough, that his eyes swam in a kind of liquid, which he tried to conceal as he made a low bow to the steward, and went out of the office shutting the door very quietly after him.

Whether he acted in accordance with the advice given him by the steward, must appear in the after part of these adventures.

CHAPTER VII.

BANEFUL EFFECTS OF PERSECUTION.

Richard Biddulph every time he placed his foot upon the stone step which led to the Grammar-school, felt a tremor come over him, which he could not overcome; and each time he encountered the eye of the master, he thought he saw in it an evident wish to punish him. And who can wonder at the poor boy's thinking so, after the violence which the doctor displayed upon a former occasion? He bent his head toward the lesson that was before him, still his attention was wholly taken up by a secret dread of incurring his master's displeasure; so that when the class in which Richard was, went up to say their lessons, he was invariably the dullest amongst them, although he had said the whole over without missing a word, the minute before. For his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth, and his mind was confused by his fear of his teacher.

How often the boy Richard received punishment at the hands of Dr. Frampton, is not recorded; but it is certain that he was caned upon one occasion because the master's lock happened to be full of sawdust, and that he was flogged upon another in consequence of the Doctor's blotting-paper being a likeness to himself, hanging to a tree in all the agony of untimely dissolution. This figure so provoked the master, that it was thought poor Biddulph would have been killed, as he was

lashed with such force and determination. To say that he did not suggest and carry into execution many such tricks, would be away from the candour which has been used heretofore in this history; but it was sad that this boy should have been nearly the only one to bear the burst of the Doctor's indignation.

To tell the melancholy truth, Richard's heart was beginning to harden, from the continued persecution he was subject to, and he was getting so used to punishment that it had lost its original sting. The eye of his enemy, too (as he used to consider Dr. Frampton) was beginning to lose its terror, so that he could stand and knit his brow too, in imitation of his oppressor. His first introduction into the Doctor's vengeance, rankled in his breast, and he wanted some means of paying back, with interest, the full amount of his sufferings—"The child is the future man," and there is a vast difference between him, and that class of animals who allow themselves to be persecuted with impunity. Still the horse has turned round upon its pursuer, and sheep have been ferocious in the slaughter-house—"So far shalt thou go and *no farther*; farther is a point, beyond which you dare not go with impunity. You may play with a tame lion, yet it will not suffer you to draw its blood.

The boy, Richard Biddulph, is not now what he was when you saw him, my dear reader, running by the side of the old man in Cheapside. His cheek has lost a portion of its ruddiness, and his heart a great deal of its simplicity; for, although he has not learned overmuch of his grammar, he is well acquainted with some of the miseries of existence.

It was a cold December morning, when all the children were fagging away at their different lessons; and the large fire in the school-room blazed with a brightness which went to the hearts of the children. The falling snow had blocked up the light from the school-room, and each boy got closer and closer to his neighbour, so as to obtain that natural warmth which the blazing fire hardly provided, when the door suddenly opened, and in walked an old gentleman, who, from his singular dress and eccentric appearance, excited the attention of every boy in the school. He had on a brown great coat, a very small brimmed hat, with a large red handkerchief tied around his withered throat; as he walked up to the desk where the master was sitting, he cast a hasty glance at the boys, and then his cold old face assumed a satisfied expression. The Doctor recognised in an instant, under the rusty dress, the benevolent person of Mr. Howard, the Governor, and stood up ready to receive him.

"Why, how *are you*, Sir? You've had a rough journey? I am, indeed, happy to see you within the precincts of this school! Will you walk into my house, and change your shoes?"

"No Sir, thank'e," replied the early friend of our hero, "I make a point of never changing my shoes till I go to bed, Sir. Is Richard Biddulph here, Sir?"

"Why, yes Sir, he is, Sir," replied the Doctor in a disappointed tone, as he put on another expression of countenance, as though he were in deep thought.

"Is he a good boy, Sir? Is he a good boy, Sir?"

"Why, no," replied the master, after a pause, "he is not. No—No—he is not!"

"Indeed! I'm sorry for it, very. I wanted a walk whilst stopping at St Alban's, and thought I could pay a visit to the boy I put into the school; and now I wish I had'nt come, that I do. Can I see him?"

"Certainly, Sir. Biddulph, your wanted."

Richard wanted no second call, for he also had recognised his only friend, and was only deterred from leaving his form earlier, lest the master should be offended. He sprang from his seat, and ran towards the Governor, and met on his way the stern look of his master. He stretched out his hand to grasp the only one he cared for in the wide world; his heart palpitated with delight, and his joy was excessive. But the hand of Mr. Howard did not return the pressure, and his eye betokened a sorry welcome for his former *protégé*. "Richard, I hear you are a bad boy. You hav'nt acted as you ought to have done. I am sorry—very sorry for it; and I am dreadfully disappointed. You must improve ere I can be kind to you." He then turned away from the boy towards the master; and whilst they were holding some private conversation, the poor boy burst into a fit of tears, which went to the heart of every one but the master and the old Governor, who talked on and took no notice of the agonized child. One boy declared he saw a drop of melted snow fall from the ceiling upon the cheek of the old man; and another said, he was sure Mr. Howard had the dropsy, as his arm shook so.

Still it is certain that he did not take any further notice of Richard, whom he had protected so long, and went straightway out of the school-room after shaking hands with the Doctor. For a time, tears chased each other down the cheeks of the boy, until the fountain was dry, when he tried to squeeze them from his eyes, as they eased his aching heart; when taking forth a small pocket-handkerchief, he wiped his face suddenly, put on a determination of countenance, which could not be mistaken, and fixed his dry eye upon the master; and seemed to say, in a language not to be mistaken—"Now, tyrant, I defy thee."

Richard Biddulph walked slowly to his ward, after the school was over, and as he sat upon the settle at the bottom of the bed, thought after thought ran through his excited brain, when he rose up in an instant, gave a self-satisfied laugh, and rushed into the play-ground, when he was soon lost amongst the numberless merry faces, *though he was not one of them.*

LEGENDS OF ANTIQUE YEARS.

No. I.

PSYCHE BORNE FROM EARTH.

UPON the rock she's standing,
Lone, utterly alone;
All she has lov'd are gone from her,
All trusted, every one.
The father whose deep love has been
Pearl on her tide of life;

The lovers who beneath her smile
 Forgot 'twas cause of strife ;
 The sisters, who beheld her face
 Breathing through every charm ;
 Not grief alone for love disdain'd,
 But dread of coming harm.
 Or, mastered by the stronger dread,
 Her kind no more to see,
 And the thrilling thought of the unknown Power,
 From whom her doom must be.
 All, all have left her—every friend
 To her fairest girlhood known,
 Hath vanish'd 'neath the distant sky,
 And now she is alone.

She is standing amid the sunny air,
 And looks to the depths of that blue vault fair,
 The pomp of sunset is around her spread,
 Its roseate splendours o'erhang her head.
 Fathoms below where her foot should fall,
 The glory of sunset o'erspreadeth all.
 Dreary that all of the earth can show,
 But the dark rocks warm in the rubied glow.
 No forest waves in the radiant air,
 No bright stream flings back the splendour there,
 No plain with its thickets of purple green
 Delighteth now in day's ling'ring sheen.
 The bright skies circle on every side,
 With nothing to clasp in their arch of pride ;
 Save the one fair form on the rock alone,
 Silent and still as memorial stone.
 But that lonely realm of the desert's power
 Smileth for once in the sunset hour.
 Never before has that silent place
 Caught from the heavens their radiant grace ;
 Never as now have its floods of gold
 Cloth'd the stern vale where their beauty roll'd.
 Little it lends to the softening scene,
 A wilder region thou hast not seen ;
 As all of beauty from earth should be,
 Psyche had gather'd its wealth in *thee*.
 And well that unimaginable face
 Redeems the wanting from its natal place.
 How shall I picture her ? The golden hair
 That hideth as a veil each gesture fair,
 And lieth now among the sunny light
 In curls and waves unutterably bright ;
 The comprehensive brow, as nought in heaven
 Of beauty but unto its thought were given ;
 The lip, so curved sweet ; the pearly smile ;
 The eyes, whose glance the very soul beguile ;
 The form's proud gentleness and wavy grace,
 I can rehearse to ye in transient space,
 But the soul, beaming from the lightest glance
 That aye the sternest spirit could entrance ;
 The harmony of each movement, as though charm
 Of softest music did her being form.
 The all that makes her "Psyche" ye must guess,
 Earth has no speech such influence to express.

O stand there ever lovely,
Of destiny the choice,
That my soul may drink the beauty,
O'er mastereth her voice!

One moment—Is she lonely now? I catch
The vibrance of light wings upon the air,
The waving of soft pinions. Is a watch
Of rainbow-plumed sylphides station'd there,
To minister unto the pure, the fair,
The loveliest child of earth? If so it be
She doth not feel that pitying aid is near.
Bright Psyche! ever was it joy to see
The splendour of thy beauteousness; but here
In the lone desert, whence all help is gone,
In thy still look resigned new glory shone.

It seems as though the air had life;
Bright tresses! how the wind
Hath always sought in gentlest strife
Your beauty to unbind.
But never has it come, as now,
With touch so gently mild,
To raise ye from the heav'nly brow
Of nature's loveliest child.
She feels it, as a mother's kiss
Had come to sooth her there.
Loos'd from her soul the woe could burn,
In trust her eyes deep violet turn,
To the transparent air.

Gleam there through it forms of light
Psyche on thy marvelling sight?
Melt they, when a moment seen,
As but one with that "deep serene,"
Truly spirits of the air,
Æther-born, and native there.
But how lovely! Never dream
Hung on bard by haunted stream,
Of the fair shapes that might dwell
'Neath its waves in pearly cell;
Nor his glimpse, when sets the sun,
Of the dazzling forms that fly,
To their tents of gold and green,
'Mid his banners in the sky.
Wealth of charms to gather, where
Apollo's step hath all made fair;
Gorgeous in beauty though they be,
Nymphs of the breeze can vie with ye!
Only more fare is she—the trust
With sweet surprise ye view,
That form can spring from earthly dust
Of brighter mien than you.
They smile, sweet Psyche! smile on thee,
O not for long can fear,
A sadly-clinging shadow be
Where those soft smiles appear.
Their lips are parting—what joyous words
Sound like the tone of a wind-harp's chords?—

Legends of Antique Years.

"We hail thee, O most beautiful !
 We come to thee—as come
 The envoy whom a prince may send
 To guard his lov'd one home.
 We name him not unto thee ;
 Not we his secret know,
 But the touch of the power whom our souls divine
 Can the stoutest natures bow.
 Tremble thou not, O loveliest one !
 Thou'lt rest beneath his might,
 More softly than Endymion slept
 In the young moon's silver light.
 Alone Apollo holdeth
 The sun-steeds in his rein.
 Wild subjects he controlleth,
 A strong charge to maintain ;
 And beautiful he vendeth
 Above those bars of fire,
 And a glance his proud eye sendeth,
 As smiling at their ire.
 But one there is yet fairer,
 Who holds a loftier sway,
 And in lighter scorn he ruleth
 The strong souls that obey.
 With lofty mien Apollo
 View'd the diæ earth-serpent slain,
 But one less heedful aiming,
 In the fierce wakes stronger pain.
 Deem'st thou not Jove as mighty ?
 Earth vibrates at his frown.
 One touch, the firm hand trembleth,
 That hurls the thunder down ;
 But the looks of yon bright heaven
 He has whisper'd it to wear ;
 And its tender tinting woos thee
 Most lovely ! to his care."

And warbling thus, the airy train
 Forms in a graceful ring,
 And in its centre Psyche
 Reelines, all wondering.
 And soft they bend around her ;
 She hath drunk with willing ear
 The unearthly notes that by her float
 In melody of cheer.
 Their soft wings gather round her,
 Yet nearer still, and near ;
 Nor hath their light clasp bound her,
 And Psyche doth not fear.
 O fleet will fly the burden
 That such wing'd pinions bear,
 Nor each light foot earth is spurning
 As it vaults into the air,
 Never such lovely column
 Hath through that air found way,
 With so radiant faces beaming
 Round one face more fair than they.

But o'er the earth far rising
One timid glance she's thrown ;
If to brighter worlds arising,
The dear earth is her own.
She hath *known* its human gladness,
She hath *felt* its kindred ties,
And she trusts e'en more its sadness
Than the rapture of the skies.
But through all her soul is stealing
A deep yearning in its tone,
For a nature whose each feeling
May awaken with her own.
And the joy-*notes* of their singing,
Give not sorrow leave to stay ;
And how blythe their flight is winging
Earth-bound mortal cannot say.

“ Up to our native regions,
Up through the depths of air,
Through the glorious wilds of ether,
And the tracks of sunlight their.
Away to brighter regions
Than were e'er for mortals made,
Where care haunteth not for gladness,
Nor the sunshine dreads the shade.
There are fountains ever ringing
With the witchery of tone—
For the immortals flow their waters,
Except for thee alone.
There are halls with silver portals,
Round whose many-winding stair,
Our wings are ever bringing,
The music-*notes* of air.
O mourn not for all beauty
On the vanish'd earth can be,
Dim is its brightest lustre
To the home we're bearing thee.
Careless its tend'ring accent,
Cold is its dearest tone,
To the deep love bending o'er thee
There shalt welcome thee its own.
Canst thou catch 'mid yon cloud isles the golden dome,
The gem-wrought arch of thy future home?
But the bliss of that fane is the soul for thee,
Is all too deep for our minstrelsie.”

And as the murmur of the streams
Whose waves rush swiftly on,
Those sweeter tones than give our dreams
E'en as I list are gone.
Thou art rising, rising beyond our view,
Beautiful Psyche! adieu, adieu!
Thou know'st not whither those fleet wings tend,
And we cannot watch to thy journey's end.
But our hearts will paint thee in that bright hall
Where, a Goddess-Bride, thou holdest festival.

E. H., LEEDS.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

IT was evening as our vessel rapidly neared St. Jago. One vast and lofty peak towered high above the others, in the shape of a huge irregular pyramid. All eyes were directed towards the mountains, as we sailed along abreast of the land, not more than four or five miles from the shore. It was an enchanting sight: the irregular and wildly broken peaks, hurled and piled in careless grandeur one above another as they stretched inland, presented a more striking outline than the heights of Madirra. There we sat in a row, mounted on the top of the long boat, feasting our eyes with the pleasant sight of land, rendered more delicious by the hope, that in a few hours we might be treading those shores that now appeared to us like some oases in the desert, or some bright dream realized; as we watched with feelings of admiration fresh peaks and glens, and ridges of golden green, presenting themselves in succession to our view—then gradually they grew darker, the mists began to settle in the deep valleys, the outline of every mountain became sharp and cutting, and a thousand rich mellow tints of brown and purple spread over their steep sides, as the full burst of a tropical sunset flashed up its splendours behind them, leaving a back ground like glowing amber, above which, long masses of heavy grey clouds, looking as dense as though they were charged with the thunders of a tornado, peak after peak yielded up its parting gleam, shed from the setting sun, and melted into the repose of the night so rapidly, that almost before we were aware of it, the stars shone out, and darkness surrounded us, not heralded as in our northern lands with the gently gloaming twilight, that makes the day steal imperceptibly into the night—but sudden and impetuous, stretching like a vast extinguisher over the bosom of the ocean.

Before the first gleam of daybreak I was up. We were at least twelve miles from our destination, at Porto Praya, which lies at the Southern point of the Island, in a small bay. The wind was light, and I feared we should hardly reach the port before noon. Telescopes were in great request. The mountains seemed, if possible, more beautiful and inviting than they did on the preceding evening. A grove of tall cocoanut trees, and a few scattered date palms, reminded us that we were approaching the climate of tropical Africa. But little cultivated ground was visible, and flats of elevated land, on which the cloudless sun poured down its withering and fervid rays.

Clusters of pulga bushes sprinkled the sides of the valleys, with patches of a vivid green colour; higher up the mountains, I could discover tracks of forest and scrubby brake, interspersed with bold grey rocks; and above all rose a conical peak, like that of a volcano, which I believe is an extinct crater, and the highest point in the island, with thin vaporous clouds hanging round its sides, and spreading along the summits of the less elevated mountains. Indeed, the whole island presents volcanic appearances, and lava soil is noticeable in many places.

Huge flocks of cattle and goats were scattered over the sunny brown looking plains above the sea; and small clusters of thatched huts constituted the farms to which they belonged. The surf, rolled on by the north east trade wind, beats violently against the shore, the whole length of the coast, and as we rounded the S.E. point, the rocks assumed a bolder form, strewn at their base with black fragments, over which the surf boiled like a whirlpool dashing up to the height of perhaps twenty feet.

On rounding the point, we came in sight of the town of Porto Praya, which is built on an eminence of rock overlooking the bay, exhibiting a row of wooden houses painted white or buff colour, and roofed with red or white tiles; while to the right extended the cane thatched huts of the Black Town. The descent from the town is steep, and leads to a fine shingle beach; to the left the shore is sandy, and a stream of water runs into the sea. Cocoanut trees were scattered pretty thickly along the water's edge, till the beach terminated in barren sand-hills, with a rocky bluff, against which, the breakers lashed their violence. In the back grounds rose the mountains, clustered in a variety of picturesque and romantic forms.

The glow of a tropical noon gilded the whole. The feathery leaves of the cocoa trees, moved gracefully in the air; large hawks hovered fearlessly around us, and all had a strange and foreign air, as we cast anchor about half a mile from the shore. After an hour's delay, the Consul came off to meet us in his boat, under the shade of a huge umbrella, bringing with him the health and custom's officers.

The usual ceremonies being over, we were permitted to land; the gig was lowered alongside, and the chair rigged for the ladies and children to go ashore. No sooner had the ship's boat pulled off towards land, than another craft came round us with oranges and cocoanuts for sale, eager, equally eager, to convey passengers at the rate of sixpence a head. Several of us descended into one of these boats, and were rowed safely enough till we reached the commencement of the surf, about a dozen yards from the shore. Instead of landing us as they should have done, they pulled across to the sandy shore, to the left of the town, fully a mile from the ship. A whole group of negroes were drawn up on the sand, awaiting our arrival; and no sooner had we entered the breakers than we were swamped in the surf, and drenched from head to foot. In a moment, eight or ten black fellows were around us, hung to their waists in beads round their necks. At first we imagined that they were going to carry the boat, with ourselves in it, upon their shoulders to the shore, instead of which, it appeared that we were to mount their backs, whilst they waded with us through the surf. In an instant we were all astride their shoulders, each man triumphantly bearing off his load as fast as possible. We presented a most ludicrous sight, all laughing at one another, and several on the point of upsetting. They set us down on the hot sands that extended some little way above high water mark, and we were covered beyond that point by a trailing plant of great beauty, which is called by the natives "*La Loccon*." It grows about eighteen inches high, with a round leaf, and a fleshy pointed stem, liqueous near the root, the blossom convolvulus-like, and displaying a disc seven or eight inches in circumference, of a

brilliant lilac colour. We plucked the delicate blossoms almost instinctively, as if to admire them still further by the sense of touch, though they withered almost immediately in our hands. We met several negresses on the sands in their gay costume, consisting of a petticoat of painted blue, of brown cotton, worn tightly round the hips, and reaching to the ankles in loose folds; a portion of it was twisted up at the waist, and descended on the left side like a scarf. A white body or jacket without sleeves, and a red or yellow kerchief tied round the head, with necklaces, earrings and bracelets on one arm, completed their dress. Goat skins are an article of trade here with America; and bundles of them lay on the sand ready for exportation.

On reaching the stream, we directed our course inland, following its banks amongst the luxuriant foliage of cocoanuts and bananas, with a profusion of "La Cocoon" blossoms starring the surface of the ground. We hired one of the negro boys, called "Jokim," who accompanied us as a guide, and who promised his services all day, first for three shillings and afterwards for one. But it was useless hiring a single lad; we were fated to have them all for our guides, whether we liked it or not, to the number of seven. One carried my insect net, another forceps, a third the collecting box, a fourth my sketch book, and so on; thus escorted, we sallied forth with our negro "phalanx." The stream which empties itself into the sea here, is the remains of a mountain torrent; after the greater portion of it has been led off for the use of a town, where it is received into a bank or fountain—a deep translucent basin, brimming with the cool element, whence the damsels of Porto Praga dip their water, in calabashes and jars, which they carry on their head. Brilliant tropical butterflies floated swiftly through the sultry air, sporting like spirits of light and beauty round the tops of the palm-trees, and chasing each other amongst the broad leaves of the banana and the Plantain. Other species were hovering about the pulga bushes, or the drooping leaf of the sugar cane. There had been recent heavy rains, and in some places the ground was exhaling moisture, and cracking on the surface with the heat of the sun.

The mosquitoes along this glen were numerous and troublesome; the stream was stagnant in places, and muddy; large sows, with their numerous progeny, were wallowing in the mire, and wasps and other noxious insects buzzing about us continually.

Wishing for some cocoanut milk, we knocked at a garden door by the wayside, leading through a shed into a luxuriant garden of rich black soil, filled with lofty cocoanut trees, bananas, tamarinds, papaws, mammees, and other fruits. Presently a little black fellow, in a state of nudity, climbed dexterously up a cocoanut tree, clinging with arms and legs round the tall trunk of the palm, down came the heavy green nuts bump upon the ground; and beneath the shade of a large spreading fig tree we rested ourselves on some felled dates, whilst our young friends were busy dashing the nuts against the stone wall to break the green husk; they pricked a small hole in each, and pouring the colourless milk into a calabash, gave it us to drink. Behind us grew a plantation of millet, and vines were trained over bamboos; but they bore nothing but unripe grapes. Seeing a fine goat and her kid outside the hut, I explained to the old negro man there that we wished for some milk,

when two boys, each laid hold of the udder and commenced milking her into an old tea-pot without a spout, whilst the man held her by the horns. The tea-pot was filled with froth, and the difficulty now remained how to get it, for the rim rendered it next to an impossibility; however it was too great a treat to refuse, and though the tea-pot had evidently been used for every purpose except the right one (for tea is not drunk here), and the milk had flowed through the little black hands, yet we enjoyed the draught as a luxury after our sea voyage. We next tasted the bananas and the papaws, which they gathered off the trees; the latter fruit resembles a soft pumpkin, being of a reddish or yellowish green colour, about six inches long, and grows in clusters at the top of a stem, above which, branch out the leaves, something like those of a gigantic mallow. To me this fruit is anything but pleasant; a soft juicy pulp surrounds a mass of globular seeds, like mustard seed, very hot and disagreeable; the pulp is the part eaten, but the skin has a fetid odour which prevades the whole. The blossom appears like yellowish wax, of a jessamine form, and grows out of the top of the trunk, without a stalk; it emits a faint primrose-like scent. We paid them for our fruit, and I presented the little black negro who gathered our nuts, with a mother-of-pearl umbrella handle, which seemed to delight him exceedingly. It will, no doubt, form the centre ornament in his string of beads.

The back part of the town overlooks the valley of vegetation; and the owners of the gardens sit at their doors and look down, beholding all that goes forward there. The negro who sold us the fruit, pointed to his master, who was sitting in a distant verandah upon the cliff above. A well of clear water stood near the entrance of the garden. It was thatched with canes, and the water was raised by means of a large wheel, set round with red earthen jars, placed one after another, so that as the wheel revolved they kept coming up full.

We followed the course of the stream till we reached another large well, where several negro women were engaged in washing. They beat the clothes as the continental Europeans do. The gay bright hues of their cotton dresses, imparted a liveliness to the scene, which was here very picturesque and pleasing. This valley runs a long way inland; the vegetation marking its course by a rich belt of green that mingles with the golden brown of the hills on either side. As we advanced, troops of locusts rose up from the ground at every step, reminding me of the multitudes of these insects I noticed when crossing the arid plains between Syracuse and Catania, in Sicily. Then old Alcos was my guide, now I had Jokineses and Johnnys, Marsalins, Vincents, Penas, and many more, quite an army, we might have penetrated into the opposite forests of the shores of Senegambia. We ascended a steep winding path back to the town, by the side of which stood a wooden crucifix, supported by a rude heap of stones.

As the island belongs to the Portuguese, the prevailing religion is the Papist faith, though but few priests, or, in fact, any other demonstration of their creed are to be seen.

About two leagues inland lies Trinidad, where the Governor resides; in its neighbourhood the oranges and lemons, for which the island is famous, are cultivated; and also most of the articles which supply the

market of Porto Praya. We now reached the commencement of the huts or cottages of the coloured population. They are chiefly square, substantial-looking sheds, built of rough stone, one story high, with but few containing a second or third apartment, a screen of canes being used as a partition. They are thatched with the leaves of the dried palm or dried reeds. Inside there is no plastering; a hole in the wall serves for a cupboard, and the windows are merely square apertures closed at night by a board that fits in like the back-door, usually opposite the entrance; so that in looking through the open doors of the cottages overhanging the glen, the eye is feasted with the refreshing sight of leafy bananas and cocoanut trees shutting out the view. The streets consist of rows of these low cottages, varying but little in outward appearance; some are detached, but mostly they are built close to one another. Not a single wheel-carriage, cart, or conveyance of any description, is to be seen in the streets, which here have a dull and deserted appearance. The only beasts of burden are mules and asses, slung with panniers; and in this way the fruit, sugar-canes, poultry, and vegetables, are conveyed to the market, being brought from the interior. We saw but one mode of travelling that bore any marks of difference from the plebian style. An officer was riding out seated on a mule, whilst a slave ran behind him, holding an umbrella over his head, to keep off the rays of the sun. The shops consist of stores of various descriptions, but they are neither commodious nor well supplied. At one end of the town is a square, in the centre of which stands a stone column, not very ornamental, nor classical, nor useful I should imagine. The houses surrounding it are, in some instances, two stories high, with large verandahs, and constitute the residences of the Portuguese inhabitants. The soil is a parched, barren earth, scattered here and there with tufts of scanty grass. The best I can say of Porto Praya itself is, that it looks like a deserted village, through which some plague has swept his blighting; influence especially when the coloured people are lying asleep on stools outside their doors, or taking a siesta on the floor, and a solitary formal-looking Portuguese in military uniform struts along the grass-grown streets, during the heat of the mid-day sun. The women lay basking on narrow stools apparently too indolent to turn their heads to obtain a view of the English strangers as they passed, and contentedly raising their eyes just during the moment of passing; though they were evidently inquisitive, still it was too much trouble for them to move; and the lazy eyeballs just rolled round mechanically from one corner of their orbits to the other, and all they did not take in during their revolution was probably to become a subject of speculation or nightly gossip.

We next went to the Portuguese inn, which they had the face to call an hotel. The room, pour l'étranger, was furnished with a table, a sofa, and a few crazy chairs, and the walls were hung with English and Portuguese prints, of rather ancient dates. There was a picture of Mary Queen of Scots landing at Loch Leven Castle, and another of a monstrously stout Queen of Portugal. On one side, was a door opening into a store-room, filled with a confused medley of bottles, jars, bundles—where, probably, the old Portuguese landlord kept his dollars hid away in some sly corner. Opposite this, was the bedroom, with a mattress

in each angle of the apartment, while the floor was strewn with immense oranges. The landlord was evidently a character—a short Portuguese dressed in a long frock-coat, with a navy cap and a gold band; and he looked at us—all the while, thinking to himself how he could make the most of us. I am sure of it; there was as much of the cunning Jew in this fellow as ever I saw indicated in the countenance of any one. He could not speak English himself, but his intrepeter, a knavish-looking boy about twelve years old, was as expert as the other. This little creature was lank and sallow, with very sharp black eyes—not like the mild love-speaking black eyes of the beautiful Sicilian, fringed with long shadowy lashes, but rolling like ripe sloes, and every glance was cunning. His dress consisted of an old white cotton garment, with large red flowers upon it, something after the fashion of a dressing-gown—made, I imagine, out of his grandmother's skirt. At the window stood an intensely black slave: and near the door, playing a slow melancholy air on the guitar, sat a placid-looking Creole. He was perfectly blind, and the nails of his hand with which he touched the strings were half an inch long. We took a slight refreshment for which they charged most exorbitantly. I asked them what they would require for a night's rest on the sofa; when the urchin here completed his roguery by asking us ten shillings. After telling him pretty plainly what I thought of him, we rejoined our guides, who were laughing and talking in a body under the passage way leading from the road. A fine turkey I had seen sitting on the wall was to form part of a feast that afternoon, and the little interpreter with flowered dressing-gown caught it with a fish-hook and line, hooking it in the fleshy part of the throat. A novel method of catching turkeys, truly!

Leaving others to feast on the turkey, we roamed along in the glory of an afternoon's sunshine; descending a steep ravine to the shore, through a brake of pulga bushes, aloes, and other plants, the names of which were unknown to us. The delicate, trumpet-shaped blossoms of the native stramonium grew amongst the bushes, and many of the native grasses were exceedingly curious. The sea sands were like emery, scattered over with purple echinidæ and small crabs. Some remarkably brilliant blue and orange spiders, with backs like mosaic work, were busy weaving their webs amongst the fleshy leaves of a small species of spotted aloe. A large and fruitful plantation of bananas extends from the sea up a valley apparently, in the rainy season, the channel of a watercourse. Madder, spurge, and curious creeping plants, grow along the sands. On each side of this valley, the cliffs rise rather precipitously, scattered with straggling and stunted date palms jutting from their rocky declivities; and the vulture wheels, in slow steady circles, high above their summits. Bushes of naked grey thorns, of enormous size, were clothed with creepers; and on the topmost spray, the brilliant jacamar sat like a feathered king, conscious of the beauty of his own gay plumage. The sun was rapidly sinking, and, aware of the few moments of twilight that elapse before night came on, we turned our steps homewards. Not choosing to visit the Portuguese hotel, we agreed to take up our quarters at Jokim's house; he promising to make us beds, and prepare us a repast of Indian corn. We traversed the dark streets, serenaded by the barking of the lean

hounds that ran out as we passed the open doors of the Negro cottages. We now arrived at Jokim's dwelling, taking by surprise his mother, a respectable-looking Negress, who rose on our approach. There were ourselves, Jokim (now filled with vast importance in the character of our host), Marsalin, a pretty coloured boy, with a Moorish countenance; Johnny, a lazy rascal (whom one could not help liking withal), Vincent, Pena, and little Antonio.

Our guides here left us, and, while our hostess prepared our supper, I had time to survey our novel habitation. It was a substantial stone cottage, with two apartments. The inner one was the sleeping-room of the family. This inner room, too, formed the repository for all manner of household utensils, articles of cooking, fruit, onions, &c. There my sketch book and other articles were carefully deposited by Jokim's mother. As there are no fireplaces or chimneys in the house, the cooking goes forward in a small round hut outside the back door. This hut is a very snug picturesque little place. We discovered the one in which a Negress was preparing our coffee: there was no aperture, but the entrance to it was sunk partly below ground; and in the centre, over a charcoal fire, raised on a triangular iron stand supported by three round stones, stood an earthen pipkin holding our coffee. The cakes were baking in the embers, and a semicircle of drowsy turkeys, apparently enjoying the warmth of the place, stood with their tails to the fire, not unlike some old commercial gentlemen we have sometimes seen in the coffee-room of a country hotel on a frosty morning. I was so delighted with the primitive appearance of this hut, and the habitual composure of the row of sleeping turkeys, that I at once made a sketch of the scene by a dim light of the central fire. The chief apartment of the house contained but little in the shape of furniture. Some of the utensils were formed of red clay, of unique and not inelegant proportions—far more shapely than the generality of English jugs. Above the table, occupying a small niche in the wall, stood a little rag Virgin, like a sixpenny doll, with a string of beads round the neck, and a piece of blue printed cotton fastened down the wall beneath. The window was closed to keep out the night air; our hostess set our repast on the table, and we ocean wanderers were comfortably seated at the humble yet inviting board of a Negro cottage, cheered by the light of a brazen lamp with a long protruding beak. The night was remarkably sultry. A piece of matting was laid on the earthen floor, and some sheets, beautifully white and clean, were spread out for us. The grasshoppers in the thatch above sung loud and long, till the time of the rising sun, and the lean and miserable dogs rambled up and down. A little before daybreak, we were stirring. Jokim opened the back door, and we saw a sky half the breadth of which glowed with rose colour and pale saffron, frittered with myriads of small scattered clouds. Presently, all was gilded with the sun, and we walked abroad in the first blush of a tropical morning. It was delightfully cool, and a fresh north-east breeze was blowing. The Negro women were stirring briskly about, balancing large calabashes and earthen vessels on their head with the utmost grace and ease. Some were milking the cows and goats into these vessels, from which the milk was immediately put into glass bottles, and corked up for the market, which takes place at six in the morning.

It is held in the square at the end of the Rua Directa de Pilarinho. The skin panniers are taken from the backs of the mules and placed promiscuously about, together with calabashes of hens' and guinea fowls' eggs, bottles of milk, fish, bananas, cassava, sacks of oranges, and heaps of limes, cocoanuts, and onions—all displayed on the ground.

We now prepared to return to our vessels. We were favoured with a second ride through the surf, and narrowly escaped being swamped again by the rolling in of the breakers. As some hours elapsed before we were fairly under way, we busied ourselves in stowing away our fruit to the best advantage in our snug cabins. I found it rather puzzling in mine to know where to make room for anything more. When I had finished it, it presented something of the appearance of a garden; at least, I thought so, and I was willing to cherish the idea; for, to pluck the fruit off the trees in one's own garden is always pleasant. Bunches of bananas hung suspended by rope yarns, pine apples dangling over the washbandstand, sent forth a fragrant smell; cocoanuts and limes were stowed in various snug corners; some tall sugar-canes branched up from behind my black trunk, and oranges were everywhere, pervading the vessel from the forecastle to the stern. Whilst thus engaged, two large intelligent eyes, with whites upturned, suddenly peeped in upon me from the port-hole. Unaccustomed to a vision of the "human face divine" in such a situation, I started up, and gave a more strict survey of the intruder's face. It was quite black. The eyes were fixed on me, and a grinning mouth, revealing a row of pearly teeth, was stretched by a most interesting smile—two-thirds astonishment and one-third recognition. Who could it be? It was no less a personage than Jokim himself, who was cruising about the vessel, and had just discovered me through my port.

We now bade adieu to St. Jago. Our white sails were filled by the swelling breeze, and the island quickly receded from our view as we hastened fast to the southward. Before dark, a wildly broken line of misty grey appearing above the horizon like a desert of waters—now dancing in huge ever-varying masses of surge, and anon deep slumbering, like a weary monster tired of combat and worn out with contending passions. The vexed and troubled billow, and the glassy calm of the smooth sea—portraiture of human mutability; they are as a mirror, in which we see reflected the pantomime of sunshine and shower, the tempests and calms of life. It was a sad feeling truly, to return, like a child unwillingly to school, to our rocking ship, and to set ourselves contentedly down for a still longer voyage within its wooden walls.

THE AMANUENSIS.

A TALE OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"IN the press, and speedily will be published, a new novel, by Mrs. Harland." So said the "Morning Post," and divers other morning papers, following up their announcement by fervent congratulations to the public, on the mental feast in preparation for them. Nor were they in this case guilty of exaggeration; Mrs. Harland was really and deservedly popular. Six months ago she had taken the reading world by storm, electrifying it with one of the very best novels of the day; she had not, like most literary ladies, progressed to fame by the leading-strings of *Annals* and *Magazines*, but had grasped the laurel crown at once, through the agency of a thousand excellently-written pages. All the literary coteries, whether amateur or professional, were anxious to learn every particular respecting the new authoress; they discovered that she was a young, handsome, well-jointed widow, and cards of invitation poured in upon her with startling rapidity. The Editors of *Annals* and *Magazines*, graciously oblivious of her former neglect, solicited her contributions; and Mrs. Harland, in addition to her other agreeable qualities, proved herself unequal to pronounce the stern monosyllable, no. She acceded to all their requests; she wrote about as many little prose stories as would have rolled up into one large one; and her poetical pieces were elegant, feeling—in short, worthy the companionship of her prose. The generality of readers were delighted with the activity of their favorite; but a few wiser ones shook their heads, and predicted that Mrs. Harland was frittering away her talents on trifling things, and that it would be a long time before another finished work would be presented to them. Now, however, Mrs. Harland stood clearly exculpated before the "discerning and generous public;" she had been working as never authoress worked before, who was not urged forward by the iron hand of poverty; and that night, when she entered the drawing-room of lady Gabriella Maiton, a literary spinster of a certain age, with whom, since her initiation into the world of letters, she had contracted a great intimacy; she was received with more enthusiasm than ever. She was decidedly the star of the evening.

"Dear Mrs. Harland," lisped in harmonious duet two half-young ladies, who, being writers themselves, thought it amiable and interesting, not to seem jealous; "how enviable you are in such activity of talent: how could you manage among all the claims of society, and all your minor literary engagements, to produce three more volumes in so short a time? Surely when you are at home you must live with a pen in your hand."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Harland, with a smile, "since I began to write for the press, I have indulged myself in the luxury of an *Amanuensis*."

"But, my dear creature," exclaimed lady Gabriella, who never suffered her pet *protégée* to remain five minutes apart from her, "your Amanuensis can put down your ideas, but cannot inspire them."

"Very true," said the authoress, "but the labour of the head alone is not so great as that of the head and hand combined; I might possibly suffer in health were I to be continually bending over a desk; at present I do not feel at all injured by my literary exertions."

"No," whispered one of the half-young ladies to the other, "her figure affords a satisfactory proof that she is not all soul and spirit, nor likely to dissolve into air."

The speaker was unquestionably scraggy, so was her companion, therefore this jest afforded greater amusement to them than its apparent brilliancy would have justified.

"And who is this happy Amanuensis, Mrs. Harland?" asked a young officer, who had sauntered into the midst of the group surrounding the authoress; "is he an interesting youth with hyacinthine curls, garter-blue eyes, and no shirt-collar?"

"Dear me, no," replied Mrs. Harland, hastily, "my Amanuensis is an orphan girl, whom I have taken into my house, and remunerate liberally for the assistance she gives me; her mother died deeply involved; I have defrayed her debts, and therefore the dear girl, has, you know, her mind quite at ease. I can never be happy myself, without endeavouring to make all those around me equally so."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Everard Wentworth, a handsome, intelligent young man, who was leaning over the chair of the authoress, and was suspected to stand very high in her favour, "surely you will at length sympathise in my feelings; what can be more delightful than the sentiment just uttered by Mrs. Harland?"

"Very delightful, indeed," replied Mr. Wentworth, taking a pinch snuff, "but, in the first place, I should be really glad to know that it was really acted upon; and, in the next, I should wish it to be felt in silence, rather than hear it paraded before twenty listeners."

Everard turned away in silence and vexation, and joined a knot of triflers who were holding forth in praise of Mrs. Harland's rapidity of writing. All rejoiced that she had an Amanuensis, but none asked any questions respecting the poor orphan girl who filled the station; they considered her as a human copying-machine—a person who ministered to their selfish love of pleasure, by enabling their favourite authoress to produce double the number of pages she could otherwise do; and they considered her lone and laborious existence with as little feeling as they did that of the poor embroidresses and milliners, who had wrought the gay and fashionable gauds in which they were attired. Frequent allusions, however, were made, in the course of the evening, to Mrs. Harland's excellent and ingenious plan of lightening her toils; and lady Gabriella, who wrote about a dozen lyrics, and two Magazine-stories of a few pages each in the course of the year, consequently observed—"I really think I must take care of my health, like Mrs. Harland, and try to engage an Amanuensis for myself."

Every one, I am quite aware, is deeply interested in all that relates to the life, character, and behaviour of an authoress, and therefore I will give my readers a brief description of Mrs. Harland. She had been

married to a fox-hunting Lincolnshire squire, when little passed her childhood, and had become a widow before she had taken leave of her youth. At eight and twenty she was the possessor of a jointure of a thousand a year, half of which was to be forfeited in the event of a second marriage; and she determined to indemnify herself for the long years of unwilling retirement to which she had been subjected.

She had lost her parents, but she had an uncle, a merchant, resident in that despised quarter of the metropolis, denominated Bloomsbury; and as affluent young widows are always in great request with their relatives, Mr. Oswald, his wife, and daughter, warmly urged Mrs. Harland to engage a permanent residence in their neighbourhood. The fair widow came up to London with thoughts, feelings, and fancies, as unboundedly sanguine as those of a girl of fifteen. She did not actually surmise that Regent Street was paved with gold, but she imagined that London was a fairy-land of gaiety, splendour, and enjoyment; that a beauty from the country was sure to be immediately plunged in a vortex of fashionable society, and that she would never be able to appear at a public place without having scores of opera-glasses levelled at her face, and a general query of "Who is she?" from at least a dozen of ecstatic admirers in her vicinity. Mrs. Harland, however, discovered before long, that living in Bloomsbury is a mighty dull common-place sort of life. Mr. Oswald's dinner parties mostly consisted of merchants like himself, and the carpet-dances, in which his daughters delighted, did not at all assimilate with the taste of their cousin, who was voted somewhat *passé* by the young people who frequented them; and was often complimented with a seat on the sofa when she was expecting eager beaux to contend for the honour of her hand.

"I had no idea," she pettishly exclaimed to Emma Oswald one morning, "that Bloomsbury was considered so *outré* and unfashionable; what could induce your father to purchase a house in Montague Place?"

"Papa did not purchase it," replied Emma; "it was bequeathed to him by his father; and at the period the latter came to live here, Bloomsbury was not, as now, a theme for jests. Theodore Hook, since that time, has written, and has, as a contemporary writer amusingly says, 'fairly Russell-Squared us into insignificance!'"

"How strange," replied the widow, "that a novelist should have power to make or mar the fortunes of a neighbourhood."

"Not more strange than true," returned Emma: "formerly it was said that those who wrote the ballads of a nation had a complete control over its feelings; the same observation might be applied very forcibly to those who write the novels of the day."

"And novelists," said Mrs. Harland, musingly, "are so much sought after, so courted in society."

"Decidedly so," replied Emma, "the printing-press is a stepping-stone to the first drawing-rooms of the aristocracy."

"I think it would be very easy to write a novel," said Mrs. Harland, after a pause.

"So it might be," answered Emma, laughing, "but you know that easy writing is sometimes very hard reading."

"Nay," pursued the widow pertinaciously, "I fancy that I could myself write a novel which would be very well received; have you not

heard the saying, Emma, that we none of us can tell how much we can do till we try?

"Yes, returned Emma, "and I have also heard another saying, with which I more fully concur, that we none of us can tell how little we can do till we try: pray, Harriet, have you ever attempted anything in the shape of a story?"

"No, but I have written letters."

"Very common-place ones," thought Emma—"Letters," she observed aloud, "are merely an account of facts and circumstances that have really happened; we cannot fail in preserving the consistency of the characters to which we give a place in our letters, because we narrate the sayings that they have really uttered, and the actions that they have really done."

"And cannot we imagine natural sayings and doings for the heroes and heroines of our fictitious narratives?" asked Mrs. Harland.

"Surely," said Emma, "and many have done it, and obtained for themselves deserved fame by so doing; all I mean to maintain is, that such an undertaking would be accompanied by difficulties, but I do not expect you to rest on my unsupported opinion: hear these observations which I have just been reading in an old number of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' where the reviewer notices a clever work of the day, called 'Cyril Thornton.'"

"To write even an indifferent novel, it requires to be a man or woman considerably above the common run. Ladies and gentlemen who are clever in conversation, and the oracles of a circle, have no notion what bad books they would write. Their sharpest things would be pointless in print. Their sketches of nature would not do at all in boards. Severe as they are on the conduct of other people's stories, they could not keep their own hero or heroine from falling into the fire for six chapters. Yes, we repeat it, to write anything, however poor or insipid, in the shape of a novel, divided into chapters, all following one another, according to the sort of scheme in the author's head, and we ask no more, demands abilities of a very superior order indeed to those of the persons above alluded to."

"I dare say that such is the case," replied Mrs. Harland, slightly tossing her head; "but what has already been done, may be done again, and rely upon it that if I do publish a novel, it shall be one that even Blackwood shall speak well of!"

Some time elapsed, and Mrs. Harland's literary fervour appeared to have cooled; one morning, however, Emma Oswald happened to call at her house at an early hour, and met at the door of the drawing-room an elegant pensive-looking girl, dressed in deep mourning. "Pray pardon me," said Emma, "I am afraid I have disturbed one of your friends."

"She is not a friend," said Mrs. Harland, with an air of reserve; "she is a young orphan girl in very indigent circumstances, whom I have taken into my house."

"My dear Harriet," exclaimed Emma, who was really a feeling and kind-hearted girl, "why did you not tell me before of an action which reflects so much credit on you?"

"I had reasons," replied Mrs. Harland, "good reasons, for the course I have pursued."

"Good reasons are such rare and excellent things," said Emma, "that they ought never to be kept in the back-ground; do tell me who is this interesting unknown?"

"I have engaged her as an *Amanuensis*," said Mrs. Harland, with dignity, "and now, Emma, I hope you will believe that I am likely to produce a clever novel."

"Just as much," replied Emma, bursting into an irrepressible fit of laughter, "as I should believe you to become a scientific player on the organ, because you had provided yourself with the services of an organ-blower!"

Mrs. Harland was so much disconcerted with her cousin's somewhat sarcastic figure of speech, that she declared with much spirit, that "Emma should never know anything about her novel till it was published," and she kept her word. The novel was committed to paper by the *Amanuensis*, and on the very morning when the desiderated "*Finis*" was traced in fair flowing characters at the end of the third volume, by that young lady, Mrs. Harland took steps to ensure the publication of it. She encountered none of the difficulties which attend ladies who parade a first work from publisher to publisher, with the delusive hope of selling the copyright of it; no—strong in the consciousness of a clever-written novel, and a sum of money lying idle at her bankers, Mrs. Harland determined to publish on her own account; and the event justified her decision.

Among the worshippers at the shrine of the new authoress, no one kept so decidedly in the back-ground as her cousin Emma; this, perhaps, was nothing very extraordinary. Mrs. Opie well observes, that "there is a tendency in our nature to undervalue the talents and the claims to distinction of those with whom we are closely connected and associated; an incapacity of believing that they whom we have always considered as our equals only, or perhaps as our inferiors, can be to the rest of the world objects of admiration and respect." Kind-hearted and good-tempered as was Emma, she was not quite guiltless of this feeling; she had never considered her cousin her equal in intellectual attainments, but had looked on her as a decided inferior. Emma was clever, and she knew exactly how much literary work a certain portion of cleverness enables its possessor to achieve. She had tried to write in the solitude of her chamber, and, possessing the rare faculty of judging of her own productions as she would have done of those of a stranger, she decided that to write for one's own amusement is very different from writing for the amusement of others, burned her manuscripts, and made up her mind that it was her vocation rather to read than to write. Yet Emma's writings were not deficient in a certain degree of merit; they were the sort of articles that occasionally obtain admission into a periodical, and are considered by the authoress herself, her mother, her favourite school-friend, her own maid, and perhaps two or three little sisters, to be equal to the most splendid effusions of the age. Knowing, then, so well the difficulty of clever literary composition, she was at a loss to account for the complete success of Harriet, who had little knowledge of the world, and still less of books.

"Knowledge of these things has nothing to do with the matter, my dear," remarked Mrs. Oswald, placidly, in reply to an observation of

the above description, made to her by her daughter; "think what celebrity Burns gained as a writer."

"Burns did not write a novel of three volumes of every-day life, mamma," replied Emma. "Harriet's prose surprises me more than her poetry. Yet why should I say so? What can be more astonishing than her exquisite versification? What has she in her of poetical inspiration! What power of imagination could convert her into a Sappho!"

"You never knew Sappho, my dear," replied her imperturbable mother; "perhaps all poetesses are different from what their writings would lead one to suppose they must be; or, perhaps, after all, your cousin's abilities are overrated, and her productions have not much merit."

"Nay," said Emma, candidly, "that is not the case; her novel has decided talent, and her poetry is very sweet and touching."

"Then if you really think so," answered Mrs. Oswald, "had you not better (now you must not, Emma, dear, be offended with a hint I am going to drop you), had you not better express yourself rather more warmly in society about Harriet's talents? Last night you were quite silent when every body was praising the admirable and distinctive arrangement of her plot and under-plot; and you may depend upon it that if a young lady once gains a name for being envious, it is of very serious detriment to her advancement in life."

Emma was not of a character to consider very deeply the chances for and against her advancement in life, but she was of an open and generous disposition; she felt that it was not only undesirable to seem envious, but very wrong to be so in reality. She attempted intellectual conversation with Mrs. Harland, but the new authoress, immersed in society and intellectual pursuits, passing all her mornings in her study, and all her evenings in the drawing-rooms of her new friends and acquaintance, seemed very much inclined to slacken the ties of intimacy which a few months before had connected her so closely with her Bloomsbury kindred. Her visits to them were short and hurried; she was rarely at home when they called on her; and the second novel that she published took Emma by surprise almost as much as the first, both from the quickness with which it had been written, and for its freedom in style and arrangement from every appearance of undue haste. Emma did not stand quite alone in the low opinion which she held of the mind and manners of the idol of society. Mr. Wentworth, the uncle of Everard, was by no means pleased with the choice of his nephew; and, although he constrained himself frequently to converse with Mrs. Harland, he did not, to use his own expression, "manage to get on with her at all." There is nothing surprising in this fact. Rich uncles in real life, as well as in comedies and farces, are very apt to be discontented with the nieces elect presented to them by their nephews; but the cause of Mr. Wentworth's objection to Mrs. Harland was rather remarkable. Strange as it may seem, she was not clever enough for him! He was a man of natural good sense, of reading, and information; and he pronounced the discourse of the fair widow to be light, frivolous, and decidedly unsatisfactory. Everard was the more displeased with his uncle for this opinion, because in his secret soul he

had entertained somewhat of a similar idea, but had immediately repelled it as arrant disloyalty to the lady of his love.

"You cannot be in earnest," he said; "every one admires the absence of pretension in Harriet's manner, and says that it is impossible to suspect her of being a literary lady."

"Everybody is frequently wrong," returned Mr. Wentworth, drily, "but in this case everybody is perfectly right. Certainly a person must be strongly imbued with the unamiable quality of suspicion who could ever imagine that Mrs. Harland was a literary lady."

"And is it not better, uncle, that she should be thus retiring, than that she should create dislike and fear by her learned dogmatisms?"

"Now you are flying from one extreme to the other; I do not admire pedantry and dogmatism in a lady, but I am not aware that information on general subjects, and familiarity with polite literature, would have the effect of producing these unpleasant qualities in her discourse."

"Can you not allow for the timidity of an authoress of a few month's standing? Did not Fanny Burney always run out of the room when Evelina was alluded to?"

"You will take nothing by that motion, my good nephew. Fanny Burney's usual style of conversation must have been very different from that of Mrs. Harland, otherwise the 'leviathan of English literature' would never have been so fond of her society. No, no! believe me, your favourite would never have been the favourite of Doctor Johnson."

Everard was silent for a moment: he felt that his uncle's observation was too true to be confuted.

"You are severe upon Harriet," he said at length, "and she is aware of it; she cannot converse freely with you because she feels afraid of you."

"I do not think," replied his uncle, "that timidity is the characteristic of Mrs. Harland; and if so, the whole of her acquaintance share with me the power of inspiring it. I have frequently listened to her discourses with others, and have never heard her say a wise or a witty thing, give a clever and sensible opinion of a book, or introduce an appropriate quotation. Can you, upon your word, assure me that you have been fortunate enough in your own conversation with her to elicit any of those dormant sparks of genius so perseveringly hid from the notice of the world save when they glitter in the pages of her works?"

"I frankly confess that I have not. Harriet pointedly avoids literary subjects."

"Therefore, when you marry, you will doubtless be quite contented to listen to chronicles of the latest fashions, and *historiettes* of the trifling gossip of society, satisfied that the revealings of your wife's fine and gifted mind are transmitted in their primitive freshness to her publisher."

"It strikes me, uncle, sometimes, that you doubt whether Harriet really writes the works that bear her name."

"I will acknowledge that you are partly right in your conjecture. I did once feel that doubt, but have since seen reason to recant my opinion. Three times I have proposed subjects to your fair lady to

write upon, and each time she has complied with my request, and transmitted the result to me early the next morning. Had she, as I once suspected, purchased the prose and poetical manuscripts of some deceased genius, she would never have succeeded three times in finding an article among them so exactly appropriate to a given subject."

"How then does she write them, uncle, in a state of somnambulism?"

"I cannot say how she writes them, and I should be glad not to feel so painfully interested in the inquiry; but I request you to watch her attentively and narrowly, and by no means to precipitate your proposals. Rely upon it there is artifice in the character that I require you to study."

Everard followed the advice of his uncle; he withheld his proposals, and Mrs. Harland, who really liked his person and manners, besides approving his fortune and situation in life, felt extremely mortified and disappointed. She, however, transferred all blame from the young to the old gentleman; she felt she was no favourite with Mr. Wentworth. How strange is the magnetism by which we become sensible of the likes and dislikes felt for us by others, when such feelings are not at all outwardly demonstrated! Mr. Wentworth was gentleness itself in his manner towards women—quite a courtier of the old school—and Mrs. Harland was by no means remarkable for a quick perception of character, yet did she know that he disliked and disapproved of her as perfectly as if she had been passing a week with him in the Palace of Truth!

Christmas came, and with it half-a-dozen invitations to the popular authoress to stay at the country seats of divers new acquaintance. One of the list she was much inclined to accept; Everard was acquainted with the family, and had also received an invitation. His uncle was not known in that quarter; she would be free from his distressing *surveillance*; marriages are often made up in country-houses in real life as well as in novels, and she only delayed her answer of acceptance till she could be quite sure of the movements of her dilatory lover. An accident, however, accelerated her determination. Her confidential Abigail was taken ill, and avowed her belief that she was about to be attacked with fever. Mrs. Harland had a horror of infection; the heroine of her last new novel, indeed, had visited all the cottages on her father's estate while typhus fever "ruled and reigned without control," but she did not think it necessary to follow her example. She wrote one note accepting the invitation of her friends, another to an apothecary of very humble fame residing in a neighbouring street, and a third to Emma Oswald, explaining the reasons of her abrupt departure, and begging her to convey the tidings of it to Everard, who was engaged to dine with the Oswalds on the ensuing day. She then prepared for her journey, and early the next morning was on her road to the cheerful hospitable mansion of her friends, leaving her best wishes for her Abigail's recovery with the Amanaensis, whom she requested over and over to be "very particular in her attentions to the invalid."

The note had been delivered to Emma in the midst of a social evening circle of friends at her father's house. Modern fashion has decided

that Christmas should be only kept out of town, but the worthy merchant cared nothing for fashion, and determined to keep it in Montague Place. The Bloomsbury domicile was verdant with holly, radiant with lamps, and glowing with fires; plenteous fare, music, forfeits, company, laughter, all that Christmas used to have in the days of our forefathers; yet Emma felt her spirits instantly damped by the selfish note of her intellectual cousin, and, just as Sterne conjured up a single captive with whom to torment his fancy, she saw, in imagination, nothing but the poor Amanuensis, attired in deep her mourning dress, pallid and sorrowful, labouring with her pen by the light of a waning taper in a solitary chamber; and even in her dreams the same sad figure presented itself to her mind. Morning, however, brought brighter images to the kind-hearted Emma; she disclosed her feelings to her father and mother, and obtained from the desired permission to invite the deserted Amanuensis to remain with them during the period of her patroness's stay in the country.

Emma set forth on her benevolent mission, feeling as happy as people are always sure to feel who are planning how to bestow happiness on others. She inquired after the invalid, heard that there was no difference in her symptoms, and, requesting to see Miss Alford (for the Amanuensis had a name, although by this time my readers may be inclined to doubt it), she was shown into a room where sat the object of her kindness in the very attitude she had imagined. Emma quickly made known the purpose of her visit, and received the warm thanks of the captive damsel, who, however, blushed, demurred, and seemed afraid to act without the high and mighty sanction of Mrs. Harland, and yet to have a lurking idea that to ask would incur the certainty of a refusal.

"How can Harriet," impatiently asked Emma, "possibly require your assistance when she is absent from you?"

No reply was returned to the question.

"I trust you will excuse me if I hazard a conjecture," said Emma.

"Pray do not," replied the Amanuensis, in evident trepidation; "conjectures, believe me, are very often founded on erroneous grounds."

"I cannot but think," persisted Emma with a smile, "that you are somewhat in the situation of the poor girl in the fairy tale, who had bands of hay given her, which she was to spin into threads of gold. I imagine that my cousin delivers to you the crude, weak, unfurnished effusions of her fancy, which you, from the stores of your own mind, improve, beautify, or, I believe the technical phrase is, 'point up.'"

"You are quite wrong in your idea," replied the Amanuensis, evidently relieved at the nature of Emma's conjecture; "I assure you that I never 'pointed up' a single sentence or couplet of poetry for Mrs. Harland since I have been an inmate of her house. And now do not, if you please, subject me to any further examination, for I feel for once marvellously inclined to act upon my own responsibility and to avail myself of your very tempting invitation."

(To be concluded in our next.)

MOMENTS OF RECREATION.

HALF HOURS.—NO. I.

It has been affirmed, that a sure criterion of the tone of morals in any age may be drawn from the prevailing taste in its works of fiction, whether or not these be models of verisimilitude with respect to its existing manners. The age of chivalry—the empire of the Cælias and Cassandras—is no more. The bandit and hobgoblin school—that reign of terror—has passed away. The pastoral and sentimental dynasty has wept its last tears. And what have we now? Within my recollection, that is to say within the last half century, novel writers, a labouring class unnoticed by Malthus, and so formidably upon the increase, as eminently to claim the attention of the literary economist, were accused of being too profuse of sun and moon risings, warbling groves, and limpid streams; and not only, as Kotzebue complains, were “kitchen gardens converted into elysiums,” but the human figures in those Elysian fields were literally thrown into the shade, or made shadows of, through the redundancies of umbrageous description with which they were surrounded; lovely women and excellent men left in every imaginable posture of distress, and readers gasping with anxiety for their deliverance, until that relentless lover of inanimate nature, the author, had made the tour of every hill, valley, and thicket in the neighbourhood, picking daisies and smelling roses, without having to plead the innocent unconsciousness of impending danger which so pathetically excuses the circuitous wanderings and similar idleness of poor Red Riding Hood; while not unfrequently the moments of a soft declaration, or the solemnities of a dying hour, were disturbed by unseasonable nightingales and gossiping hamadryads. Doubtless the temptations to delineate scenery are manifold, and every one imagines he can describe vividly the objects of his daily vision; but we do not much affect having a common property doled out to us at the will of another. Those who have never seen the Alps, nor the Andes, the boiling springs of Geyser, nor the wonders of Ætna and Vesuvius, may read of them with interest in their proper places, the pages of the tourist, or of the professed topographer; but landscape descriptions—especially such as are compounded out of our own indigenous elements—should be sparingly distributed in the tomes of the novelist, save in the way of drapery, or of *setting*, for his human portraits; or, as in speaking of a pleasant journey, we might naturally be expected to mention the inns that contributed to our comfort, the convenience of our well-hung cabriolet, and the smoothness of

the macadamized roads, without running into catalogues of gallery and larder, milestone and fingerpost, linchpin and splash-board. Whatever unnecessarily retards the action and encumbers the moral interest, can have no legal place in the pages of the novel, whose reader bargains for moral entertainment, so called; the dramatic and the narrative being the essential characteristics of this species of composition; and therefore it is that I am not much better pleased with the substitution in our modern novels of another prodigality of descriptive minutiae, which gives importance to matters, perhaps in stricter keeping with the professed object of portraying human life, but which is not less at variance with the comfort and satisfaction of the impatient reader. Whereas in the sylvan and sentimental era, every oak, beech, or aspen that that grew around the natal mansion of a peerless heroine, was deemed worthy, in honour of her charms, of separate and particular eulogy; and if an eagle, or even a crow, flew across the landscape, it was made to sail, or to swoop, or to croak to the same tributary effect;—we are now stopped on every highway and byeway of fictitious narrative, till the author has introduced to us the right and left hand, the two eyes, or haply but one, the mouth with its express complement of teeth, the stammer, the stutter, the ineffably peculiar smile, or the unutterably sinister squint; and the hat, whip, and riding-coat, of each human biped with whom it is his pleasure to bring us acquainted. Nor is this all; at each subsequent meeting and greeting some portion of the same ceremonial is punctually repeated, lest we should by any chance have forgotten or confused these his italics of individuality.

I think the commencement of this change was cotemporaneous with the French Revolution; and that the intrepid author of "An Appeal to an Impartial Posterity," had no small share in its introduction amongst us. Her eloquent book, about the year 1794, was in every English reader's hands; when ladies were beginning to philosophise, and to wear blue stockings; to discuss the "rights of women," and the new Eloisa; and to assert their claim to share in the illuminations of Priestley and Tom Paine. Having the warrant of a female pen, and the sympathetic claims of female distress, it was read with enthusiasm even by the more delicate and fastidious portion of that sex, whose influence is reputed to have the ascendancy in giving the tone to morals and manners, and consequently to the prevailing style in those writings whose object it is to describe them.

Madame Rolland's graphic portraits of her revolutionary lovers and compatriots, each decorated with his own particular wig, crop, or *ailes-de-pigeon* curls, were indeed eloquently vivid; but she was a person who managed her materials with extraordinary talent, and the figures in her memoirs were the real-life perform-

ers in extraordinary scenes. It was interesting to know how hands waved and heads nodded which had assisted in shaking the pillars of empire, or which were destined to receive their last movements from the stroke of the guillotine—that the monster Marat wore knee-buckles, and that the high-souled Charlotte Cordet was habited in white muslin. The *Memoirs of Marmon-
tel*, likewise, of a later date, abound with instances of felicitous illustration in the limning kind, where peculiarities of look, garb, or gesture, hit off by a single epigrammatic word, have the effect and expression of a master's last touches to portraits whose originals fame has already endeared to us—and a numerous posterity of imitative, frank, and gossiping autobiographers sprang up in our own country from his extensively-circulated book—sharing with his sons, to whose improvement it was expressly dedicated, the beauties of his style, and the examples of his experience.

This book, too, with its tale of success, has been in the eye of many of our novel writers during the composition of their descriptive lucubrations, and producing various shades of happy or of overwrought adaptation. And to take a different and a solitary example of the sources of sympathetic interest in descriptive matters, from amongst the annals of those “troublesome times” which stand alone on the page of history, but the hues of whose subsiding waves still tinge our own, what human bosom would be impatient under the most minute delineations of his lineaments and bearing, who, to testify his last earthly devotion, and to fortify the constancy of the beloved wife whom he was about to leave shelterless amidst worse than elemental storms, sat for his portrait to bequeath to her, while the apparatus of death was in preparation before him, and wrote beneath it those touching lines—inevitably injured by translation, which have been so often copied and translated, and so often read, and never without emotion?

“Wonder not, darling of my latest care,
At altered features and bewilder'd air;
This faithful portrait when the artist drew
I saw the scaffold, and I thought of you.”

Here the most laboured description could add nothing; “the bewildered air” is before us; the “altered features” the coldest fancy can particularize; and the last simple line is a fountain of sad thoughts transferred to each reader's bosom, which the commentaries of another would but needlessly disturb. It might be bad taste to withdraw our attention from the noble form of the youthful *La B—*, by representations of each peculiarity in the grinning visages of the fiend-like rabble who surrounded him—their shouts we need not hear—imagination already sounds that knell too loudly! yet the excitement of such a scene would render amplification pardonable. And though to raise the veil of the widow's despairing anguish in order to paint upon her cheek

the death-pang of heart accompanying her reception of her martyred husband's memorials might be a rude and vain attempt, still we should hang untired on each particular, however imperfectly sketched; for the tale is true, and dignified by the virtues and the station of the unfortunate sufferers—and intense curiosity is inseparably interwoven with intense natural sympathy.

But such union does not equally pervade our sympathies with fiction. Here we are not borne along irresistibly, the springs of emotion are in our own hands; and curiosity slackens the instant we find our attention or our sympathy unseasonably or unreasonably taxed; what can be more unseasonable than to be stopped by a dun at the door of a banqueting room? or more unreasonable than to expect our attention to Punch and Judy by the way, when our feelings have been bespoken to meet the solemnities of a tragedy? Not a whit less discordant than such interruptions are the effects produced, in innumerable instances, by that plethora of personal description which overruns our modern novels; and by that chequer-work, "knowledge of good and evil," which it is now their fashion to show up, in contradistinction to bygone sentimentalities concerning "the beauties of nature," and to those more elevating if more romantic views of the capabilities of human life, wherewith our forefathers sought to render fiction subservient to the cause of truth and virtue! We have splendid writing, scenes essentially and powerfully dramatic, situations touchingly pathetic, ever and anon tissue with broad grins and seraphic smiles, wardrobe details and gymnastic exercises; in consequence of which impertinencies, a few sprightly innuendos levelled against the declining prowess of the self-denying virtues, with examples of their regretted decadence, illustrated by the success and eclat of the opposite faction, have come to be most injuriously suspected of containing the whole amount of the fashionable-life novel writer's morale. Whereas it would be more candid, as well as more consonant with the usual process of cause and effect to argue from his extreme pains in stating personal identities, and from the fatigue to which he subjects his imagination by the performance of such a variety of evolutions, and the working of so many batteries, that he is only injudicious in degree in his modes of espionage and of fighting the enemy; and that over-zeal in the service of morality, in conjunction with a reasonable desire to keep amicable terms with his invisible leader, public taste, may be the sole operating causes in the production of these curious anomalies. What mortal, in cool unbiassed possession of his own pen and faculties, and with the whole physical and moral world before him "where to choose," would take pleasure in describing the "blubber lips of vice," a villain "with the eyes of a land-turtle," a "salmon mouth," or a pair of "herring shoulders?" And what inference must we draw concerning the taste of the

times, from novels—not of established popularity—for the most approved opiates of the day in this kind soon pass to the land of oblivion—but from those of the most extensive ephemeral circulation, abounding with such passages as the following:—"Her chin was small and round, with a slight blush of light pink on its summit." "A waste extremely unique and round." "Eyes dark blue and full, surmounted with a brow rather dark, finely arched, and emossed in long silken lashes." "Large features scattered at random over a broad face, with a leering smile, good bold eyes, high colour, and a perfect cheveux-de-frize of powdered whiskers." "Irish eyes, large, dark, deep set, and put in, as it were, with dirty fingers." "The sisters formed a contrast like the poet's personification of Day and Night—the one, rosy, smiling, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, light of heart, and sportive and agile, in ever-varying gesture; she seemed born only for the sunny hours," &c. "The other was dark, tall, majestic, with large sad eyes that seemed looking into futurity, set beneath braided tresses whose colour resembled the raven's plume." "A little globular figure of a man, so equally proportioned with respect to rotundity, that his longitude could only be safely predicated by the vertical posture in which he presented himself, when waddling, or rather rolling, up to the president, he extended to him a hand which might not unaptly be compared to a large cabbage-leaf."

But enough, Mr. Editor, enough! Without rising from the table where I am sitting, and where my "former half-hour" was employed in examining a sheaf of weekly reviews, the gathering only of a single month, I might fill many folio pages with extracts of a similar character; and these, too, from works evincing considerable spirit and talent, and throughout which, I doubt not, might be gleaned specimens of a discriminating knowledge of human nature not surpassed in the writings of any of our ancestors, together with occasional sprinklings of purposes better and deeper than those of mere entertainment—an end which, as I have already intimated, is, to me at least, cruelly marred by the too frequent employment of the palette and the microscope, and by what may be likened to chimera painting; if my fair readers can recollect that fashion. Many of these authors appear to stand in the same predicament with the young man whose father sent him forth to get money—"to be as honest as he could, but by all means to get money." They would have no objection to adopt other modes, but they must have popularity. They know their brightest works cannot endure; for the love of novelty and novel reading craves perpetual fresh supplies, and its caterers in the present day are numbered by the million. Destined to a short life, or not to live at all, they naturally desire to make the most of that short career whose vital breath is popularity; and, too diffident of their own powers, or perhaps not sufficiently aware of the

vast influence which their craft in fact possesses, to imagine they can improve the public taste, they limit their efforts to meeting its presumed demands. Thus, struggling for distinction, or for dinners, with hosts of rival competitors, can we wonder that they sometimes "o'erstep the modesty of" fashion, and tear to tatters more than the "passions,"—yea, the many-coloured draperies, the coats and petticoats, together with the lovely and unlovely limbs and features of their victims, sacrificing to, I would gladly believe, a mistaken calculation respecting the average tastes and capacities of their numerous readers; the minor accessories having become part and parcel in all "sketches of living manners."

Witness the exactness of our Bow Street and Old Bailey reports concerning "interesting females," and quizzical-looking or "remarkably handsome" offenders of the other sex; not to ascend to the more patrician exhibitions of life, limb, and costume, in the annals of our superior courts; nor to cross the seas with those active purveyors for our moral entertainment, who supply the deficiency in our own stock of novelties and atrocities to fill up their diurnal columns, by culling still more lively and graphic details from the Court Calenders of our continental neighbours, from whom, I must again affirm, this minute style of philosophising was originally imported. Take a recent and moderately charged example of the last mentioned industry, from one of our most widely-circulated journals, under date July 27.—"*Assizes at Gers Auch:*"—

"This court has been occupied for the last three days with the trial of a young woman charged with poisoning her father and mother, two brothers, and two sisters. The accused is very young. She is rather of an agreeable countenance, and her deportment was extremely modest. She was dressed in black clothes, made in a simple and elegant manner. When she spoke, the remarkable sweetness of her voice astonished every one in court; and her undisturbed and graceful manner commanded the attention of all present."

Why should we be told of that becoming dress, sweet voice, and captivating deportment, since they could not all save their wearer and possessor from being "sentenced to suffer according to the laws against parricide?" Is it to heighten our horror against crime, that our compassion for the criminal is thus suborned by a specification of her personal attractions? Mr. Editor, these are deep questions, and my Half-Hour is expiring. The complexity as well as the magnitude of my main topic, fashionable novel writing, calls for lengthened discussion, and a far abler pen than mine. I stand before it like a child looking up at the stupendous altitude of the giraffe; or, to pass characteristically to the antipodes of figurative contrast, surprised in Australasian woods by its first vision of a herd of that counter-limbed zoologi-

cal class, whose grotesque appearance and skipping movements have been too often imitated to require that I should disfigure my page with the mention of its name. Such, however, and so contrasted are my feelings on taking a general survey of the field I have so presumptuously entered; and I hope this frank confession will, in some sort, plead my excuse for my abruptly taking leave of it, and for any rambling or disorder that may be perceptible in my attempts thus far to illustrate it by comparison and description. I am very anxious that a correct inquiry should be instituted into the causes and effects of some of the more remarkable phases of that which I conceive to be, in the present day, by far the most influential portion of our literature: for what else sells? what else is universally read? and, I may add, what else contains some gems like the "entire and perfect chrysolite?"

I am very anxious that the designation of this our age should not be drawn from any partial or superficial surveys of what may appear to be "the prevailing taste in its works of fiction;" and I earnestly call upon more authoritative heads and hands to proceed forthwith to the rescue of its fair fame, by a strict analysis of the performances, and a suitable chastisement of the irregularities of its large establishment of zealous slaves, the novel-writing public.

Z.

A DIRGE.

The wasting form lay on a couch
Her cheek was pale and wan,
The glassy eye too sure proclaim'd
Her days were nearly gone.

Pale as the coverlet was she
Spread o'er the sickly bed,
And had not tears of sorrow flow'd
You might have thought her dead.

Angelic was her features' cast,
Though 'reft of rosy hue;
Her cheeks, they shone with light divine,
Though moist with earthy dew.

With weeping dread the attentive eye
Look'd anxiously around;
Each ear was mournfully awake
To catch the dying sound.

A Dirge.

But one sad youth, of tristful mien
Sat by her bedside there,
And long'd to drink with fervent joy
Each accent of the fair.

On her for many a bygone year
His hopes had center'd been,
And now his cheek of deadly hue
As the dying girl's was seen.

The deadly smart the lover felt
Frail language cannot tell,
As the maiden turn'd her feeble head
And whisper'd "Love, farewell!"

Farewell, and the vital spark of heaven
From the clay-cold corse had fled,
And the maiden and her lover too
Were number'd with the dead.

One grave contained the loving pair
Who died in a dear embrace,
And a simple tomb in the dull churchyard
Points out the sacred place.

The village children's loving hands
The fading flowers prepare,
And week by week the infant throng
Present their offering there.

The birds, methinks, as they linger there,
Sing forth their livelier notes,
And the feather'd songsters there delight
To tune their vocal throats.

As though they sang as they warbled aloud—
"Here sleeps a sinless pair,
Whom death with a sympathetic dart
Hath stricken prostrate there."

A. P.

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.

A TALE OF THE WAR IN KAFFRARIA.

BY MISS GEORGINA C. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE."

THREE staid and elderly matrons were seated at the upper part of the large table occupying the centre of the spacious fore-house or hall, while before them steamed the never-failing afternoon's refreshment, "tea-water," which Vrow Müller was, ever and anon, busy in dispensing to her guests. A slave-girl, with small regular features, and long black hair gathered closely into a knot, stood at one of the inner doors, ready to receive and execute the behests of her mistress; her dark eyes often sparkling meanwhile, and her white teeth appearing, to betray her unrepressed merriment at some tale or remark of her gossiping superiors, whose vicinity formed no restraint on the gambols of two dusky children, just able to walk, that were playing at the damsel's feet. Without the house, to the right of the entrance, sat Myuler Müller on the broad stone stoop, smoking in silence, and enjoying the cool southerly breeze, if he could not his own reflections, which, to judge by the frequent contractions of his ample brow, seemed not altogether pleasant; and every time that he raised his eyes, and saw, by the shadows advancing higher on the opposite hills, how near sunset was approaching, a darker shadow would overspread his own countenance, and a denser curl of smoke would circle in the air. It was evident that something had greatly discomposed Mynheer Erasmus Müller.

But if there had, there was one who marked it not, a tall and graceful girl—one whose smile might form the sunshine of any home, who stood at the nearer end of the stoop, looking far into the distance, and watching intently a small line of lighter ground on the side of a barren hill, which indicated the road from Graham's Town. She had now been for years her father's only daughter—the elder of the two children who were spared out of many, and the chief object of his parental love; for Erasmus Müller felt little pride in the pale sickly boy whose lameness required the assistance of a stick as he drew near his sister.

"You watch for him, Zetza," he remarked; then added in a very low tone, "I would go to meet him, but he would not know me, and I could not ride back as fast as he would come."

"I wish she had no cause to watch," growled the father angrily. "I wish he was not coming; I would have prevented it, had I been able."

"But, father, he never did anything to offend you," said Zetza, turning with the smile which had often proved her most convincing argument. "It is six years since we saw him, and then, though you liked not his father, you always treated Ignace kindly."

"I did not like his father, and do not, for his affection to the British yoke. I like not to see any servant of the English government be-

neath my roof, and least of all, one who is my sister's child. I had no time, or he should have learnt my thoughts ; a Müller never was inhospitable, or I should have turned him from my door. But, as it is, when he comes, he shall be treated as if he were welcome ; though, when he goes, it shall be never to return. So receive him as a friend, children ; I forbid you not. Forget, for a week, that he is an English officer."

Replacing his pipe, Mynheer Müller smoked on with renewed industry, and his children offered no reply to the most decided assertion of dislike to the British government which had ever reached their ears from his lips since they had been old enough to heed it.

Müller had known what it was to fight beneath the Dutch flag before the taking of the Cape ; had never forgiven the British ensign's becoming victorious in South Africa ; and after having been deeply, though unsuspectedly, concerned in the Boors' rebellion, the summer commencing in 1834 found him, in his old age, a frontier farmer, and one of the few discontented spirits who, there seems any reason to suppose, murmured then against existing powers, whether colonial or at home. He had been, for years, at enmity with his brother-in-law, a wealthy landowner in the district of George, in consequence of the latter's satisfaction with the stranger's rule ; and, though his son had been allowed to pass some months of his boyhood at Müller's house, it had only been because Erasmus hoped to instil into the young mind the prejudices of his own. But this degree of softening had been soon repented of, when Ignatius Vaureenen was sent to finish his education in England ; and yet more bitterly, when he learned that Mynheer Vaureenen had yielded to his son's entreaties, and allowed him to enter the British army. The youth's regiment was at Mauritius, and now on his way to join it ; he had a few months leave to spend at the Cape of Good Hope ; and on reaching home, after six years' absence, had written to prepare his uncle and cousins for a speedy visit. It might have been policy that allowed no time for a reply, or it might only have been the distinct recollection of a fair girl of eleven, who, with the height and beauty of more advanced years in other climes, haunted his thoughts as a dream of loveliness which had closed his eyes to other attractions.

It was chiefly as a variety to their peaceful but monotonous existence, that Zetza had been so anxious to greet her absent relation, and now her father's remarks made her half regret his coming ; but whilst she listened, he had passed the place which she had watched, and two horsemen riding rapidly up to the house, was the first intimation of their approach, and she advanced to greet him with a welcome which, one half-hour before, would have been more unembarrassed. His uncle's reception of him was precisely that of guest by host ; the Vrow Müller was as affectionate and uninteresting as ever ; but Wilhelm shrunk from notice, as though the fall of the tree which had lamed him, had distorted mind as well as body, making it a thing that he should blush for ; and as though his misfortune should turn from him the love of all others, as it had repelled his father's.

The sooner the rosebud opens the sooner the flower too often fades ; and Ignace might have thought to find the charms of early girlhood already passing from his cousin ; but not one had fled, and their attrac-

tion kept far longer, in Mynheer Müller's presence, the irritation to which he had made up his mind for a week's endurance.

But that week had been lengthened into two, and still, though his uncle was never particularly gracious, Ignace did not speak of going. Some suspicion of the truth did enter the old man's mind, but he was too prudent to hazard the chance of leading, by their betrayal, his daughter's thoughts in a direction they might otherwise avoid.

The third week was at length advancing, and there seemed no more hope of young Vaureen's departure than there had been at the beginning of the first. The long walks in the deep kloofs and over the broad ploots grew longer every day, and the loitering on the stoop in the calm starlight grew more protracted every evening, until Müller's patience was fairly exhausted—the last remnant deserting him as he noticed the striking contrast between the listlessness with which Zetza hearkened to a handsome young Boor, who had rode twenty miles to visit them, and the attention she gave to her scarcely handsomer, but more intellectual and elegant cousin.

"Pray, Ignace, how long did you tell your father you should be absent, when you left him?" demanded Müller, during dinner, interrupting a dialogue he little liked to observe, which was being carried on in whispers; while Carl Breda conversed with his hostess, keeping his admiring, though not exactly satisfied gaze fixed on Zetza.

"A week, perhaps," stammered Vaureen, colouring; "but I have written to him since."

"And for what period has he agreed to your remaining?"

"I did not mention any particular time," said Ignace, hesitatingly.

"Then I think you had best return at once; your father cannot like your remaining away from him so long, and I do not choose that he should think I was to blame. If there is any further quarrel with your family, it shall not be my fault," added old Müller, with peculiar emphasis, and striking off a skewer the whole array of smoking carbonatjees with a single blow of such force that his plate was severed as it fell, and even the heavy yellow-wood table shaken.

"Why, Müller, how was that?" inquired his helpmate. "Here, Alida, run, get another plate for the Baas; I must think his has been cracked. And so you will leave us, Ignace?"

"Yes, at daylight tomorrow," was the reply; and if the young officer looked sadder, Carl Breda's spirits seemed infinitely lightened by the intelligence.

A few hours after, two persons were wandering slowly amid the picturesque mimosa groups which shadowed, here and there, the smooth green turf of a small and shallow valley. Both were silent; for the thought of parting weighed heavy on the heart of each. Zetza regretted it, she wist not exactly why; but Ignace knew, far too well for his own composure of mind, the nature of the sentiments with which he had learned to regard his cousin. Dared he to hope they were reciprocated? There were moments when he had hoped it; and surely, if it were so, Müller's affection for his daughter and former kindness to himself might overcome the long-existing dislike towards his father.

Twenty-one—at least, with his sex—is commonly sanguine, and Ignace looked on the brightest aspect of the future.

"Come, sit here, Zetza," said he at length, leading her within the shade of the graceful trees. "I had much to say, but seem unable; yet I would ask if you will not feel a little sorry to see your cousin go—for how long it may be, he fears almost to think?"

Zetza looked at him for an instant, then quickly turned her face away without reply; but he saw that the large blue eyes were dimmed with tears—and what need to particularise further? The moments sped swiftly onwards, and the shadows lengthened; while the lover's voice awoke feelings which were but slumbering in the maiden's heart, casting their influence over her thoughts, yet in themselves unknown: and when the discordant scream of a toucan flying slowly by broke in, like an evil omen, on their forgetfulness of the world, and recalled them to the present reality, the affection of the girl had been owned as fully as her cousin's.

"But you are going away; you will leave the Cape altogether," said Zetza, sadly, as though the toucan's cry, jarring on her nerves, had banished the feelings of unfearing happiness.

"No, Zetza, no! that can easily be arranged. Had I not heard, while in Europe, a false rumour that you were married, I had not, perhaps, been what I am."

"But we have parents, and they are not friends."

"Mine will, I know, receive and love you, as though you had been his own daughter," cried Ignace, eagerly.

"Hark!" interrupted Zetza; "there is a step; some one is near!"

"It must be Wilhelm; he was gathering lilies at the vlay, and has followed us."

But the youth had scarcely spoken, when the towering form of Erasmus Müller stood before the lovers. He appeared, at first, displeased, yet nothing more, at seeing them; but their own disconcerted looks betrayed them instantly, and in a voice of anger, the old man demanded what had happened. Zetza covered her face with her hands, and Ignace looked down in silence.

"Leave us, child," continued Müller; "I would speak with this young man alone."

A single look was exchanged between them, ere the girl tremblingly obeyed, and within an hour, Ignace was on his way to George, with an intimation never more to enter his uncle's house, and Zetza was weeping over the first sorrow she had known; while Müller puffed away at his pipe, and frowned, and stamped, and clenched his hands, until the little slave-boy who sat crouched up in the corner of the stoop, watching him with his deep-black glittering eyes, had half fancied it must be the intoxicating daka that the Baas was so indefatigably smoking.

This was September; and early in October, Müller informed his daughter that their friend Breda wished to make her the mistress of his house, and that both her mother and himself were perfectly satisfied with the idea of having her permanently settled within the distance of twenty miles.

Zetza pulled a sprig of scarlet geranium into a hundred pieces—it was but a type of the ruin her father's communication had brought on the little of hope and happiness which yet lingered in her heart; then throwing, with an impatient gesture, the desolate branch to a distance

from the stoop, she leaned on a large arm of the vine which covered an entire side with its deep-green leaves, and, still in silence, bowed her head upon her hand.

"See," continued Müller, after a pause, and pointing to a dark speck far away on the plaat; "yonder is Christian riding away with my answer, and Breda will be here to-morrow to speak as young men do to young girls on such occasions."

"I would sooner die than marry Carl Breda," exclaimed Zetza, clasping her hands, and looking up in her father's face.

"And I would sooner see you dead than marry Ignace Vaureenen," retorted Müller, in the harsh tones with which he oftentimes rebuked unruly oxen.

It was the first time that the young officer had been alluded to by either since the parting in the mimosa grove, and at his name, Zetza drooped her head again to hide her tears, and the Boer paced along the stoop with the tread of a hippopotamus and the dignity of a lion.

At length, he returned to the weeping girl. "Hear me, child," said he; "you know I do not speak much; but what I say I mean. I love you better than house, or lands, or slaves, or cattle; yet I would rather fling you into the midst of the Fish River when the freshets were rushing in their greatest fury from the mountains, than Ignatius Vaureenen should call you wife—sooner than any friend and servant of the government I have not hated less because it could crush me, if I showed any hostility, should call me father."

Zetza shuddered as he spoke, and, without daring to look up, leaned in silence against the vine branches.

Müller paused awhile for the reply which was not attempted—then proceeded, "But I know well what you can do; if you are resolved to break your father's heart, you can. Your seventeen years have given you much wisdom—so says the law; and you can defy me. You may summon me to set forth my objections, and the court would tell you to marry and be happy. But hark you, Zetza!" added the old man, grinding his teeth and clenching his hands, "it will be your father's curse which will be his gift on your wedding day, and make your misery through life."

"Father, father! do not speak so," cried the poor girl imploringly; "I would never disgrace myself and you by such an act. But why ask me to wed another? Why can I not stay here to sing to you and write for you, as I have ever done? Let me be as before he came, and I will never reproach you."

"No! the daughter of Erasmus Müller must not pass her days in her father's house as though none had asked her hand. You are the first of your race who has ever been left so long unwedded, and this must not be. One by one have your elder brothers and sisters been cut off, until, of the fifteen merry children that I have seen picking gokums and chasing kolkontjees on the plaat, only one remains to form the pride of my old age; and I could not close my eyes in peace upon my deathbed, unless I had placed you under the protection of a husband every way worthy of you."

"But there is Wilhelm," said Zetza, timidly; "and you, my father, you are not young, but you are always in health, and as

strong and as powerful as I ever remember you—why talk of your death ? ”

“ Wilhelm ! ” said the Boer, contemptuously ; “ he will never be fit for anything but to gather flowers, and feed tame antelopes. But of me, child—have you forgotten that old age requires no sickness to be the forerunner of death ? I am healthy and strong, it is true, and so I may be till almost the very last ; but I have lived my time, and you know that it is not here as in our fatherland ; for, in this climate, extreme old age is rare, and when we attain advanced years, we die off with illness or without, to make way for the next generation. I am an old man now ; I have no friend as old ; and as they will, some day soon, have to bring my coffin out of the lumber-room, it is now time I settled all my affairs, and saw my daughter married.”

The old man's tone softened as he proceeded, and Zetza wept bitterly ; for she knew that he had numbered more than seventy years.

“ And now,” he continued, pursuing his advantage, “ you know why I press this marriage. And what have you to urge against it, except what I will not have mentioned in my presence ? Has not Breda the best farm and the most cattle of any young man we know ? Young, rich, good-looking, and good-tempered—what more can you ask ? ”

The girl was silent, and Müller's brow grew once more dark and angry as he said, “ Answer me, Zetza, if you would not have me believe you but awaiting your father's death to disobey him ! Ay, and answer me, girl, as though you cared whether your father's dying words should convey a blessing or a curse.”

Is it any wonder that so, wrought upon, so urged—accustomed, moreover, from infancy upward, never to question the propriety of any decree, any action of her parent ; is it any wonder that the unhappy girl flung herself into her father's arms, and with bitter tears replied, “ Do with me as you please, I will know no will but yours ! ” and Müller embraced his child with as much satisfaction and apparent affection, as though he had not just been exacting from her one of the greatest sacrifices which maiden's heart could make.

After this, Zetza's cheek grew every week more pale, and her smile less frequent ; but she never murmured ; and her father felt confident that all would in time be well. Her mother, who, from a flirting girl, had become a careful, good-humoured, and well-meaning, but soulless housewife, was too deeply intent upon preparing the wardrobe of the bride, to have much leisure for reflection on her chances of happiness ; while poor Wilhelm, who knew the truth, could but regret it, and vainly wish that he had power to interfere—for to him his father seldom spoke, and never listened ; thinking, because his frame was weak, his words gentle, and his tastes refined, that his heart must be faint and his spirit degenerate.

Thus weeks passed on—Müller had settled all worldly affairs with his son-in-law elect to their mutual satisfaction, and his view determined the number, fashion, and material of the bride's garments, the component parts of the wedding feast, and arranged the list of guests to be invited, which, with an aching heart but obedient hand, poor Zetza had written out ; in short every preparation advanced with the utmost smoothness and regularity ; and like many a family on the frontier,

the Müllers rested, in deceitful tranquillity, over a slumbering volcano, which the slightest convulsion, or the mere progress of time itself, would soon awaken. Already there had occurred circumstances which might have excited doubt, but the feeling of security was too strong, and they would not fear. Cattle and horses had been driven off in large numbers, and with unusual boldness; armed Kafirs of threatening demeanour had been seen in the neutral territory, and even within the colony; in the latter, the number without passes were increasing, and to ride or shoot alone on the immediate frontier was no longer exactly safe—but it was merely “the Kafirs were very troublesome;” and they would not believe in the actual existence and presence of danger. Müller was one of the most incredulous; he hated the English, but he despised the Kafirs, and did not believe the latter would ever again dare to forsake hostilities with his hardy brethren and their warlike conquerors.

One thing did somewhat disturb his equanimity as the end of the year approached—not a fear lest he had judged not wisely for his daughter's happiness—not an apprehension of any inroad on the part of his savage neighbours, though the latter were the agents; but the diminution of that portion of his wealth which roamed on four feet over the wide plaats and through the shady valleys. Not a week passed that one of the herds did not appear before the Baas, with a confession that some of the “ogen” were missing, until from the wrath which only a recollection of the Magistrate's Court and Guardian of Slaves withheld him from wreaking on the hired Hottentot or bondman, the Boer's mind inclined to the conviction that the Kafirs were alone to blame. Scarcely a week closed without the discovery, some morning when the kraals were opened, that a horse, or a couple of his finest cows, or several of his most promising young cattle, had been abstracted during the night. The “spoor” led away across the frontier; and patrol after patrol had been demanded by Müller (who never scrupled to claim the Government's protection and assistance), until the wearied authorities could not grant one half he asked. And when the plunder was traced, and restitution demanded from the kraal, where the spoor directed them, it was always the smallest and the leanest of the miserable cattle which are on such occasions usually substituted for the stolen property, that was selected for Erasmus Müller. To such treatment he was accustomed, for his name was very dark among the natives near the boundary. His two eldest sons had been assailed many years before, when on commands; and every time he looked on the sickly youth, who remained to be his heir and representative, he cursed in his heart the tribe which had torn from him his boldest and most powerful. His hatred was not disguised; neither friendliness nor pity did Kafir ever meet with at his hands—no child of the Amakosa ever received food or shelter beneath his roof—no aggression or trespass did he ever forgive if the law could give him means to punish it—no wanderer of the nation did he ever accost, save in anger, or to demand if he had a pass, so as, in case of defraud, to have him apprehended as a vagrant. His was, in short, a character, which, though perhaps but one out of a hundred, nearly approached that which some would ascribe to the majority of his class.

The week preceding Christmas at length arrived, and the thunder-cloud gathered heavier than ever on the frontier, but the devastation that would attend its bursting, remained as yet unforeseen, save by very few, except the evil boding spirits whose croakings had often been the prelude to the sunniest times. The Müllers were among the most careless and insensible, for the wedding was near at hand, and, from divers causes, there were none had many thoughts to spare from it.

According to Dutch Colonial customs, wealthy as both parties were, the banns had been proclaimed in the nearest church for the last time, on the previous sabbath; and, in compliance with the same, Zetza had, with a heavy heart and aching brow, yet attired with unusual care, taken her place during the week, in the little-used drawing-room, to receive the congratulations of friends and neighbours on the approaching marriage, and to give in person the requisite invitations. It was a hard task, yet performed without complaint; and though a mournful smile was the poor girl's chief reply to their felicitations, there were few that troubled themselves with any doubts of her perfect contentment, and satisfaction with her lot: even the young friends who were to be bridesmaids, and were already her guests, had not been taken into her confidence, and if she seemed less cheerful than they thought she might, they remembered that she had ever been more quiet than themselves, more fond of books and solitude, and thinking; and they therefore imagined it must be her way of being happy.

They were all on the stoop shortly after sunset, as daylight was waxing dim, and the eye could just trace the position of the stars by their faint glimmer in the heavens: Müller with a friend sat there smoking, and exchanging a few words at long intervals. Zetza stood at one end surrounded by her young companions, with some of whom Breda was flirting laughingly; while at other moments he conversed with his future mother-in-law, whose gaze was bent with the utmost placidity on the shadowy forms of the undulating hills, which, in many a graceful line, swept far away into the distance, her fingers busily engaged meanwhile in knitting, and her mind in determining the precise quantity of sweetmeats the coming festival would require.

"When is Ignace Vaarenen coming?" asked Johanna Vander Meyer, at length.

"We do not expect him, Hannie," was the quiet reply; yet as Zetza spoke she bent her face to hide its expression, and, with unconscious fingers, plucked the unripe grapes which hung in heavy clusters beside her.

"Ah! they are getting very large," said her mother, observing the action; "I think they will be grown sufficient for tarts on Tuesday."

The other girls laughed, and Breda smiled, but Zetza let the grapes fall from her hand as though they had been scorpions.

"But what's that Müller talks of?" continued the matron, as Erasmus' voice was heard speaking rapidly; and, gathering up her knitting, the worthy vrow sailed off to where two Hottentot herds were standing before her husband and her friend, all four being in evident discomposure. Her visitors followed, and when Zetza again looked up, only her brother stood beside her.

"I wish I was like Breda," he said, "as strong and as active; and

then my father might not think me a fool, and might listen to what I said ; then, this never should take place. But it is useless wishing !”

“ Useless and worse !” replied his sister. “ And yet, Wilhelm, I could almost think—would it were no sin to wish that one were dead !”

“ But do not think so,” said the boy, earnestly. “ You remember four years since, when the tree crushed me ; well, afterwards, when I found that I should live but as a creature to be a burden to myself and disagreeable to others, then I was very unhappy, and wished to die, and hated life. But the minister talked to me, and reasoned with me long, until he made me ashamed of all that I had wished. He explained how we should try to be resigned to everything ; how what we most disliked was often for the best ; and how patience was sometimes rewarded by our sorrow being turned into gladness, when no hope of happiness remained. He told me that I might find reason to thank God that he had spared my life to be of use to others ; and sometimes, Zetza, when I have fancied I made a long day seem shorter to you, I have thought that Mr. M—— was right, and have felt glad that I was left, though none besides you liked me. I do not believe that I have said what I intended, Zetza, but I meant to comfort you, and bid you not to grieve too much, for, perhaps, God will make you happy yet ; you are doing right, and he will not forsake you !”

The maiden sighed deeply, then wiped away a few lingering tears as she answered—

“ I endeavour to do my duty ; I can do no more. But come, Wilhelm, we should not be loitering here ; something is evidently wrong, and we ought not to appear indifferent.”

They joined the group on the centre of the stoop, but did not at first learn what had occurred, as Müller was running along a whole string of the fiercest Dutch expletives with bewildering rapidity and startling emphasis, but without any distinct allusion to the cause of his displeasure.

“ What is the matter, Hans ?” inquired Wilhelm, in an undertone, of one of the herds. But, low as it was, the Boor overheard it in the midst of his execrations.

“ What is the matter !” he repeated indignantly, and a volley of fearful anathemas was showered on the head of the unfortunate Wilhelm. “ Of course you don’t know ! you never care for anything ! The farm may go to ruin—Tyali may ride my horses, and Macomo drink the milk of my cows ; it’s not worth your attending to. We shall soon be reduced to feed on snooks’ heads and rice, yet here you come with your smooth face and satisfied air, and ask, ‘ What is the matter ? ’”

“ A number of cattle have been carried off,” said Breda, in explanation. “ There are—let me see——”

“ Two span oxen, and five Namaqua beasts, and the Baas’s skimmel horse,” supplied Hans, telling off the misfortunes on his fingers.

“ And they are gone,” began Wilhelm——

“ To Kafirland, of course !” thundered his father. “ Any one but a child or a fool would have known that without a question ! But you never do or know anything. And now I must send a letter off for a patrol. Come child !” this was to Zetza.

"I will write it," said Wilhelm, who saw his sister would have been little fitted for the effort; "that much at least I can do."

And the youth passed into the house to prepare for a letter dictated in Dutch to be done into English.

"How troublesome the Kafirs are!" said Johanna Vander Meyer. "What if they break into the colony, and carry us all off, or murder us!"

"They would not dare," said Breda, laughing; "twenty of them would fly from the pointing of my roer. We have guns, and ammunition, and ready arms, and bold hearts to protect you, and willing ones too, as Adrian Hofmeister would say if he were here. So do not fear, *mein lieber haatjee*."

The girls laughed, and the giddy but pretty Hannie Vander Meyer blushed, for Adrian was her very devoted. And in such merriment died away, as in other places, every serious thought of a Kafir invasion.

It was late in the afternoon of the ensuing Monday, and Mynheer Müller had been riding round his fields, and viewing his herds and flocks—which still were larger, though somewhat shrunken—as under the charge of their dusky guardians; they were returning slowly in the direction of the *kraals*, at an earlier hour than had been usual a few weeks previous to that time. The sight was pleasant, for it would have taken many thousand rix dollars to purchase what he looked on; yet, ever and anon, a twitching of his heavy brows, bespoke the Boer's wrath as he remembered the absent: the loss of his favourite skimmel horse, too, one seldom let out to graze, especially irritated him, and in token of his dissatisfaction with the inferior animal he then was riding, he beat the poor creature unmercifully with his heavy sambok, for any fault, or none, which he committed.

While thus agreeably occupied, Müller observed a horseman riding towards him. To do this in a straight line, he had to pass beneath the boughs of several trees, and bent his head to avoid the contact. As he was nearly under the last, Müller saw the horse start and rear, striking his rider's head against the branch, which knocked him from his seat. The Boer galloped instantly to the spot, when the cause of the steed's affright was soon discovered in a snake which was rising in a half upright posture from the grass, and ready to repeat his baffled spring. Without casting a look towards the prostrate horseman, the Boer dismounted, and with his sambok put a speedy termination to the reptile's life; then, after a few rough words of encouragement to the horse, he turned to look at his rider.

What was his astonishment when he beheld Ignatius Vaureenen rising from the ground, and only just recovering from the confusion of his stunning fall! "What! you, the slave, the paltry dependant of the British, dare to intrude here!" exclaimed the enraged farmer. "Did I not forbid you to ever put foot on ground which called me master? Did I not forbid you to ever enter my presence more?"

"But, uncle, hear me!" remonstrated Ignace.

But Müller was not disposed to listen, and proceeded to pour forth a torrent of abuse in a language which is admitted to be well adapted to the purpose. Young Vaureenen was, however, resolved to have heard what he had gone thither to say, so listened in almost unbroken,

if impatient, silence, as did Wilhelm who had been reading in the shade of an acacia group at a little distance, and now arrived.

"I should not have been here, but in the hope of doing you service," said Ignace, when Müller had at length talked himself out of breath: "but I could not be easy with the idea that my relations were in danger. Have you not heard there are reports that it is likely the Kafirs will rush in upon us? that they have been preparing arms these three years, and are now ready for the outbreak? I came to tell, lest you should not know it."

"Idle tales—nonsense!" said the Boer, contemptuously.

"They are, unfortunately, far more deserving of notice. 'Twas said the Kafirs only awaited an opportunity; and now the signal has been given—an English officer has been wounded in attempting to recover stolen cattle, his irritated men killed a chief—a relation of Macomo, and the report is, that Macomo vows vengeance."

"I know all—the cattle were mine!" interrupted Müller, impatiently. "If you have no more to say, you need not have come. With my own slaves, I could stand against Macomo and his nation; but the young men of this day are children!"

"But, hear me out, sir!" persisted his nephew, "this is likely to be no child's play; those older and wiser than I, consider the frontier farms at least as menaced with great danger, and as it is rumoured you are personally disliked, I entreat you to heed my warning."

"And do what?" asked Müller, ironically. "Fly before the whistling of the desert wind? No! Erasmus Müller will never run away at the shaking of an assegai."

"But provide, at least, for the safety of those who cannot fight. Do not leave my aunt and cousin exposed to danger! my father's house is ready to receive them, and down at George there will be no fear of their security."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Müller, long and scornfully. "So that is it, I find—you would have Zetza within your reach. But she will have another protector soon; you might not have been so anxious about her, had you known that to-morrow Breda will be her husband."

The youth turned away for a moment, but in the next replied, though with a pale cheek and agitated voice, "I did *not* know it was to be so soon—yet it is the same to me—if you will but send her to a place of safety; I will not even try to see her. But do take the proper measures, for I have heard aggressions have begun, and murders have already been committed, and reports are flying about in all directions."

"Like bees, to sting only those who are afraid. But you forget," continued the Boer with a provoking smile, "we shall have a wedding to-morrow, and Zetza will go away."

"But not out of danger," urged Vaureenen: "Breda's place is as exposed as this. And this is no time for festivity, when each hour may be our last of peace, and a horde of savages may be your guests. Do not delay, or you may find it too late. Let my aunt and cousin be in safety; and then, if you remain here, and will permit me, I will stay to fight and defend your house to the last moment."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the Boer again.

"O do listen to him, father!" entreated Wilhelm.

"Out of my sight you misshapen elf!" vociferated his father, in a rage: "never yet did your mouth open to utter aught save folly. Are you both agreed in one story? or are you but frightened at his tales? Out of my sight, you soulless idiot! As for you," addressing Ignace, "I see through you as the air at midday. I have heard of hunters who followed the bird, to seek the honey, and found the tiger; but I am too old to be deceived. Begone, this instant, and never let me see you on my land again! Begone! I tell you, if you would not be driven away like a Kafir thief."

Against rage of this nature there could be no remonstrance; and Ignace had no choice but to depart, although reluctantly, and with an anxiety for the fate of both his cousins, which almost bore down the fire of his resentment at his uncle's ungenerous and insulting conduct. Müller rode back to the house, but mentioned nothing of what had happened to its inmates; nor did Wilhelm, for he knew it would but uselessly alarm many, and deeply agitate one whose emotions needed no awaking.

The morrow came: it was Tuesday the 23rd of December. The whole family were astir before sunrise; and bustle and preparation were seen in all directions. The bridesmaid's flew hither and thither, assisting their hostess to deck the tables, or conveying sundry of her numerous mandates to her household: the slaves wandered about, to all appearance busy, but, in truth, laughing and jesting, and sadly neglectful of their tasks—while with a heavy heart the poor bride listened to the sounds of hurry and gladness, and sighed to think of the cause.

Who can tell how painful were the suppressed emotions which swelled within her bosom, while her young attendants arrayed her in her bridal dress? how darkly her mind drew the contrast between what was and what might have been? how her heart owned that if it had known this hour had been felt so bitterly, it could hardly have dared to meet it? But it was too late to retract—too late even to allow the vain wish to harbour in her thoughts, though as yet, she could not banish it.

Time passed on, but the guests arrived slowly and scantily—the reality of the coming storm had begun to be acknowledged, and not one third that had been bidden, appeared to attend the wedding, or taste the banquet. Müller's brow grew dark, and in detached and muttered words he set down half his friends as "fools." The busy vrow was dissatisfied that there was a chance of so few doing honour to her skill, while many a young cheek turned for a moment pale, and Breda and his few companions laughed at the fears that were abroad.

At length the moment came—the bride was led in by her father, and colourless as her own white robe, stood beside her destined lord. All marked how deadly pale she looked; but in her own feelings the struggle seemed to have passed by, and an unnatural calmness, it should perhaps, be termed, insensibility, succeeded. It was no effort to maintain composure, for she felt as though incapable of agitation.

That day was bright—sunny and glorious as December usually is in South Africa; the air slept silently on hill and plain, and the note of the golden cuckoo came afar from the almost inaccessible depths of the distant and darkly wooded kloof, which he haunted like a spirit—heard,

but seldom seen. Yet one heavy cloud arose, and in the stillness of the atmosphere travelled slowly upward: it was alone, the sky was clear beyond, so no one heeded it: but a little before midday it overcast the sun, and a sudden gloom fell upon the earth; and Hannie Vander Meyer, whose mind was somewhat turned with the suppositions of her Affricander nurse, felt a chill come over her heart as she noticed the instantaneous darkening of the heavens in the very moment that Mr. M—— uttered the first words of the ceremony, which was to link her friend's lot in this life with Breda's. Slowly it passed on, and when the statue-like bride had received the congratulations of her friends, the veil was withdrawn, and the sun shone forth again in all its meridian splendour.

Red constantia and bride-cake, laughter and merriment, formed the business of the hour, and all darker thoughts seemed forgotten under the intoxicating influence of mirth. Yet ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, before a Hottentot was seen riding at full speed up the approach to the house. Wilhelm hastened to the stoop as rapidly as his lameness would permit, when the messenger threw himself from his horse, and, without speaking, unbound a handkerchief from his waist and drew from it a letter, which the youth seized impatiently. But it was nothing, at least to the party at large—it was directed to Mr. M——, one of his flock, many miles away, was dying, and requested his presence. When the clergyman made this known, Wilhelm had to endure a sneering comment from his father on his anxiety, and a less insulting, but what would have been at another time not less galling laugh from his new brother, but he was too thankful the tidings were no worse, to feel indignant at their sarcasms.

"I don't like Mr. M——'s being called away from a wedding party to attend a death-bed," whispered Hannie Vander Meyer to young Hofmeister; "it seems a bad omen for dear Zetza."

Adrian rallied her on her idle fancies, and the debate soon merged into flirtation; while on every side the laugh and jest were heard again, and, after a few pitying phrases, none seemed oppressed with much concern for the acquaintance who required their pastor's saddest offices. Again the mistress of the house bustled to and fro to hurry her loitering slaves in their preparations for the tiffin, which had been the source of so much anxiety and anticipation of renown; again the bridesmaids flew about like aides-de-camp in action, and a few of the elder guests began to look towards the door in expectation of the banquet being announced. The sound of horses' feet was heard; but no one was seen, and it was not heeded. Then issued a loud outcry of dismay from the culinary regions.

"Oh, my heart!" exclaimed the bride's mother, starting up in horror; "something is the matter in the kitchen; all things are going the wrong way with the tiffin."

"Perhaps with more than it," thought Wilhelm instantly as he rose also; while Hannie's cheek grew pale, and Zetza looked through the window on the distant orange grove, and neither thought nor feared. Another moment, and there was a rush of feet, and all around, within and without the entrance of the room, was filled with dark faces of every size, and expressive of every degree of consternation.

"Oh, Jarow! Jarow!" shrieked a girl, darting forward and falling at the feet of her mistress; "we are lost—we are dead! the Kafirs are upon us!"

"What's this?" demanded Müller.

It was true enough at least to excuse the slave's fear and exaggeration. Several bands of Kafirs were in the colony, and men had been killed and dwellings destroyed during the preceding day and night. In truth, six Boers had fallen already; though how many was then unknown to the frightened servants, who, after the plunderers' departure, had caught stray horses, and in terror galloped off to spread the tidings of devastation. There were two fugitives, and the master of each was buried beneath the smoking ruins of his home.

In a few minutes, all was hurry and confusion; oxen being "inspanned" and horses "saddled-up;" and on every hand was ordering and finding fault, and impatience and regret. Müller's place was not very defensible—a line of bush extending to within fifty yards of the house; yet, had all the guests remained with their attendants, it would have required a large party to destroy it. But this could not be; each had some duty that required his presence at a distance. There were homes to be protected—children or parents who might be in instant need of the strong arm and bold heart of the father or the son; and for the weaker, there were relatives whose danger, if it existed, must be shared. Müller himself was urged to fly, and seek shelter elsewhere, but he spurned the counsel in disdain. Hannie Vander Meyer, who dearly loved her friend, and whose relations were beyond the probable reach of evil, was anxious to remain with Zetza.

"You will not—you must not," asserted Adrian.

"I shall," replied the maiden.

"You must not," repeated the youth; "you have a father and mother and sisters down at Uitenhage, who will be wretched when they hear of this outbreak, and in despair if any evil occur to you. Müller is hated by the Kafirs, and his house is sure not to escape."

"But you have heard the Kafirs spare the women. If they come, I shall not be hurt."

"I would not trust to the mercy of any," exclaimed Hofmeister; "and never, never, when their passions are aroused by personal hatred. If a woman were killed anywhere it might well be here, and you shall not stay. See, horses are saddled for all of us; your own is there. My faithful slave Hendrick will go with us, and your little Mitje must ride for once. Five minutes I give you to get on your habit and bid farewell; but after that, we must be gone. I should not deserve your father's friendship if I left you longer here."

They went; and Breda tried to persuade Zetza also to flight, but she was inflexible; her insensibility was past; her energies were aroused, and the passive yielding girl had become a woman of thought and firmness as well as feeling.

"I will not leave my father's house at such a time," she said; "no persuasions shall induce me, no commands impel. My heart is not changed within this hour, and what would have been my duty before is now the same; so where my parents choose to stay, there I remain, and share the chances of life and death with them."

The last guests had gone, though with reluctance, and after sad and brief adieux, when Hans came rushing in to tell that his cattle had been carried off by armed Kafirs, and his fellow-herdsman killed. He had narrowly escaped, and on looking back from a neighbouring hill, he had seen some of the savages entering the bush not ten minutes' journey behind him.

This demanded instant attention ; all the slaves were summoned into the forehouse, when it was discovered that, of the eight men that had been counted on, two Mozambique prize slaves had taken themselves off to provide for their own safety otherwise. No time was lost in arming the rest ; and then the value of Wilhelm's prudence and foresight was discovered ; for he had taken care that every gun and all the ammunition in the house should be at hand and serviceable.

The shutters were all closed, the doors fastened, and the family and servants repaired to the upper rooms to watch for the arrival of their savage enemies. All had been done with great rapidity, and the ten minutes had not elapsed when, turning from the half-darkened window, Wilhelm looked back at his sister, and his voice did tremble as he said, " They are coming."

The Boer detected his emotion, but misunderstood it. " That a son of mine should prove a coward ! " exclaimed he bitterly. " Your brothers died like men."

" And so can I," replied Wilhelm, and for once he spoke proudly. " And you, perhaps, may see me fall ; but do not let us die with angry words upon our lips."

Something in his tone pleased Müller, and, for the first time for years, he cast a look of satisfaction on his son. The next instant they both and Breda fired simultaneously, and the fall of two of the foremost Kafirs, and a third being evidently wounded, proved the accuracy of their aim.

This gave a momentary check, but they came on like a cloud of locusts, and rushing towards the house, the hurried fire of the servants did little harm, and left its traces merely in one or two wounded men. The crash of glass was heard instantly as they endeavoured to force in the windows ; but the heavy and strongly-fastened shutters within withstood their efforts ; while from the casements above, which were all provided with similar defences, only withdrawn a little to permit an aim, the besieged kept up a fire on their assailants, which, if not always deadly, was sufficient greatly to interfere with their proceedings ; and again and again the savages retreated, and many a shower of assegais was directed against the defenders, but the shutters were so quickly closed that most of the missiles fell harmlessly back to their owners. The scene without was fearful ; dark beings rushing to and fro like demons, with looks and gestures as of fiends obeying Satan's mandates. Within 'twas very painful and fearful also ; all the children were collected round their mistress, with tears and suppressed lamentations—some cowering to the ground, others clinging to her dress ; while she, who, though a kind and worthy woman, was little suited to such exigencies, had, on the Kafirs' first appearance, caught her daughter to her bosom with the exclamation, " O mein kindt ! mein kindt ! " but spoke no more, and now sat, weeping and disconsolate, the very image of despair.

Zetza had quickly withdrawn from her mother's embrace, for she had other duties to perform; and though as convinced as any that there resistance could not avail, she proved that something of the courage of her father and her brothers animated her own spirit, and without shedding a tear or uttering an expression of alarm, she exerted her utmost to control the terrors of the female attendants, and give aid to their defenders. From window to window darted Müller and his assistants, wherever their presence was for the moment most needed, to beat or frighten off the enemy, as they gathered in different parts around the walls; and there being fortunately a few spare guns, Zetza and the slave-girls received and loaded the pieces as they were discharged, and every man was always ready with a useful weapon in his hand.

It was but for a little time this lasted—seconds seemed hours, and bore with them the events of days on such occasions. Ten minutes might have crept on, and many a savage form lay lifeless beneath its karosse, on the stoop and on the ground, while within the house there was only a man wounded and one of the children killed; but their scanty stock of ammunition was fast diminishing, and they felt that this kind of warfare could not long endure.

"It must soon come to an end," said Wilhelm, as his sister while handing him a loaded gun made some comment on the fact. "And it strikes me also that the Kafirs are busy at something there, behind the lean-to, and we have no window that commands it. I will try and see what they are at."

He leaned from the window for a moment, but a Kafir poising his weapon, instantly sent it whistling through the air. As the youth drew back it missed his head, but striking his arm, passed through, almost ere it was felt, as though six inches of iron and six feet of wood had made no opposition—leaving an aperture in size like the passage of a grape shot. With a firm hand but ashy cheek, Zetza bound up the wound, while her brother said in a low voice, "I saw smoke rising—they will fire the house. If you, my sister, were not here, I should not care so much."

"God's will be done," said the bride, calmly. "I do not now feel life so hard to part with, as I should once have felt it."

The news was told to Müller; and the dense smoke which quickly filled the atmosphere, confirmed its truth. The enemy had lighted a fire, and were heaping on it weeds and branches of every sort, whose smoke would prove most suffocating and offensive. With the fences of the neighbouring kraals, dry with the unintermitting heat of months, they extended the fire, and while the flames rose quickly to the roof, every particle of wood catching and blazing like a torch; they fed it also with furze and bushes. Meanwhile the rooms above were filled with smoke and vapour almost to suffocation.

"We must not stay here," said Müller, "to be smoked like bees in their nest. Let us make a rush, and at least die in the open air."

"It was done on the instant—the children were seized by the elder slaves, Zetza caught her mother's arm, and in a body they hastened down the wide staircase. The Boer was first, and himself, opened the heavy entrance door, when all rushed forward, as though it had been to shun not meet their foe. The Kafirs were taken for the moment unawares, but immediately surrounded their prey, and though most sprung

from it to the ground, many of the unhappy fugitives were assegaid upon the stoop.

As Breda's foot touched the earth the weapon of a stalwart savage, used as a lance, went through his body, and he sank down without a groan; and in the same hour Zetza was a bride and a widow. All now was horrible confusion—the dead, the dying, and their slayers—assegaïs and knobkerries upraised in every direction, and the red glare of the flames cast over all. A few fierce words in broken Dutch had proved at once their recognition of Müller, and partial knowledge of the language, and standing before his mother and sister, Wilhelm resolved to make one effort for their lives. "Spare them," he exclaimed, "the Kafirs do not kill women!"

"Spare none! spare none!" cried a Kafir in a leopard skin karoosse, whom Zetza knew to be Macomo, as she had seen him formerly. "Kill them all, women and children, spare not one!" a stern-looking warrior replied, meanwhile with a thrust of his assegai, and Wilhelm sunk at his sister's feet. Müller who, aged and wounded as he was, stood defending himself with the obstinate courage of a lion, beheld his son's fall, and his last act as a mortal wound subdued his energies, was to whirl his gun as a knobkerrie, and level the youth's assailant to the ground. "Mein kindt! mein kindt!" groaned the mother, as she folded Zetza in her arms once more. She never spoke again, a spear entered her side, and she lay down to die. Her embrace was relaxed, yet the unhappy girl fell with her, then, herself, unwounded, rose half-kneeling, and looked vacantly around upon the scene of horror.

"Spare none! spare none!" was again the cry of many voices, and one or two slaves that had still been left alive were struck to the earth in the agonies of death. Zetza saw the dark glance of more than one approaching savage bent upon her, and though she had never shrunk before throughout that dreadful conflict, she instinctively clasped her hands with an imploring air. A young Kafir stood near; he had, perchance, never seen blood shed until that day, and pity for the desolate girl touched his heart, and without injuring, he pushed her aside with his assegai, and she fell. Others believed her killed, and she lay there with the mingled heat of the sun and the flames which consumed the dwelling of her childhood pouring on her face; while in mind half insensible to her fate, half conscious that the dead were her companions.

The work of blood being finished, the work of plunder was essayed; but there was little possible in that respect. All the cattle and horses that could be found had already been driven off, and the rapidity with which the whole dwelling became a blazing pile was such that scarcely anything was attainable which could excite or satisfy cupidity; the tiffin which had engrossed so many of Vrow Müller's thoughts not being destined to be tasted even by the destroyers of her house. The little temptation to remain was so evident, and the certainty of the building being reduced to utter ruin so undoubted, that after collecting from the scene of death the weapons both of vanquished and of conqueror, the Kafirs prepared to leave the spot. As one stooped, however, to take the gun from Wilhelm's side, he perceived that Zetza shuddered and shrunk from his touch. He was a fierce old warrior, and he raised his spear to kill her. But Wilhelm was not dead, and

had, within the last few minutes, returned to consciousness, though prudence had kept him still; and in the moment that through his half-shut eyelids he perceived the old man's uplifted arm, the youth made the greatest effort of which nature was capable, threw himself over his sister, between her and her merciless foe. An expression of surprise escaped the Kafir's lips, and he struck at them with his assegai, which piercing the slight form of Wilhelm, passed between Zetza's arm and side, merely grazing her, and sunk deep into the earth. But the warrior doubted not he had transfixed them both, and, drawing out his weapon, walked contentedly away.

Zetza closed her eyes; she knew she was unhurt, yet thought she must be dying; the lifeless body of the last most devoted protector weighed heavy on her chest; others lay around, and it surely was no longer a place fit for the living. She heard the tramp of horses; nearer came the sound, and louder: they were galloping as though for life or death. They came close, but not until a cry of horror in a well-known voice struck on her ear, did she raise her eyelids or show any signs of life.

It was Ignace, whose voice proclaimed the fact of her existence as he drew her from her horrible position; it was his joy at her escape that first inspired the wish of surviving that dreadful hour. Hearing worse tales after parting from her father, he had not been able to endure the idea of her danger, and as the leader of six armed horsemen, he had hastened to render what aid he might, arriving but in time to preserve the life of her he loved, and snatch her from a situation whose terror might well have conquered reason.

An examination of her unfortunate companions proved that all were already dead; but any attempt to inter them at that moment was prevented by the intelligence that the Kafirs were returning on their path. Vaurenen hastened to the tree beneath whose shade he had placed his cousin, and told her they must go instantly.

"And leave them to the wolves!" said she, pointing to the lifeless group; "it must not be! it must not be!"

"I cannot hazard your life for those who can feel nothing," he replied; "but I shall return hereafter."

Ere he had finished he was mounted with the passive girl before him, his followers closed round and they dashed on towards Graham's town. The Kafirs threw themselves in their way, but the determined little band cut through them with some loss to the assailants, Ignace unconsciously avenging his young cousin by closing the career of the unfeeling savage who had slain him.

During the following week, the deferred rites of sepulture were performed under the direction of Ignace. He remained on the frontier throughout the Kafir war; and at its termination, before he again quitted South Africa for another shore, brightness had returned to Zetza's cheek, and gladness to her eye, and Hannie Vander Meyer became again her bridesmaid; but this time no heart was nearly broken by the bridal; the wedding festivities passed in peace: and the union has been, as it deserved to be, one of happiness.

A MAIDEN MEDITATION.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

YOUNG William has wooed me both early and long,
Whilst life is all bloom and affection is strong ;
But his frame it is weak, though his form it is fair,
And he must toil, and struggle, and care.

There's Bowman the miller, who lives by the green,
Has the prettiest homestead that ever was seen—
The neatest small cottage, the busiest mill ;
And he talks of marriage with right good will.

Now William is sweet as a rose in a bower,
Whilst the miller seems made up of nothing but flour ;
Yet flour it is needful for puddings and pies ;
And William—that way wretchedness lies.

My sister says daily, and also her fare—
"Marry the miller, our Amy dear !
"Twould do our hearts good thus to see you for life
The well-to-do body, the comfortable wife."

I seek not to marry—my sister is kind,
And where such another dear home can I find ?
Her husband is goodness and cheerfulness too ;
My life it were happy would none come to woo.

Would the miller but marry some cozy old dame,
I then should be happy, and always the same ;
Once more in old freedom could walk by the mill,
And see or not see it whenever I will.

My heart it is sore, and I'm troubled in mind,
His home is too tempting, the miller too kind ;
I think, and I think, yet not marry will I—
Tho' I some day may have him if William should die.

If William should die ! God forbid that should be !
Though they say every winter's the last he will see,
From my fault his disease no false colour shall take,
Or people will say that he died for my sake.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

The duties of life are both many and hard,
Which pay to the feelings but little regard ;
This fact unto Amy was perfectly known,
As year following year fleet had over her flown.

A Maiden Meditation.

Yet sweeter than music by moonlight, more sweet
 Than daisy or buttercup dewed at our feet
 Is the sense of a duty performed, which the mind
 Had looked on repugnant, and fain had declined.

The death-bed of William she tended; had seen
 His grave of brown mould freshly cover'd with green;
 Had over it wept in the twilight, and rov'd
 Again and again o'er the scenes which he lov'd.

Deep sadness seized on her as sorrow grew still,
 Her pulse feebly flutter'd and Amy was ill;
 But youth at length triumphed, and cheerfulness came,
 O'er that wintry torpor, like spring through her frame.

Still faint was the rose where so freshly it grew,
 The lily was paler, the veins deeper blue;
 But her smile was the same—it was cheery and sweet,
 And never affected beholders to cheat.

How strong in her soul was the purpose of good!
 How long had temptation been firmly withstood!
 But life now was sober'd—and Amy resigned,
 Nor to follow the wishes of friends disinclined.

Still Bowman paid visits of friendship—yet still
 Amy felt a reproach as she look'd towards the mill;
 Felt it wrong to be happy, and William no more,
 Tho' nought the dead form or dead hopes could restore.

At length they were wedded. Then pass we ten years,
 And Amy again is in trouble and tears;
 For Bowman, the friend and the husband, is gone,
 And he and her William are sleeping as one.

The ador'd of the heart, the approv'd of the mind,
 The blighted too early, the lately resigned,
 The rose and the laurel which love could not save,
 The blooming, the manly, are both in the grave.

And wherefore lives Amy? Her children to raise,
 To crown with the splendour of goodness their days;
 To succour the wretched, to comfort the pain'd
 For by such acts as these is her being sustain'd.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Howitt, author of the above lines, who has just returned from Australia, after an absence of five years, is, we understand, about to publish a work on the subject of his experiences abroad, under the title of "Australia Felix, during Four Years' Residence in that British Colony." "Notes of a Voyage Round the World," &c.

THE NATIONAL CURRENCY.

IN the early and uncivilised history of a nation, the transactions between man and man are found to proceed on the principle of barter, and the precious metals, possessing intrinsic value, become an important means of interchange; but, as civilisation and settled government succeed, greater confidence ensues, and a system of credit arises, both in respect of those who govern, and of those who are the subjects of rule. Taxation may take place for the purposes of public revenue.—In this case, as in the earlier condition of England, symbols of value are introduced in the transactions of the government with the people. Tokens or receipts for goods or sums advanced to the state are given, and these are found to supply the place of the precious metals, being received by the government in payment of taxes. Following the example set in high quarters, a circulation of a more expansive character arises among the producers of the nation, suited to the exigencies of internal commerce and the taxed condition of the population.

The precious metals, representing a certain portion of labour recognised by all countries, form excellent media for international purposes, and for payment of commodities at their natural and untaxed value, and, consequently, in the settlement of balances of trade; and being coined into dollars and pounds sterling of ascertained weight and fineness, they become very convenient for commercial purposes. It has been found, however, both in this kingdom, and in those offsets of colonisation that have been formed from it, that, by means of credit or symbolic currency, the people of the states severally have advanced rapidly in wealth; land has been cleared and brought more extensively into cultivation; large manufactories have arisen; population has proceeded with rapidity; towns have been built where before huts or villages only were known; and incredible strides towards national wealth have been made. The taxes, too, have been paid with facility into the treasury of government; and though, in cases of exigency, the national faith had become pledged for a time by the creation of a public debt, that obligation has been honourably discharged—taxation has been greatly diminished, and the nation has taken a new and energetic step in the acquisition of all kinds of property.

The cases of England, and her American colonies in their asserted independence, the United States, will readily occur to our readers as illustrating some of these averments. But what has happened in this country, which, for six hundred years, had acted upon a credit money system, under which she rapidly advanced

in wealth, in civilisation, and in the freedom of her institutions, till the reign of Queen Anne?—Those who produced enjoyed the fruits of their industry; but the public men began to consider that all interchanges of the people should take place in money of intrinsic value; and then commenced a series of difficulties and variations in the quantities and qualities of the precious metals issued by government; the necessities of the state leading to debasements and clipping of the coin, and to other methods of giving expansion to the circulating medium—till at length, more than a century ago, the Bank of England was formed, consisting of a company of merchants; and in return for a certain monopoly accorded to them, they engaged to extend a system of credit to the state.

Our rulers did not perceive in that day, that the same accommodation that was required for the public finances was also requisite for the producing power of the country; and that the return to a system of barter, assisted by the precious metals, had a tendency to cramp the progress of internal commerce. Some years after the introduction of this change, the form of taxation was varied; a system of imposing duties on commodities arose; and in process of time, the requirements of the state so increased, in consequence of the war for the subjugation of the revolting American colonies, that the national debt became of serious amount. The British government might possibly have been carried through the consequences thus ensuing—might, with a currency even of intrinsic value, have overcome her obligations, which were then sufficiently appalling, had not the French Revolution acted as it did upon the nation, by calling for its prominent interference, and had not a necessity for subsidies to other nations existed. The demands thus made upon Great Britain led to an enormous increase of her public debt, and the expenses of her own part in the war so completely drained her coffers as to lead the Minister of that day, the clear-sighted and decisive Mr. Pitt, to see that a credit system of money, or a symbolic representation of value, must once more be nationally resorted to. This was effected by means of the Bank Restriction Act.

Under this renewed system of symbolic money, consisting of issues of the Bank of England, rendered by Act of Parliament a legal tender, and convertible into the precious metals at their market price—in such symbolic money, the nation was enabled to find the supplies for the most unexampled war that has occurred in the civilised world. She was enabled to supply from her wealth realized in the precious metals as commodities for foreign purposes, immense subsidies to the European powers engaged with her in the contest against France, and to carry that war to a successful issue—a result in which the glory of England was raised to a height that indisposed men universally to overlook the

pecuniary cost incurred; her debt having, in the meantime, advanced from 370,000,000 to 800,000,000.

The active and enterprising population of the United Kingdom, notwithstanding the heavy taxation they were called upon to pay for current state expenses and for the interest of the National Debt, followed the example of the credit system of government, and adopted in their trading circles a similar system of credit and circulation in paper. Banks multiplied in the provinces; under the expanding monetary and credit systems so introduced universal prosperity reigned; the people made rapid strides in wealth; manufacturing establishments arose, in which princely fortunes were created by men who had commenced with little or no property. At the close of the European war it was found that the public debt had been reduced, and some millions of excess of revenue resulted, which might have been applied, had the same credit system existed, to the further reduction of the debt—till, by this time, there is every reason to believe the whole of it might have been repaid.

But a change came over us. "Men of sagacity" discovered that under the system of a symbolic circulation for the domestic uses of England, the exchanges with other nations were affected—that, in fact, there was a difference between the pound of this country, which included the taxation necessarily incident to the national debt, and the pound sterling—these "sagacious men," unhappily, did not see that this was a healthy action of the circulation here existing; that it was this very action that had enabled Great Britain to make such extraordinary pecuniary exertions as she did for the salvation of Europe, against the ambitious projects of Napoleon; and that this difference ought to exist, until the difference of taxation in this country compared with other European nations, whose war expenses had been paid by us, had become equalized, or more nearly so. The "sagacious" bullionists of the years succeeding the termination of the war, persuaded the Government of their day that an immediate return to an intrinsically valuable circulating medium, was essential to national credit and stability; alleging, that to effect this would only involve a change in debtor and creditor transactions, of some four per cent. In an evil hour they prevailed, and in 1819 the well known act of Parliament called "Peel's Bill" passed the legislature.

This fatal measure was protested against by all practical men:—by the Directors of the Bank of England; by bankers generally; by merchants; and by members of Parliament; among others, and very prominently, by one who had, under the credit currency system, made one of the largest fortunes amassed by industry and talent in modern times, the late Sir Robert Peel. This patriotic and public spirited man, though opposed to his own son, the accre-

dited author of the measure, stood forward and protested in his place in the House of Commons, against the passing of the Bill, declaring that not only was it unjust but that it would have a most ruinous effect on the future state of the country. The result has proved that he was right.

The National debt, already enormously increased by the greater amount at which, by a rise in the market value of the funds, the sums borrowed stood at the close of the war,—compared with that at which they were originally borrowed; this debt by the operation of the new law became further increased by thirty-five to fifty per cent. in consequence of the change of currency in which it was rendered payable; in point of fact, the debt became doubled from the joint operation; all this increase accruing to the fundholder, and a similar enhancement being effected in the fixed incomes derivable from the state. There is no other nation on earth, besides great Britain, that could have borne such a change without a disruption of the social system; and our salvation is attributable only to the immense property created under the credit or symbolic money system that existed from 1797 to the fatal measure of 1819.

Since the passing of the Bill of 1819, England has become changed in her system of trade to that degree, that solidly and intrinsically valuable money has become the rule; usury is legalized; monopoly is encouraged; every tendency of legislation is to increase the importance of the money power; and Mammon has become the God of our national idolatry. The producing classes, those who ought to be cherished by a system of credit, are depressed. The nature of our taxation being such as to require an expansive currency, and the one suitable to it having been abandoned, the great sum of indirect taxation amounting to upwards of thirty million annually, *has been thrown upon the producers, whether capitalists or labourers.* Commercial panics have occurred at intervals of three or four years; they have taken place at those periods, when from the necessity of the case under our vicious system, it has been requisite to retain gold in the country, or having left it, has been necessary to attract it from other states, an end that could only be effected by a general reduction of prices, destructive of just remuneration to producers.

Here we see the fruits of the endeavour to *measure* all our taxed interchanges by gold, a scarce commodity, at its natural value. The panics, at the times of their occurrence, with equal absurdity were ascribed to the transition from war to peace; to revulsions; to over-trading; to over-population; to over-production;—they destroyed the hard-earned property of millions, in trade and in the agricultural districts; of those who had by patient industry obtained an apparent competence; families were reduced to beggary, from a cause, against which prudence could not contend,

because it was unseen; and premature deaths incalculable, record in fearful characters, the extent of the mischief arising from false currency notions. The consequences are to be seen also in the state of things so truly described by Lord John Russell in his closing speech of last session of Parliament, though obviously for a different purpose:—

“I hear from day to day, and from time to time, of the inadequate means the people have to support themselves. If we take a general view of the subject, it is impossible not to see that the labouring classes have not advanced in proportion to the other classes. The higher class and the middle class have increased in wealth, and in the power of obtaining comforts and luxuries, but the labouring classes have not done so. If we compare the condition of the working classes with what it was a century ago—say 1740—it is impossible not to say, that while the higher and middle classes have improved and increased their means of obtaining comforts, of obtaining foreign articles of luxury, and facilities of travelling from place to place, the labouring classes—the men who either till the soil or work in factory—have retrograded, and cannot now get for their wages the quantity of the necessaries of life they could a century ago. I do not mean now to trouble the House with details; but I think it must be admitted by all, that the advantages of increased civilization are not enjoyed by the labouring classes in proportion to the other classes of society, neither have their educational facilities, or their means of obtaining religious knowledge increased. It is a subject of vast extent and importance, and to be properly considered must be divided into many parts; but, unless the government, next session, should propose some comprehensive measure, I shall feel it to be my imperative duty to ask the House to consent to some measure, or to go into committee with respect to the condition of the labouring classes. I think, however, that there is no likelihood of improvement in that condition being obtained by the plan which is advocated by many—namely, the great alteration or repeal of the present Poor Law. My own opinion is, that if we were to take down all the workhouses in the country, and to give nothing but out-door relief, and that in as great abundance as could be wished for by the recipients, we should only be increasing our difficulties. In fine, I think it is not by giving alms, by an extended measure of state charity, that we can permanently improve the condition of the people. What we must do, is to enable them to obtain what they very properly declare to be their object—namely, a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.”

We unhesitatingly contend that this unhappy condition of the labouring classes, ARISES FROM UNJUST ARRANGEMENTS OF THE CURRENCY IN ENGLAND.

The United States of America, as they should have been (con-

sidering that these states had been planted by Britain,) were, at the close of the European war, and for subsequent years, our best customers; a successful trade was carried on with that portion of the globe, American produce being received in return; the balance of trade, however, required considerable payments, beyond what her merchants could produce. The States unhappily, as might be expected, in the persons of some of her economists, came also under the same mistaken influences as the mother country. Having risen under an extended credit system necessary to her civilization and to her advancement in wealth; the Bullionist theory prevailed there; and what was the consequence?—the bankruptcy of the states—repudiation—the loss to this country of immense sums due from her to our merchants and a retrogression of half a century in all that constitutes the external expression of wealth.

Our colonies have partaken of the same melancholly experience. To what else can we ascribe the fact, than to the principles of currency misunderstood, that in Australia, richly gifted by providence with the means of wealth, sheep have been sold in the public markets at a few shillings each; other agricultural production has been equally depreciated; the calculations of the industrious and the enterprising have been cruelly baffled; and the merchants of this country trading to those settlements are, to a great extent, losers? It is to nothing else than to mistaken views in England, on this most capital social question, that all these evils are attributable.

In the last session of Parliament, the Prime Minister, so distinguished for his fatal adoption of the Bullionist theory of 1819, brought forward what he described as “a complement” of that measure; proposed to carry out its principles with rigorous faithfulness; and took a decided step to destroy eventually the credit circulation of the kingdom represented in the issues of the country banks. The Right Honourable Baronet bent upon successfully attaining the end which he no doubt deemed right, disarmed the opposition which threatened from the provincial bankers, accorded to them a monopoly in the privileges they possessed, and by the exercise of the tact he is so well known to possess, the Right Honourable Baronet succeeded most signally in his object. The only question raised during the discussion by the collected body of country bankers, did not extend to the principle of the measure, but related only to a million, more or less, in the amount of privilege conceded to them. The only discussion as to the limit of circulation, turned upon the supposed influence of the quantity of circulating medium, on price and remuneration. This view of the question was most ably advanced and advocated by Mr. Newdegate, the Member for North Warwickshire, but the honourable gentleman failed to produce an adequate effect because he did not go deep enough; he did not force Sir Robert Peel’s powerful mind

to an inquiry into the necessity for an expansive and symbolic currency, not convertible into gold at a fixed price, that price being at the continental level, while our National debt and consequent indirect taxation continued. It is remarkable that although these two elements of the question, the National debt and indirect taxation, were the real cause of the bank restriction act, in 1797; they were never fully adverted to except by the Honourable Member for Birmingham, Mr. Muntz, than whom no one in the House at the time of the discussion better understood the real question.

When pushed on this subject by Mr. Muntz, it was singular to observe how the Prime Minister, rather than reply to the speech of the honourable member for Birmingham, determined to turn to a part of an examination of Mr. Muntz, taken before a Committee of the House of Commons some time before. It was a part only of that examination to which the Right Honourable Baronet referred. Had he read the whole, it would have established the points for which Mr. Muntz contended, and it would have been seen that, to adopt gold at the market price of the continent as the circulating medium of this highly-taxed country,—or a paper circulation, convertible into gold at that price,—is infallibly certain to bring the prices of all production in this country to the same level. To this condition have prices been tending for several years past.—If, at particular periods they have expanded, and prosperity appeared to have set in, gold, as might be expected, (being fixed by law as the cheapest article of the kingdom,) flowed out of the country. Under these circumstances, the Bank of England has put on the screw, as it is termed; prices have immediately fallen from a level of remuneration; bankruptcy, with all its horrors, has become wide-spread; and nationally we have been brought again to the verge of mere barter. Such was the case in the close of 1825, and such also more recently, when the Bank of England, in its extremity, was obliged to resort to France for a loan of specie. Such, too, is the ignorance in this nineteenth century, which prevails on the subject of a national currency, even among our great body of legislators, that Sir Robert Peel, with all his avoidance of the real elements of the question, was looked up to as the undoubted and unquestionable organ or authority on the subject.

And now, forsooth, the principle adopted in England is about to be applied to Scotland and Ireland. The former portion of the empire, however, where gold is almost unknown in its internal commerce—where towns of princely residences occupied by her merchants, her manufacturers, and her landed proprietors, rear their heads—all without the instrumentality of that mammon-representative so relied upon on this side the Tweed; this rapidly-growing nation is threatened with the dire evil of an inter-

ference with her currency. *Has not Scotland suffered enough by the injury of her principal mart, England*—an injury that tells upon the prices of remuneration she can obtain for her productions; but must she be cut up, root and branch? No, it is to be hoped not. Let her not be satisfied with her present scale of credit issues under her well-conducted, because well-understood, banking system. Let not her bankers by any selfish considerations of enjoying what they at present possess, be induced to abandon their opposition to any interference at all. Let them rather stoutly assert the principle of continuing to issue as the demands of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce require; and there may yet be a chance of the whole question of the currency of the United Kingdom being reconsidered and remodelled. Let Scotland's determined sons come to the deliverance of their southern fellow-subjects. It is to be hoped that the mantle of Malachi Malgrowther will be found to have fallen on some one far-seeing northron, and that another powerful breeze from the north will sweep away the dense mists of error which, on this most important of all national subjects, have overspread the southern portion of our once happy and contented isle. If this should ensue, the blessing of those ready to perish, and of our unhappy labouring classes especially, will be heard and reverberated from Land's End to John o'Groat's.

IRISH SONGS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

No. I.

KERRY O'SULLIVAN;* OR, THE IRISH REAPER BOY.

IN the corn-fields of England I list to the song
 Of the young Irish reaper-boy;
 The strain it is wild, and it bears him along,
 O'er the wave to the home of his joy.
 Oh! mark his young brow, it is noble and free,
 As the spirit that breathes in his eyes;
 He looks on bright nature, but nothing can see
 Half so bright as his own native skies.

* The ancient family of the O'Sullivans are descended from Olioll, king of Munster; and, like many other noble families in Ireland, suffered from the injustice and crooked policy of English rulers. In the county of Kerry alone they possessed three fine baronial castles: but all their princely possessions were wrested from them to enrich their conquerors. Dunlooh Castle, which belonged to them, is beautifully situated on the river Laune, one mile west of Tomies, and commands an extensive view of the lower Lake of Killarney. It is now the property of — Mahony, Esq. The lands and castle of Dunkerron also belonged to the O'Sullivans, but were given to Sir William Petty, in 1602. Sir William being sent over to Ireland to make what is called the "Downe Survey," got a grant from the crown of the castle and demeane

Young scion of Erin's best blood, he has sprung
 From a race all ennobled of yore,
 Who held the broad lands that the stranger has wrung
 From the son of the Emerald shore.
 An exile and lonely, he toils far away
 From the home of his early delight ;
 Still of Erin he thinks through the wearisome day,
 And dreams of her through the long night.

In the halls where his fathers presided of old—
 Where the bard and the warrior hied—
 When the red wine was flowing from goblets of gold,
 His boon would be coldly denied ;—
 The boon but to reap in the land of his birth
 The fields that belong to his sires,
 And share with the lov'd ones his rude cabin hearth—
 The crown of his earthly desires.

No. II.

MY BEAUTIFUL, MY BRIGHT-EYED BOY ; OR, THE MOTHER'S
 LAMENT.

My beautiful, my bright-eyed boy !
 Ah ! whither art thou roaming ?
 Thy mother's hope, thy mother's joy,
 I watch to see thee coming.
 I watch the sails of every ship,
 But all return without thee ;
 I ask for thee with quivering lip,
 But none knows aught about thee.

Avourneen Deelish !

O shame Avourneen ! summer's fled,
 The reaper's time is gone, dear !
 I will not dream that thou art dead,
 And I left all alone, dear !
 Our cabin is a dreary place,
 The very walls look sorrow ;
 But could I see thy darling face,
 They'd ring with joy to-morrow.

Avourneen Deelish !

O shame, Avourneen ! art thou dead ?
 And didst thou brave the danger
 Of stormy seas, to toil for bread,
 And perish with the stranger ?
 My beautiful, my young, my brave !
 Thy mother's heart is riven ;
 But though I may not share thy grave,
 Our souls will meet in heaven.

Avourneen Deelish !

of Dunkerron, to himself and to his heirs for ever ; and it is now the property of his descendant, the Marquis of Lansdown. Ardea Castle, another of the O'Sullivan's patrimonial estates, has long been a ruin. The last of the unfortunate race who dwelt there was Kerry O'Sullivan, who lived in a mud cabin which he had constructed for himself amongst the ruins of the castle. It was with this same Kerry O'Sullivan that the old family title-deeds were lodged, and his "poverty but not his will" wrung them from him. It is to his grandson that the song of the Irish reaper boy refers. For some interesting particulars of the O'Sullivan, see *Sir William Betham's Antiquarian Researches*.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Three Springs of Beauty: a Legend of Cyclades. Dedicated to the Fair. By HARRIETT PIGOTT.

MISS PIGOTT is well and favourably known to our readers. Several works of literary merit have proceeded from her pen. The present little volume consists of a single legend; it is tastefully, and in some parts eloquently written. The interest of the story is well kept up. No reader who takes up the little book is likely to lay it down again before he has got to the conclusion. The story is one of love. Some of the incidents wear a supernatural aspect, and consequently add to the interest of the tale. The true love of the hero and the heroine, Friedbert, a man of humble birth, and Calister, a princess, did not run smooth. Happily, however, all ends as it should do. Here is Miss Pigott's description of the celebration of the nuptials:—

"Like a true son of Mars, he proposed to substantiate his right to nobility with his lance and sword, in tilt and tournament, or in single rencontre against all noble cavaliers who would dare to deny it.

"The anxious parent yielded to such conclusive arguments and valiant challenge, privately felicitating herself that he had effaced from her child's memory the imaginary ignoble renegade. She forthwith caused Friedbert to be created a Tetrarch of Swabia, with more claims on the score of merit than the greater part of the numberless titles conferred in modern times. Thereupon his fame increased, and his friends thenceforward became more in number than before.

"Thus, illustrated with the world's fictitious honours, in crowds of noblest Greeks and Venetians, amid sumptuosities, he redeemed his fugitive nymph, and led her forward to the foot of an altar sanctified to hymeneal rights, and there on her finger glided a golden band of wedlock—that perpetual memento of love, fidelity and duties. Then, faithful to his word of honour passed, he took her other hand and placed in its rosy palm the ruby ring which, the next instant, she restored to her anxious mother, then kissed her withered cheek as she stood beside her in majestic gravity.

"The fairy costume which she wore on that hymeneal festivity was as if four fairies had woven it, so closely it clung to her Diana-like form.

Here shall the festive board be crown'd,
Here be the sprightly tabor found,
Here mirth-inspiring viols sound,
Here measures move in mazy round,
And fairy feet shall print the ground.

"The nuptial song, the classic hymns of antiquity, were borne far on the winds; unknown fairy-like forms appeared, strewing over the verdant path of the nuptial train myrtles and lilies of the valley; the butterflies, bright and blue, flittered around—

"Fair as spring flowers which gladden,
All with joy their charms behold;
Swain and maiden
Own their beauty—young as 1812"

"Delicious fruits were handed round in baskets; cakes, with fragrant honey white as chrysal, raised in pyramids; small cheeses, made of sheep's milk; and, in that smiling isle, where Bacchus was once honoured with a peculiar worship, his wines, not less nectareous and sparkling, circulated in countless Venetian chrysal vases, from nymph to knight, at that nuptial banquet—

"Gilded within, the beamy shine
Blazed brightly through the purple wine:
So glows the soul that worth displays,
And such celestial virtue's rays."

Little caraminie birds poured forth the sweetest notes in this dominion of the loves and the Graces; where reigned the tripple pleasures of the senses—love, music, and wine. The nuptial torches of hawthorn,* its double red blossoms of extraordinary fragrance, illumined the noble pair to the bridal chamber. An unusual flight of milk-white cygnets were descried hovering aloft over the regal palace, as early as Aurora, with rosy lustre, streaked the horizon. Coveys of the gaudier

"Feathered choir their pleasures vaunted;
Violets was their bridal bed:—
Earth enchanted;
Thousand sweets around them shed."

OCHLENSCHLAGER.

And that day and night, and many following, were spent in abundance of minstrelsy, with liberal gifts of the juice of the grape to the flocking islanders, and multitude of Grecian games. Some weeks later, the hilarious bridegroom, in that openness of heart which happiness elicits, revealed to his royal mother, Zoe, the real adventure of her ruby ring and the suppositious hermit."

"The Three springs of Beauty" is beautifully got up.

The Wars of Jehovah in Heaven, Earth, and Hell: in Nine Books.

By THOMAS HAWKINS, Esq. With Eleven highly-finished Engravings, by JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

THIS is a very curious book. It is one of the most beautifully got up works which has come under our notice for a long time. The illustrations by Mr. Martin are of the highest order of excellence; and the typography and binding have seldom been surpassed. Unfortunately the quality of the poetry does not at all correspond. Mr. Hawkins is evidently a man who has read much, and he has no ordinary command of language. The only source of regret is, that the language is not of the kind which becomes a great poem, which he evidently means that his shall be considered. A great deal of the poem is unintelligible to us. What, for example, can we make of the phrase "Stellan or interstellan?" If any of our readers can extract meaning, sense, or anything from the following, it is more than we can:—

"The fiends of hell
Blacken'd the grim sub-Tartarean powers;
The salamandrine gnomes, transpicuous lit,
By thine own hallow'd fire!"

This sort of writing is the rule, not the exception. It is a great pity to see so much beautiful paper, elegant typography, splendid binding, and pictorial illustrations of first-rate merit, thrown away on a mass of unintelligible words.

* The Greeks' hymeneal torches were of the hawthorn branches.

Wild Love, and ather Tales. From the German of DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

THIS is a translation from the German ; a language in which there are many singularly romantic tales. German works of fiction are, for the most part, remarkable for the extent to which they deal in horrible incidents. This we consider to be the greatest blemish which attaches to the German works of imagination. The present volume, with the exception of the last tale, has little of this. The tales are four in number—"Rosanna and her Kinsfolk," "Wild Love," "The Oak of the Idols," and "The Field of Terror." The tales are of striking interest. The volume is very tastefully got up, and is illustrated by a variety of very graphic engravings.

The Young Husband; or, Hints to Regulate the Conduct of Young Men who have entered, or are about to enter, the Married State. By ARTHUR FREELING.

THERE is no little sound sense and judicious counsel in this tiny volume. There are also some things which might, with much better taste, have been left out. The author, for example, is at great pains to show that polygamy is not conducive to human happiness. Surely this was an unnecessary task. We quote the chapter on "Expenditure as it affects the Temper and Affections."

In commencing your matrimonial career, start with a determination that no ordinary circumstances shall induce you to spend more than two-thirds of your available income,—by the term available I mean, if you are in business, that portion of your profits which you might, without injury, take out of it. I do not refer to apparent profits. Having resolved upon this, most rigidly adhere thereto. This is the first element of success, if accompanied with industry and perseverance ; to assist you in this determination, adopt the advice of our motto, and pay all your household expenses, at any rate at the time they arise. Take no credit upon such items of expenditure ; if you can adopt the same plan in your business, you are on the high road to fortune.

We will suppose you yet a bachelor, and now about to take upon you the responsible duties of a husband. As you value your future prosperity, the happiness of the being to whom you are about to be united—as you hope to be placed in circumstances favourable for the cultivation of the affections, and for preparation for heaven, let me intreat of you to look well to the mode and style in which you take the first step in this most important era of your existence. Let no foolish pride, no ridiculous example, no superficial advice, make you incur expenses in furnishing your house which your present means and your future prospects also will not, upon the most impartial scrutiny, warrant. By future prospects I mean you to understand that, although you may have the means of paying for everything which may be brought into your home, yet if it is furnished in a manner superior to what your future income will warrant, it will be a continual temptation to expense—a continual enemy in your house. "What is the use of having all these elegancies if nobody sees them?" will be pressed upon you by this friend, that acquaintance, or the other sycophant ; and it will be well indeed if the same question does not come from her who is most dear to you, your wife ; for, unless she be a very sensible woman, it will be difficult to make her understand why all that expense should have been in

curred for no purpose. And if she be a sensible woman, depend on it you will not rise in her estimation by the explanation; therefore, most strictly adapt your furniture to your *real position*. To all these particulars, we also most anxiously direct the attention of young married people who may have not yet furnished their house or apartments,

Your attention must also be specially directed to the propriety of limiting your circle of friends to such a compass and to such a class as will not interrupt your business, or tempt you into expenses: these are rocks upon which the happiness of hundreds have been wrecked. Are you to have a servant or servants? is another question of no mean importance. Each servant, upon an average, will cost from thirty to forty pounds per annum, the latter more often than the former; besides the waste, the breakage, and the destruction through unnecessary roughness in moving and cleaning the furniture, &c. Can you do without a servant, at least until the maternal duties trench upon those of ordinary routine? If so, do; you put off an evil day. You will be more happy, more completely in your own home, without one. Believe me, at the *best*, servants are but necessary evils, and the longer we can do without them the better. When, however, you are obliged to have servants, treat them with the respect their situation and qualities demand. Do not let any false pride prevent your talking over this point seriously with your future wife, if there be any possibility that prudence would dictate such a course. You can so easily increase your style of living when it becomes necessary; but oh! how difficult it is to decrease an expenditure which has become habitual. Too often, indeed, the attempt to remedy the evil is made by desperate efforts to increase the means, which generally are unsuccessful, and add bitterness to gall and plunge the victim of his own fault from the pinnacle of folly into the abyss of guilt. Oh! how often do these efforts of despair pervert the judgment, until expediency assumes the place of principle, and the fine feelings of conscious rectitude, if not destroyed, are avoided by an incessant whirl of excitement which prevents thought, prevents self-examination, until the mind becomes so accustomed to the presence of doubtful acts, as to justify them by sophisms. But if the conscience be not indeed dead, the day of retribution will come, and the darkness of the night will witness tears of blood flowing from eyes which in the sunlight appear to have nothing to dim their brightness. Yes, my reader, if you would avoid these evils, these agonies, oh! avoid the first step—let this be taken with prudence, the second will follow easier; each advance smoothes the future path, until habit makes prudence a second nature. Let us, however, look to the probable consequences of starting into life upon a scale of expenditure which your income will not justify. I mean, let us look at it as it affects the domestic character of the man. Generally speaking, this state of things is brought on rather by a sanguine temperament than absence of judgment,—the judgment on these occasions being most assiduously avoided,—no appeals made thereto without a special sophism for the occasion, to gloss over an act which the judgment condemns.

The house is furnished, the day of payment for a portion of the furniture is postponed; here is a dead weight to start with! The circle of friends is formed at the extreme which the real income will allow, without any allowance for casualties, such as disappointments; losses, illness, depression of the times, and consequent diminution of income: this forces the expenditure of one quarter to trench upon the means of the next, until, in time, actual embarrassment is caused by the increasing dead weight. What is the consequence? Increased means must be had; the evil day is postponed by artificial means; the acquisition of these is not only harassing to the mind and body, but destructive of the time by which the real means can alone be acquired. Thus, these must necessarily be diminished. Artificial capital can only be raised by extraordinary expenses. Thus are the real means decreased, the actual expenses increased, and the dead weight, instead of being removed, becomes each year more burthensome. How think you this acts upon the domestic charac-

ter of the man? A harassed mind, a body enervated by fatigue, an accusing conscience, a future without hope. What are the fruits? An irritable, nay, an irascible temper, sleepless nights and weary days, will make everything a burden, until the very objects of affection become means of torture, and thereby subjects of irritation to the feelings. Can domestic love exist in such an atmosphere as this? Can an example of regularity, order, and piety, be set by a being so circumstanced? the responsible head of a household goaded to all but madness, can that household be conducted with wisdom? Oh, no. Under such circumstances the affections themselves distil gall. This, my reader, is no picture of the imagination, it is a tragedy performing every day of our lives, the by-play of which the spectators do not see, but which goes to the heart of those behind the scenes. Would you avoid being an actor in such a one? Avoid the first false step, then, as you value the objects of your affection, and your future happiness and respectability.

Having stated generally the effect of exceeding your means, need we notice the various items under which expenses may accumulate, if a wrong start in life be made? Extravagance in dress, public amusements, such as plays, concerts, balls, visits to watering-places, will, by associating with a certain class, become necessities; artificial stimulants produce artificial desires, and these, when once implanted, have over their victim all but imperative control. Guard then against the first wrong step: make no acquaintance that shall induce a departure either from prudence or from principle. A religious man cannot associate much with what is called the world, without having his cars, if not his principles, tainted by its amusements, its latitudinarian axioms, and practice. A prudent man cannot associate intimately with an habitually imprudent man, without acquiring some of his tastes, and we must say also, some of his extravagance, for the intimacy itself shows a relaxation of the bands of prudence. Such an acquaintance may be necessary in business. Let him not, however, be habitually a visitor to your domestic fireside. In fact, starting into life, the fewer the visitors of any sort you have, the better; every expense saved at first, pays compound interest for the inconvenience. Such, reader, our experience enables us to assert. Will you not believe, until you have, like hundreds, paid for it yourself, perhaps by mental anguish and physical exhaustion.

The habit of spending your evenings from home, is also a source of great expenditure, as well as destructive of female happiness, for it introduces to the sort of people whose society we deprecate. Our space prevents our enlarging upon this head. In the chapter upon Visiting Separately, we have said much on this subject, and particularly direct the reader's attention thereto.

That you may impress your wife with the necessity of aiding you in your plans of economy, point out to her the additional means it will leave at your command, by the time her affections as a mother will be called into action, which will induce the all-absorbing desire of providing for and educating her offspring. This is but a hint, which will suggest to an intelligent mind abundant arguments, too deeply interesting to a young married woman to fail in success. And depend upon it, however some wives may be blamed for extravagance, the man who allows this to operate injuriously upon his means, is JUSTLY BLAMEABLE by his friends and the world.

Lives of the English Saints. Nos. VI. and VII.

THIS is one of the many publications which owe their origin to the progress of Puseyism. As pieces of biography, apart from the doctrines they are made to inculcate, these *Lives of the English Saints* are very interesting. Their doctrinal parts, however, are altogether unscriptural. Just take an example in the life of St. Edwin, king of Northumberland.

"The use he had made," says the biographer of this saint, "of God's dispensations, like the alms and prayers of the unregenerate Cornelius, earned him a further grace, though the great grace was still deferred." *Earning* grace! Awful theology! It is as absurd as it is awful, for grace cannot be *earned*. If it were earned, it would cease to be grace. The work is got up in the fanciful style so much in vogue among the Tractarians.

Wilson's Description of the New Royal Exchange. With Eighteen Embellishments.

THIS little work appears most opportunely. It is written as well as published by Mr. Effingham Wilson, who, we observe, is once more located in his old quarters in the Royal Exchange. His little book is well written, and is full of interesting facts. It includes a historical notice of the former edifices, and a brief memoir of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the original Bourse in the reign of Elizabeth. At the present time, the new Exchange being just opened, the memoir of Sir Thomas Gresham will be read with great interest. We subjoin some portions of it:—

"The Gresham family were of considerable importance in the fourteenth century. They are supposed to have taken their name from the village of Gresham in Norfolk. John Gresham is mentioned as residing there, and his son James appears to have been clerk to Sir William Paston, the judge. James Gresham had a son named John, who married Alice Blyth, daughter of Alexander Blyth, Esq., of Stratton. She brought him a large fortune, and became the mother of four sons, William, Thomas, Richard, and John. The two younger received the honour of knighthood from King Henry the Fifth, and Sir Richard was the father of Sir Thomas Gresham. Of the four brothers, three devoted themselves to commercial pursuits; the fourth, Thomas, became prebendary of Winchester, and in 1535 was collated to the chancellorship of the cathedral of Lichfield.

"The Greshams acted a conspicuous part in the days of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. To his uncle, Sir John, Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, was apprenticed, as he writes, 'for viii. yeres.' His uncle and master were frequently employed as the agent of King Henry in Flanders: he made a considerable fortune, and died of a malignant fever in 1556, leaving to the Mercers' Company by his will £13 6s. 8d. for a feast, and desiring them, after dinner, to "have his soul in remembrance with their prayers." Sir Richard, his brother, the father of Sir Thomas, became an eminent merchant, and in 1537 was elected Lord Mayor of London. He was evidently in favour with the King, from whom he received five grants of church lands. He closed his life at Bethnal Green, February 21, 1548—9.

"His son Thomas was sent to Cambridge, but at an early period of his career was engaged in important commercial negotiations. We find in 1543, a license granted by the Regent of the Low Countries, Margaret Queen of Hungary, for the exportation of gunpowder, was delivered to 'younge Thomas Gresham, solycitor' to the King of England.

"He married, about the year 1544, Anne, the daughter of William Fernely, Esq., of West Creting, in Suffolk, and widow of William Read, a gentleman of good family, who is styled by himself in his will 'citizen and mercer of London,' who died early in 1544—the same year which saw his widow become the wife of Gresham. By her he had several children, all of whom, with the exception of a son named Richard, who lived to approach maturity, died in their infancy.

"In connexion with his uncle's affairs, he had become intimately acquainted with the money market of Flanders, and in consequence was appointed agent, or 'King's factor with the trading interest,' or 'King's merchant,' a situation of importance and trust, which had formerly been granted to William de la Pole, father of Michael Earl of Suffolk. It was on the occasion of the disgrace of Sir William Daurell, who filled the same post in the time of Edward VI., that Gresham was sent for about the close of 1551, and interrogated by the counsel as to the best manner of getting the King out of debt. This caused him to remove with his wife to Auwerp, where he took up his abode with the family of the Schetz.

"During the two first years of his being engaged in the public service, he posted from Antwerp no fewer than forty times. Between the 1st of March, 1552, and the 27th of July, his payments amounted £106,301 4s. 4d.; his travelling expenses for riding in and out eight times £102 10s., including a supper and a banquet to the Schetz and the Fuggers, with whom he had to transact business—£26 being equal, Mr. Burgon calculates, to £250 at the present day. The feast must have been one of great magnificence, as the guests appear to have been not more than twenty. On such occasions Gresham deemed it policy 'to make as good chere as he could.'

"Intwood Hall, near Norwich, built by Sir Richard Gresham, was his country seat in England, which was often the scene of elegant hospitality. His London establishment was in Lombard Street, then the handsomest street in London, where he had a shop, over the door of which his crest, a grasshopper, appeared by way of sign, the common usage of the merchants and bankers of that time. The site of Sir Thomas Gresham's place of business is now occupied by the banking-house of Messrs. Stone, Martins, and Stone. From the nature of his engagements he was compelled, for the greater part of his time, to reside with his family at Antwerp. His exertions met with the distinct approbation of his royal master. He bestowed on Gresham a gift of lands of the value of one hundred pounds per annum, accompanying it with the remark, 'you shall know that you have served a king.'

"When queen Mary succeeded her brother, Gresham found himself superseled. This he thought he owed to the hostility of the Bishop of Winchester. He memorialised Mary, and set forth the valuable services he had rendered to her brother, which had been requited in the manner already described. His representations, or the inefficiency of his successor, led to his being speedily reinstated. From the correspondence preserved in the State-paper Office, of which Mr. Burgon has largely availed himself, it is clear that he used great activity as well as much skill and prudence, in raising money for the Queen. It was customary to pay a rate of interest that would now be regarded as enormous on a loan. Great difficulty was found in obtaining money; and when parties were willing to lend, to claim 10, 12, or 14 per cent. per annum was not thought at all out of the way. After negotiating several loans, Gresham felt that, instead of sending such large sums abroad, it would be a desirable thing to secure them for the capitalist at home. With the eye of a statesman he saw that it would be more convenient for the borrower. The still more profitable system of 'repudiation,' which borrows and refuses all payment, never occurred to him.

Mr. Wilson then proceeds to point out some of the great pecuniary obligations Sir Thomas Gresham conferred on this country, by turning the exchanges in our favour. We pass over this part of the memoir, and extract the following from another portion of it:—

"Living generally at Antwerp, he was in that city when the rejoicings took place for the birth of a son to Queen Mary, which birth never took place. That a false report of such a character obtained credence abroad should hardly surprise, when even so near the court as Aldersgate, not only the accouchment of the queen, but the admirable proportions of the prince were announced to his

congregation by the minister of St. Ann's Church. Gresham was present at the abdication of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The Christmas of 1555 he passed in England, and in the following month the Priory of Austin Canons, at Massingham Magno in Norfolk, and several benefices, were conferred upon him as a mark of the Queen's favour. What he received from her Majesty altogether, she tates to have been of the annual value of £200.

"Queen Mary died on the 17th of November, 1558. Gresham is believed to have been out of England when that event took place; and if so, he deemed it prudent to lose no time in paying his duty to the new sovereign. On the 20th, we find him at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, where Queen Elizabeth was then staying, and there he met with a singularly gracious reception. Her Majesty promised that, if he only served her as he had served her brother and sister, she would grant him as much land as he had received from both of them. She then gave him her hand to kiss, and promised if anything unfavourable should be reported to his prejudice during his absence, she would always reserve one ear to listen to his vindication on his return. Of this gracious assurance he had occasion to remind the ministers of Queen Elizabeth when the Marquis of Winchester attempted to injure him with his royal mistress. He, however, triumphed over all the malice of his enemies, and his powerful assistance and advice continued to be in much request, not only when a loan was to be raised, but in reference to matters of commerce generally, as well as in various questions of great political importance.

"After he had received the honour of knighthood, Lombard Street was not considered to be sufficiently dignified for his residence, and he purchased or built a mansion in Bishopsgate Street, which received the name of Gresham House. He enjoyed great familiarity with many of the most distinguished persons of his time; both officially and personally he was very intimate with Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh. On one occasion, we learn from a passage in his correspondence, he sent a present of silk stockings to the secretary for himself, and, as he expressed it, for 'my ladye your wife.' His ingenuity and address were often exercised in procuring munitions of war to be sent to England from the Netherlands. A thousand pounds weight of gunpowder, it was arranged, should be indicated in his letters by the words 'one piece of velvet.' In spite of such precaution, a discovery had nearly taken place. It was turned aside by his skill, and the influence he had gained from the high reputation he had established, or by the presents he had made. He showed that he possessed no mean talent for intrigue, and the art of bribing in the cause of his sovereign was not unknown to Gresham. In various matters the information obtained through him was of the highest importance.

"Mr. Burgon has laboriously followed him through all the negociations with which he was concerned, both at home and abroad. They prove that the utmost confidence was reposed in him, and it is hardly creditable to the liberality or the prudence of Elizabeth's government, that so valuable an agent should have been obliged to importune them very frequently to bear in mind, after the services he had rendered, the promise made to him at Hatfield on the accession of the Queen. He did not fail to do so very plainly; and on such occasions he set forth the magnitude of the labours he had accomplished without reserve. He might do this boldly; as sometimes more was owing to him than the government was prepared to pay.

"Through many years he continued in the habit of frequently passing from England to Antwerp—the lords of which, in 1543-4, sent him a present of wine of the value of £10, to dispose him to give them the benefit of his good offices with the Queen of England.

"His dignity as a British merchant was offended at seeing a noble Burse in Antwerp, while London could boast no such accommodation for those whose lives were devoted to commerce. About the year 1565 he applied himself in earnest to correct this evil—how successful will hereafter appear. While at home and furthering this great work, he was actively engaged in raising or disbursing money for the treasury.

"Among the guests at Gresham House, we find, self-invited, the Duke of Norfolk, who lost his life on the scaffold some years afterwards, for connecting himself with the affairs of Mary Queen of Scots. In the eyes of foreigners, Gresham was a person of so much importance that when, in 1567, the heads of the reformed church in Antwerp thought it expedient to send an address to the Secretary of State, Cecil, praying his influence with the Queen on their behalf, a similar address was, by the same body, voted to him. In the following month, he again proceeded to Antwerp, where he interested himself for the Protestants of that city. This was his last appearance there. He witnessed the troubles which then broke out in the Netherlands, and wrote home an exact account of them. Shortly afterwards he returned to England. In the following year, he was a suitor to the Queen for the purchase of certain lands. He indeed seems constantly to have had an eye to the accumulation of wealth, though not with a sordid view, as was proved in the sequel. His company was courted by persons of the greatest consideration; and when foreigners of high rank came to England, Sir Thomas was frequently appointed to receive them, and to attend them in their visits to the principal objects of interest in London; while on any extraordinary emergency, Sir William Cecil did not disdain to seek advice from the merchant. It was by his counsel, as already mentioned, that Elizabeth was brought, when a loan was necessary, 'not to use any strangers, but her own subjects, that it might be seen what a prince of power she was.' Having suggested the idea, by his active exertions in the city, it was eventually carried out."

"The Lady Mary Grey, sister to the unfortunate Lady Jane, who had offended the Queen by her marriage, was, in 1569, committed to the custody, or at all events to the care, of Sir Thomas Gresham. Of this honour he soon became weary, and made pressing representations to obtain her removal. He did not succeed till after the noble or royal guest had been under his roof more than three years. Ultimately she gained some degree of favour at court.

"He had purchased, at an early period of his life, a seat at Mayfield, in Sussex. Thither, with his wife and household, he retreated in 1570, when the plague broke out in London; and there, in 1573, he received a visit from the Queen. In the year preceding, on her setting out on a summer progress, he had been named, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, as one of the persons of 'great trust, wisdom, and experience,' from whom the Lord Mayor of London might seek advice for the better government of the metropolis during her absence; and he continued a member of that commission till within a year of his death."

Towards the conclusion of the memoir, we are presented with some farther interesting particulars respecting this distinguished merchant.

"This distinguished citizen remained on the most intimate footing with the principal statesmen of his day. Besides building and endowing almshouses near his own mansion, he founded what has been called the 'epitome of a university,' which was named 'Gresham College.' In 1570, he purchased the manor of Heston, and shortly afterwards took up his residence in Osterley Park (which was part of that manor), where, in 1576, he received a visit from Queen Elizabeth, on which occasion she was entertained with extraordinary festivity. It is related that she objected the court-yard was too large, and would have been more handsome if divided in the middle. Upon this Sir Thomas forthwith sent for workmen from London, who laboured in the night silently, but with such diligence that, when the Queen rose in the morning, a wall had been raised, and the fault which she had noticed corrected.

"Gresham did not long survive this honour. He was now sixty years of age, when on Saturday, the 21st of November, 1579, between six and seven in the evening, having just come from the Royal Exchange to his house in Bishopsgate Street, he was suddenly attacked, it is supposed, by apoplexy. He was found speechless on the floor of his kitchen, and in a short time

breathed his last. His remains were committed to the earth on the 15th of the following month, in St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate Street, where they still repose. The funeral was one of extraordinary splendour, as it cost no less than £800.

"His only son Richard, had died in 1564. Sir Thomas had a natural daughter named Anne, whom he carefully educated and provided with an ample dower, and who eventually became the sister-in-law of Lord Bacon. Lady Gresham survived her husband seventeen years, and died at Osterley House, November 23, 1596. She was buried at St. Helen's, with great pomp, on the 15th of December, in the same grave with her husband, and, by a curious coincidence on the anniversary of his funeral."

Poems. By JAMES HEDDERWICK.

THIS beautifully printed work is dedicated to MR. CHARLES MACLAREN, the editor of the "Scotsman Newspaper," in whose columns many of the pieces first appeared when the author was assistant editor of that journal. They indicate a cultivated mind, breathe an amiable spirit, and in several instances furnish proofs not to be mistaken, that the author has much of true poetry in his composition. Mr. Hedderwick is yet but a young man, and therefore other and still better things may be expected from him. We give as specimens of his powers two pieces. The first appears under the very general head of

SONNET.

LET not our lips pronounce the word Farewell
 To those we cherish—if we needs must part,
 On hope's illusions let the fancy dwell,
 Nor deem that distance can divide the heart!
 Though I should look through sorrow's dim eclipse,
 And print warm parting on the loved one's lips—
 To speak the last sad word my tongue were dumb:
 Or, if it syllabled my soul's emotion,
 'Twould be to tell how pilgrim steps have come
 To worship at the shrine of love's devotion!
 So be the language of despair unspoken
 By those whose hearts nor time nor space can sever—
 A fountain seal'd till hope be lost for ever,
 And only gush when the heart is broken!

The other piece is of some length. It appears under the title of

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

It was a gloomy Sabbath eve—
 I felt in dreamy mood,
 And wander'd to a lone churchyard
 To muse in solitude.
 The village groups had all withdrawn;
 But through the twilight grey
 I saw a lonely woman stand
 As loth to go away.

She was arrayed in widow's weeds,
 I could not see her face,
 Which might have told why at that hour
 She sought that silent place.
 I stole aside with soften'd step,
 No rude annoy to bring
 To one bowed down with grief—
 For grief's a sacred thing.

The shadow of the old grey church
 Fell round me like a pall,
 But the mourner's figure I could see
 Upon the churchyard wall.
 She knew not any eye was near
 Except the eye of Him
 Whose presence we the more behold
 The more our eyes are dim.

Long, long she gazed upon the ground,
 On one small spot, alas !
 Which seemed to swell to meet the hand
 She laid upon the grass.
 Her hand she laid upon the grass
 Retired yet ling'ring staid,
 And aye upon the silent grass
 Her long thin hand she laid.

That hand had often smooth'd the couch
 Of him who slept beneath
 And the love by which 'twas guided, seemed
 Of love that knew not death ;
 And so she knelt, as if to feel
 If earth were warm and soft,
 As the pillow—vacant now—on which
 His head had lain so oft.

Ah me ! what depth of love was hers,
 Who thus her home forsook,
 And all the living world beside,
 Upon his grave to look !
 I could not see the tears she shed,
 They flowed not to be seen—
 But well I knew the grass was wet,
 O'er which her eyes had been.

And still the grass she gently touch'd,
 And bended meekly o'er,
 As if to give her hand to him,
 Who took it once before ;
 That so she might bring back the time,
 The morning-time of life,
 When by his side a girl in years,
 She felt in heart a wife.

Or happy 'twas in memory
Of some old early vow,
To love him even after death,
That she sought his grave-place now;
Or, for some word unkindly said,
Though not unkindly meant,
Perchance upon his grave to shed
Atoning tears she went.

And oft upon that grave she look'd,
And oft she look'd above,
As if between that spot and heaven
She shared her whole heart's love!
'Twas long before she left the place,
And as she moved away,
Methought her inmost bosom yearn'd
For ever there to stay.

A few stars glimmer'd over head—
Deep darkness crept around—
Beneath, old generations slept—
I stood on holy ground!
All silent through the dull grave mounds
I homeward sadly turn'd,
Yet almost deem'd 'twere sweet to die
To be so loved and mourned!

A History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. By SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M.A., Chaplain to H.R.H. Prince Albert, and Arch-deacon of Surrey.

THIS is a very interesting work on a very interesting subject. Mr. Wilberforce has evidently been most careful to produce a volume which should be at once worthy of his subject and of his character as a literary man. The great objection which many will have to the book is, that it is pervaded throughout by a spirit of church exclusiveness. We cannot sufficiently commend the boldness and energy with which the reverend author denounces slavery in America, and the forcible way in which he points out the grievous sin of those professing religion who, in the United States, defend slavery by their speeches and writings, and uphold it by being participators in its pecuniary gains.

First Latin Grammar and Exercises, on Ollendorff's Method. By WILLIAM HENRY PINNOCK, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

THIS is a very valuable little work, and will, there can be no doubt, acquire an extensive circulation as its merits become known. It is very much calculated to facilitate the study of the Latin. The author displays a thorough knowledge of the subject, and the work will give the learner a better idea of the development of the structure of the Latin language than any other with which we are acquainted. It ought to be in the hands of every learner of that language.

A History of England from the first Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By the Rev. G. A. POOLE. Vol. I.

THIS volume, which brings down the history of England till the close of Henry the Eighth, is well digested and carefully written; but we regret to say that we can detect the poison of Tractarianism lurking in it. It is one of the ingenious devices of the Oxford school of theologians, to avail themselves of fiction, of history, and of every variety of light literature to disseminate covertly their pernicious principles. We regret that a work otherwise of so much merit as the one before us, should be disfigured by these objectionable theological views.

Wallace, Bruce, and the Bard. A Poem.

THE author states, in a modest preface, that the sale of this little work, extending to two hundred verses, will be, in a pecuniary point of view, an object to him. This at once disarms criticism. It is due, however, to the author to say, that there are many parts of his little book which indicate the possession of respectable poetic talents. We hope the work will sell. As a specimen we give the closing verses, which refer to

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

“Your King, my matchless Scots, dash on with him to glory now,
Let the trembling King who mocks a throne to the shade of Wallace bow.
Though dead, he lives; though the lately living are dead, great Ellerslie’s
ghost is here,
And Wallace, Scots, and Bruce with you the flying field will clear.

Shame, shame, oh! shame to thy well-earned fame, great Glo’ster, come not
here
To rush on death when hope has fled, to kiss the first murderous spear—
Perchance some Scottish traitor’s lance; no true Scot e’er will taint
The Bruce’s joy by spearing thee; fly, Glo’ster, fly, avaunt!’

Thus thundered Bruce; then rushing mid flying squadrons and the slain,
The resistless torrent rolled with him o’er the deeply-sanguined plain,
When a second victim bared his breast, Sir Giles d’Argentine,
‘To die, I know,’ said the valorous knight; ‘to fly was never mine.’

A panic ran then through their lines, when the hills around displayed,
With thousands strong, new banners aloft, and noises that dismayed,
The disconcerted foes who came from English lands to spoil
Poor Scotland in her days of woe, her king and kingdom to embroil.

The Bruce signal given, from earth and heaven, from dales and hills there rose
Seven loud hurrahs, and high in the air th’ ensigns of new and numerous foes.
Then Edward cried, ‘If the tide we stem of victory threatens now
To engulf our flying thousands, how stem that novel torrent’s flow?’

'Douglas,' cried Bruce, 'thy wounds redress'd, while in the flickering taper's glow,
Of their battle lost, but burning still, 'tis thou shalt hunt the royal foe.
Let him 'scape not the doom I suffered; bring to me, ere I sleep,
Proud Edward's person, Douglas; go, great glory shalt thou reap.

'Not dead or alive, like his barbarous sire, when our sacred hero's head
He priced, as if his brutal soul, while living, e'er matched that jewel
Of nightly honour, no—bring him alive, not dead, or thy king's thanks are
not thine;
I slew the traitor Cummin even at the altar; but Edward's life, I charge you,
guard as you would mine.

Then sounds the view-halloo, when Edward flew on the wings of life and
death,
And the Douglas strained with sixty steeds to gain the glorious wreath,
To hold him bound, who dared to ground pretensions to the crown
Of old Scotland, whose head and hand so feebly bore his own.

"Mowbray, I come," said the fugitive King, "this fatal day is o'er,
From Stirling walls, to send my calls for aid from land and shore."
"Great Sire," said Mowbray, "stay not here, this castle is not mine,
My honour's pledged, unrelieved this day, the fortress to resign."

To Dunbar fled by stealth, Earl March received the royal guest,
And a fishing skiff in haste her sails to the favouring winds had prest,
When a sealed despatch reached the skiff in haste, and thus the terror ran,
"All hopes are gone for ever, Sire, we have lost all power in the land."

Nine times three barons, of highest fame in England's annals, dyed
With princely streams the ghastly field, and two hundred knights beside
Seven hundred squires of high degree, of loyalty and faith,
And thirty thousand Englishmen, horrid holocaust to Death!"

The Mother's Practical Guide in the Early Training of her Children.
By MRS. BAKEWELL. Second Edition.

THE present work is the production of a mother, of whom we may say, judging from its subject matter, that she is in truth a "crown to her husband." She has deeply studied her theme, and with an affectionate interest in the class for whose benefit she has written. Such works as this are much needed; for though many and successful efforts have of late been made for the promotion of education, still, that particular branch which devolves upon a mother, has not been considered of sufficient importance. As an illustration of the kind of information imparted by this valuable little book, we will extract a portion from the section on Exercise:—

"The best bodily exercise for young children is doubtless running and playing in the open air, from which they should not be debarred by the slight variations in the weather. In large towns, the getting children out of doors, especially so far as to inhale a tolerably pure air, is very difficult; but no sac-

rice scarcely should be thought too great to obtain for them this essential requisite for health. Children who are accustomed to go out, if it be but for an hour a day, evidently suffer if deprived of the privilege; they seem dull and poorly, and are often very cross and irritable: in short, out-door exercise is essential, not only to bodily, but to mental health.

The exercise of the senses, and of the mental powers, may be very advantageously pursued out of doors, and may greatly conduce to the pleasure both of children and mothers; and here let me urge upon mothers the desirableness, to say the least, of joining their children in their walks, and striving to enter into all their frolics. While walking, you may exercise a child's sight by desiring him to look at distant objects, and by asking him what he thinks they are like; if he mistake them, approach nearer to them, and let him again try to distinguish them. Or you may examine a pebble or a stone, and enquire its shape, its colour, its weight; try whether it be comparatively soft or hard, and whether he can break or crush it like sand. You may pick up a flower, and tell him the names of the different parts, and of the colours it displays. You may lead him to distinguish between the smell of different flowers, or between that of a hay-field and a bean-field, or of any other object that may be agreeable to the sense. His hearing, too, may be improved, by directing his attention to different sounds; as, to the sound of a distant carriage—is it a cart, a coach, or a lighter vehicle? The notes of different birds, and the voices of different animals, will also afford ample exercise for his hearing.

Whilst a child is thus employing his senses, the best powers of his mind will likewise be cultivated. You will teach him observation, without which the brightest book of nature is a mere blank. He will exercise his attention, by examining objects with so much care as to be enabled again to recognize them, particularly if he be accustomed to describe them to his father on his return home. He will be led, by degrees, to a perception of differences between objects and parts of objects: his memory, too, will be cultivated; and he will early imbibe a taste for the cheap and inexhaustible pleasures which nature provides for her children.

FINE ARTS.

Portrait of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Lithographed from the Life. By D. MACGUIRE.

THE numerous friends and admirers of Dr. Forbes Winslow, author of "Physic and Physicians," will be glad to learn that a Portrait of that gentleman has just been published. It is a correct likeness, and, as a piece of art, is most creditable to Mr. Macguire. Dr. Winslow, we understand, has, of late, been particularly applying himself to the subject of insanity. We believe we may add that something more on the subject, in continuation of his excellent work, "Health of Body and Mind," may soon be expected from the doctor's pen.

THE GENERAL ;
A TALE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

BY P. O'RYAN.

A FEW days after the breaking out of the rebellion, in the year 1798, my regiment, which lay in Dublin, had instructions to hold itself in marching order. Being a young man, with a slight touch of the dare-devil, and fondly building upon a speedy promotion, I hailed our immediate order to march with all the enthusiasm of an enterprising young Captain, who had to fight his way to distinction. The night before our march, my sleep was interrupted by dreams of personal danger—at times encountering a band of pikemen—ordering my men to charge bayonets—dashing in amongst them—now and then kissing the cold steel pike, which, at times, tickled me in the ribs, and left anything but an agreeable impression. But morning coming, and the drum beating, I found myself as comfortably in bed, as if my dear Mamma had but just tucked me in for the night. Jumping from bed, I was soon in a condition to ring for my attendant, who informed me it was time for muster. Everything for our march having been packed the over-night, and placed upon the luggage cart, I left my room for the Barrack-yard, where the soldiers were busily arranging themselves in their respective companies. A short time, and we were on the march. The morning was fine, but by no means oversultry; and, although the sun shone with an unusual strength, we had every chance of a temperate heat for our day's march. Ireland was then under "Martial Law," but nevertheless, the prying citizens were out, and busily inquiring of each other where the soldiers were going to. Windows were thrown up, and no sooner up than two or three heads would pop out. What was rather remarkable, the heads all had night-caps, ornamented with borders, under which might be seen, the homely face of the shopkeeper's wife, the rosy cheeks of her daughter, and the no less healthy, but full-moon face of "Biddy," the "sarvice woman;" all inquisitiveness as to where we were going, yet not daring, in their robes of Morpheus, to put questions to "the soldiers."

Having got outside the suburbs, we had very few pretty faces to look at, the houses being far apart, and mostly cloaked by avenues, so that our march lost that charm which the good wishes of the fair had hitherto given it. Our first day's march was thirty-five Irish miles, over bad roads, across hill and dale, and clouds of dust; and, contrary to our expectations, exposed to excessive heat.

It being well understood that the united Irishmen had their spies in every city, town, and village, care was taken to keep the civilians in ignorance of the place for which we were destined. They were well aware, however, that our sudden movement was owing to the alarming state of the north, and needed but little information to satisfy them of the very spot to which we were on the march.

"Arrived at Arklow, we had orders to halt; and the Colonel, after a conference with the commander-in-chief of the garrison (Major-General Needham), thought proper to send the men to barracks for the night, with the understanding that we were to resume our march for Wexford at break of day. Having formed an acquaintance with a six-bottle Captain, or, more politely-speaking, a brother officer, he proposed my drinking to the success of his Majesty George the Third, or, in plain words, to the speedy annihilation of the Papist rebels, who had caused us all this marching and counter-marching. To satisfy Captain Blackmore, for whom I had a regard, and by no means to gratify my thirst by whiskey punch, though I could now and then tippie a little, his proposal was agreed to. Having put up at the best house of accommodation we could meet with, and partaken of supper, my friend and I paid our respects to whiskey punch; but he, drinking two tumblers to my one, soon fell fast asleep in his chair, with his head in anything but a becoming posture, hanging right backwards, and snoring like a pig. I was about to ring for the waiter, when a loud knocking at the street door arrested my attention; leaving the bell-rope undisturbed, I proceeded to the window and attempted to raise it, so as to have a look at the intruder, but, curse the care of old Boniface, he had it secured with double fastenings, so as not to be surprised by the rebels. Returning to the bell-rope, I was about to pull it with all my might, when in walked my host, followed by a little scrap of a waiter, both out of breath.

"Why the devil," said I, pretending to be angry, "did you nail down the window?"

"Oh, your honour," answered my host, "'sure 'tis dhramin' ye are, to ask that question."

"Who the devil's knocking?" said I, interrupting his explanation of the window.

"Faith, Captain," he answered, "mysilf can't say, but here's the key of the sthreet door at yer service—'tis better than two tongues."

And here my host seated himself comfortably in a chair, and laid the key of the castle on the table, at my disposal.

Turning to the waiter, who was as full of dismay as his master, "Go, fellow," said I, "and see who it is that disturbs us."

Taking the key, as by stealth, he politely slipped it into my

right hand, and taking the candlestick in his own, he stood waiting for my advance to the street door. Seeing the fellow was determined to let me have all the honour of the assault, I determined to try how far my solicitations to him would prove ineffectual. Well, sir," said I, looking as fierce as suppressed laughter would allow,—“Proceed.”

“Pro—what, yer honour?” said he.

“Proceed!” I repeated, at the top of my voice.

“What, yer honour!—is it me—shure the likes of me, that *waits* upon yer honour, knows mysilf betther than going before a gentleman. Shure, yer honour, I’ll lighten yer honour to the door.”

The knocking, which had for a time ceased, was resumed, and to abridge the disturbance, I descended the stairs, the waiter following, but at a very respectful distance. Throwing back three bolts, disconnecting a large iron bar, and unhooking a chain, I took a breath, and smiled at the care bestowed upon a door, which a pickaxe, after five minutes’ labour, would have utterly destroyed: but the rebels had threatened the town, and the inhabitants were *determined* they would not be taken by surprise.

“Who comes?” said I.

“Wexford,” was the answer.

Enough—the key was applied, and the door swung back upon its hinges. The disturber was no other than the sergeant of my company, who, after the usual salute, presented me with a small note. Upon perusal, I found it to be a request for my immediate attendance upon the Colonel.

“Giving orders to have Blackmore taken care of, and the sergeant supplied with a noggin of whiskey, I returned to the parlour, tightened my sword-belt, and departed to wait upon my Colonel. O’Donnel, the sergeant, who waited at the street-door, informed me that the report of firing was distinctly heard two or three times, but whether from the militia pickets, or from the rebels, was not yet known. Quickening my pace, I arrived at the outer gate of the mansion, where Colonel M—— (afterwards Lord F——), had taken up his quarters. O’Donnel giving the sentinel the pass-word, we entered, and without any regard to the regular path, crossed the large grass-plot in front of the house. Colonel M——, anticipating my speedy arrival, was pacing the large hall, seemingly in a state of deep abstraction, but upon my entering, was again himself. After kindly shaking me by the hand, he led the way into a small room off the hall, where were seated four elderly gentlemen, chatting over their wine. All rose upon my entrance, and vied in compliments towards me—two, three, four glasses, were immediately poured out, one of which I only partook of. The gentlemen were not in the least disturbed by my presence, but after I had seated myself, resumed their

discourse, which consisted of rebels and pikes, transportation and hanging—two insisting that the duty of Government was, to hang and transport every — papist in the country. The other two—magistrates—upon the score of humanity and patriotism, thought transportation the most beneficial to the country at large, for it would not only save the expense of hangmen, but would add materially to the revenue. I own that, annoyed as I was by their unmannerly clamour, the originality of the magistrates' propositions quite took my attention. Humanity in transporting poor wretches! thought I. Even the Colonel, who was anything but well pleased with the waste of time, felt inclined to listen, and smiled at me accordingly.

"You see, my dear sir," said one of the most humane of the worthy justices, "transportation is not taking away life, which is attended by an expense, do it how you will. If by shooting—a waste of powder; if by hanging—there are hangmen to be paid; besides, there are *pitchcaps* to be found, and upon the whole, I presume that transportation, not requiring pitchcaps, powder, nor hangmen, would serve the state and add to the revenue."

Sir T—— shook his head in profound denial, and coughing with as much energy as an old Baronet gone in wine could cough, replied, "I admit the humanity, but deny the expense or adding to the revenue. Transport ships must be paid, and convicts fed; as for humanity, why gentlemen, this is no time for exercising it."

Having said thus much, and applying a full glass to his lips, which was soon emptied, his opponent explained as follows:—

"While I give you great credit, Sir T—— for the able manner in which you have alluded to the blindness of my being over-humane, at this very critical period; yet when I show you the sound policy of my arguments, you will, from your good *taste* and patriotic feelings, allow my proposition for transportation to be the soundest and most profitable. Quite a speculation, I assure you, upon my honour, Sir T——."

The Colonel looked at me, as if he could no longer keep silence, but the almost immediate return of the worthy magistrate to the marrow of the subject, checked his impatience.

"I think, Sir T——," resumed the last speaker, "you laid great stress upon our having to pay for ships, and feeding convicts?"

Sir T—— nodded assent, and stroked his chin as one satisfied of an advantage.

"I grant all that, Sir T——," continued the justice; "but you will own, that when each convict will be worth ten pounds, at the lowest calculation, allowing for shipping, provisions, and other expenses—transportation is humane and political."

"When," interrupted the Baronet, "you prove a damn'd rebel worth half the sum in king's money, you shall have my opinion in favour of the scheme."

"Very well, Sir T——," said the justice, evidently preparing for a victory. "Very well," he repeated, smacking his lips after another glass, "we shall see."

Now came the moment, and all eyes were upon the champion of humanity.

"You see, gentlemen," said he, after a short pause, "every one of these rebels are able-bodied, all rascals of strong constitutions, and would sell at a good round sum a man, to our East and West-India planters, who would receive them with open arms; and after paying the expenses of their voyage, allow his Majesty King George ten pounds a man. Now, say we get rid of the rascals to the number of a million:—there are ten millions of pounds in good round figures, to cover the destruction of property, which the detestable devils are likely to be guilty of."

At the conclusion of this the Captain loudly applauded, and willingly confessed himself in the wrong. As for their other companions, they were dead to their brother patriot's eloquence, for the wine was "so gently o'er their senses stealing," that two only out of the four (the Baronet and Magistrate) could tell right hand from left. In this jovial state did the Colonel and myself leave them, heartily glad to retreat to another room lower down the hall, which was lighted and ready for our reception.

Colonel M—— rang the bell, and a servant quickly made his appearance, upon which the Colonel rose, and leaning his hands upon the table, asked the attendant if all was ready, to which the latter applied in the affirmative. Beckoning him to retire, the Colonel addressed himself to me as follows:—

"Captain D——, I have sent for you upon a case of great moment; if it was not necessary to be promptly attended to, I would not, after a hard day's march, have disturbed you, at least before you had a little rest."

"Colonel," said I, interrupting him, "I have but one life, which is at the service of my King and country."

"I congratulate you, sir, upon your zeal and loyalty," returned the Colonel, "and will now acquaint you of the duty you are to go upon."

Drawing a paper from his bosom, he presented me with instructions from Major-General Needham.

"You perceive, Captain," said he, "that you will have a difficult task to perform: your prisoners, should you succeed, will be found to be men of wealth and standing, for which reason you will use double caution. Your guide, who is the government informant, will conduct you to where the Rebel General is to address his men to-night, previous to marching upon Wexford to-morrow. Should you succeed in capturing him and his council, the thanks of your General, and a speedy promotion, will be your reward."

Here the Colonel pulled the bell-rope, and the same man-servant

again made his appearance, followed by a red-haired young man, the proprietor of small sparkling eyes, and large bushy whiskers. As the fellow entered, he made a rude bow, with a clumsy scrape of the foot. The Colonel gave me to understand, this was my guide, who would take me to the very spot where the council were to assemble. Giving orders to O'Donnel to pick twenty men for the occasion, the Colonel and I followed, to see everything in order; and in about an hour I was on the road.

Our first hour's march was cross country and extremely heavy, and by the second, we had done six miles; still we had two more to cover, ere we came in sight of the spot. I was not altogether well-pleased with the familiarity of my guide, or, as I might say, the informer, for that was the light in which I privately held him. His looks were waggish, and an inquiring eye might read rogue in every feature. On his head, and cocked on one side, he wore a small caubeen, supported by a strong bunch of red curly hair; in his right hand was a small thick stick, which he twirled between his fingers with an amazing rapidity. But what took my attention most was the unconcern with which the fellow played off his impudence. When O'Donnel, by whose side he walked or trotted—for the fellow could not, or would not, keep time with the military step—attempted to check him, he would make no answer, but pull up the waistband of his breeches by a sudden hitch, screw up his mouth to a dry shrill whistle, twirl his stick between his fingers, and then set off at a bound, similar to that of a disturbed rabbit. But for his being an informer, I could have appreciated his dry waggishness.

We now drew near our journey's end, and, following our guide, turned up a small lane off the main road. We had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile up the booreen, when my attention was directed to a peasant boy, who lay sleeping upon a ditch: pointing him out to my guide, I made an offer to disturb him, but was dissuaded from it by his giving me to understand it was no other than a half-natural (fool), and might be dangerous to our cause, as we were now so near, that the least disturbance would be the signal for the escape of the council. It was now past twelve, and the night mild, save a slight breeze now and then rustling in the long grass, which, as it waved to and fro, sent forth a low and solitary wail. Having gained the extremity of the booreen, we turned to the left and entered a winding valley, bounded on one side by a deep and rapid stream, while, on the other, large trees of poplar rose majestically, shading the moonbeams from our view. It was, indeed, a lonely spot, and the more we penetrated the valley, the thicker appeared the trees, and the darker the scene. For the first time, my guide, without any challenge from me, spoke as follows:—

“Captain, sir, tell the sojers to halt.”

The word was given, and my men were still.

"Now," he continued, "as we are near the Abbey, where they are sure to be, let every man walk aisy enough not to kill a worm, for they have ears like a fox; and when I enter, Captain, be on the look out for the wave of my hand, at the small door-way; and when I *wave the signal*, come to me for yer *life*, or I'm a *dead man*, that's all."

The fellow spoke in such measured and sober accents, that I noted every word, and was determined to act up to the letter of his advice. Following him with as little noise as the darkness would allow, we soon emerged from the valley, and ascended a small hill to the right. We could now faintly trace the Abbey in the distance, sunk in a considerable valley, its head peeping above the large trees, which clustered round and hid it from our view. Turning to the right of the little hill, we followed our guide down a gentle slope, which brought us suddenly in front of the ruined Abbey.

"Here it is, Captain," said he, in so low a whisper, that I was forced to incline my head to catch the purport.

Placing my men under the shade of a thick hedge, O'Donnell and myself watched him as he jumped, rather than ran, towards the ruin. Assured by my sergeant that the muskets were carefully loaded, I waited patiently the signal, and in the mean time drew my sword. The fellow had not been absent above five minutes, when the hand waved: giving the word march, in a low whisper, I pressed forward, closely followed by my men.

Arrived to where the guide stood, I found the entrance, being a side one, would admit but of a single file. I therefore determined to rush in boldly, so that my men, by a speedy entrance, might be able to form, with the greatest facility, to meet any opposition, which I felt confident would be offered by men whose lives were at stake.

"Now, Captain," whispered my guide, jumping in boldly. Waving my sword, I followed in an instant, but not perceiving through the faint light, the depth of my descent, I stumbled forward and was caught by both arms as firmly as if secured by a vice. One after another tumbled in my men, who were no sooner in than as firmly secured. Rage and disappointment filled me with madness. I saw, when too late, that treachery had done its work; that the very trap we had prepared for others, had now enclosed ourselves. Yet I was but the necessary agent of my superiors, whose orders I had sworn to obey. With our arms bound behind us, we were led towards a small altar, where were lying bands of men, some armed with pikes; others with pistols stuck in rude belts, composed of old harness; some stretched on the cold ground as if fatigued, others kneeling and praying: groups were here and there, as if meditating upon something about to

happen, and looking at me with an air of indifference: certain it was, none offered to insult us, though we could not help it if they had thought proper to do so. After my first indignation had subsided, I inquired for their commander; one of my guard informed me, he was expected every moment, and told me, as he was a true *patriarch* (patriot), I might take heart. O'Donnel and my men were removed to an inner apartment; as for myself, I expected nothing short of being piked to death. Indeed, what milder sentence could I expect? Had we succeeded, I doubt not but the castle authorities would have hanged every one we captured, without benefit of clergy. In such a strain was my mind, when I was disturbed by a hoarse voice singing to a wild, though an impassioned air.

I listened, and looking to my left beheld an old man standing in a recess, which in time of yore contained an altar, else an effigy of the patron saint; or it may have been the confessional, where pious men were wont to open their hearts to Heaven and receive forgiveness.

His singing created a sudden sensation amongst such of the groups as were not praying; those whom I thought asleep, sprang to their feet and grasped their pikes with an energy which for a moment discomposed me. As the old man proceeded in his song their eyes seemed to flash fire, and now and then I caught their furious gaze. But when the song got to its height, the old man sprang from the recess into the centre of the chapel. Continuing the song, of which I caught a line or two, he addressed himself to one man in particular with, "Is your hand on your pike?" To which the other (I should say a captain, from his being singled out) replied—

"Oh yes! and our hearts are in the cause of the right,
And the tyrants shall fall in their pride of might;
The *slaves* shall be free--though the tyrants all cry no;
For the hand of the bondman shall deal the blow,
And the red fire will glare from the mountain-top."

The captain was proceeding thus, when a cry of "the General, the General," from a dozen voices at the entrance, cut him short. All now resumed their arms and fell into regular squares. As he entered, a body of musketeers followed him, and formed a kind of guard of honour.

When he gained the centre of the aisle, all lowered arms; and those who had formed squares, now, and without orders, arranged themselves into a semicircle before him. There was a dead silence for a few seconds; at length a figure enveloped in a large cloak walked slowly from the recess, in which the old man a few minutes before was standing. He was followed by another and another, in all six, who bowed to him respectfully. A low conversation took place between them, each delivering to him a paper which

he carefully placed inside his sword belt. I stood (expecting he would have noticed me) as firm as if I was a spectator, not a prisoner; still he did not deign to look at me, which confirmed my suspicions that I was reserved for the pike. At length the general made a movement in the direction of where I stood; but passing me rapidly, he turned into the recess, and in a moment was out of sight. He was quickly followed by the strange-looking men, who had but a few minutes before passed through it to meet him. The guard of musketeers took their station, three on each side of the recess, and standing so that the rays of the small lamp which burned upon the altar fell upon them, I could plainly perceive they had never paid for *their* muskets, which belonged to the soldiers whom they had disarmed and bound prisoners. As for the safety of my men, the first law of nature had nigh banished it from my thoughts; and at length, after making up my mind to meet the *pike* like a man, I determined to use all my endeavours to have their lives spared. I had no sooner fallen into this resolution, than I was disturbed by the cry of "prisoners;" the fellows who had charge of me with a rough civility led the way, telling me "the *giniral* was a gentleman of the ould stock," and "if I was to die, he'd give me a decent berrin." I was marched to the recess, and turning a little nook entered a spacious apartment. Here the general was seated at a large oaken table, filled with papers, and his council ranged on each side. The general rose upon my entrance, and made a slight inclination of the body; I returned the compliment, though with less dignity, in consequence of my position as a prisoner.

"Prisoner," said he, "you have fallen a victim to a system which is the invention of your own party,—I need not mention that of the spy. Nothing can be more vile than the tyranny which they practise; their cruelties to the unfortunate men whom by perjury they bring in guilty of treason, has engendered in the hearts of the patriot army a wild, but I must say, a retributive spirit of revenge. The person whom you took for an informer, and led you amongst us this night, was not actuated by any such passion. He was on his way from Dublin to take the command his country had assigned him in the struggle for independence; and though disguised as you found him, would have fallen into the hands of the sanguinary North Cork militia, but for presenting himself as an informer to Major-General Needham, who was then in conversation with your commanding officer, Colonel Maxwell, to whom he was handed over."

The General paused, and looking towards one of the council who handed him a paper, he proceeded—

"Unbind the prisoners!"

The officer who acted as door-keeper drew a knife from his belt, which he unclasped; my cords were severed, and once more

my arms were free. While this was going on, the General was filling up a blank in the paper, which I feared would prove my death warrant. I was however agreeably surprised to find that instead of a death warrant it was my pardon, and a pass to Arklow. The General left his seat, and coming up to me presented me with my sword, which upon my first entering the abbey I was deprived of. Returning to his seat at the head of the table, he addressed me as follows:—

“You, Captain R——, will remain with us till to-morrow, which will be the 29th of May, when we hope to send you back to Arklow with the intelligence of Wexford being ours. Gentlemen, break up the council!” Turning towards me, he said politely, “Sir, you shall be respected, and to-morrow free.”

I was now led into another apartment, which I was told was to be mine for the night, and provided with a supper of fried bacon, eggs, and potatoes. The whiskey bottle which was laid on the table remained untouched; and, worn out with fatigue, I soon fell fast asleep. In the morning I awoke; my bones were sore from sleeping on a chair without anything to lay my head upon; and, calling to my guard, was told breakfast was ready in the next room. I walked or rather limped after, and sat down to a breakfast composed of bread, bacon, and milk; and, immediately after, was ordered to join a body of insurgents for Arklow.

“What!” said I, “is Wexford taken?”

“It’s put off till to-morrow,” answered the sergeant of my guard.

We had now emerged from the abbey, and gained the open air. A horse was ready saddled, upon which I was told to jump; and had no sooner obeyed, than I was surrounded by six of the insurgent cavalry, determined-looking fellows, well armed and horsed. We travelled cross country, and in the evening arrived at a place called the Three Rocks, within three miles of Wexford, where the insurgents held their camp preparatory to attacking Wexford on the next day (30th of May). Having good straw to lie on, and being in a comfortable tent, after a hasty supper I lay down to rest. About two in the morning I was disturbed by a discharge of musketry, and upon inquiring, was informed that the patriots were defeating the garrison, which had advanced to the encampment. Shortly after the town proposed a surrender, and Counsellor Richards and his brother arrived to offer terms, which the General accepted.

The insurgents entered Wexford with green banners flying, and music, as orderly as if they had been soldiers of the line. The contest was severe to the royalists: their bodies were lying about in dreadful disorder, and their red coats saturated with blood, from the mangling of that dreadful weapon, the pike, presented a melancholy and a soul-sickening spectacle. I had enough of carnage for that day, and longed to have my liberty

while my body was free from such dreadful gashes. At six o'clock in the evening I was taken before the commander in chief,* B. B. Harvey, Esq., who was only just liberated from the jail of Wexford. He was a fine handsome-looking man with a pair of gold epaulets like the General, who sat on the right hand. The General was the only one who addressed, me and he only in a few words. Having had my pardon two days before, he now presented me with a note for Major-General Needham, with his best wishes to Colonel Maxwell. Being escorted by a guard of insurgents to the principal inn, what was my surprise to behold my own soldiers, O'Donnell at their head, waiting my arrival! We refreshed ourselves and set out for Arklow, which we gained early next morning. After delivering the note to General Needham, he laughed aloud, telling me the informer was the General.

THE FADING FLOWER.

(TO AN INDIAN AIR.)

"THE flow'rets bloom may fade,
The leaves drop rustling round the tree ;
Chill in the cheerless shade
The little bird cower silently ;
But winter shall depart again,
And gay green spring appear,
Fresh flowers anew shall deck the plain,
And wild birds warble clear.

"The heart blooms once—no more,—
Young Hope and Love, twin flow'rets fair,
No spring-time can restore,
Chill'd by thy wintry breath, Despair !"
This pensive lay a maiden young
Breath'd in still evening's hour,
And, drooping, seemed as sad she sung
Herself the fading flower.

Oh! pale pale was her cheek,
And dim the azure of her eye,
Her voice was sad and meek,
Like broken murmurings of a sigh ;
She paus'd, look'd up to heaven, and smil'd,
One long sob heav'd her breast,
Then gently, as a wearied child,
She sunk to dreamless rest.

W. M. H.

* B. B. Harvey, Esq. was a close prisoner in Wexford jail, but upon the surrender of that town to the Patriots he was immediately liberated ; whereupon he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Patriot army.

ELIZA MORDANT.

A SKETCH.

THE last public duty I performed previous to my leaving Scotland for the East, was one of friendship to departed worth,—accompanying the remains of one I warmly esteemed to the narrow house. The day was dark and gloomy, and well accorded with the melancholy state of my feelings on the occasion.

When the clay tenement of my deceased friend had been fairly deposited in the bosom of the cold earth, and the sexton had given with his spade the concluding pat on the new-covered grave, I returned to the late home of him whose remains were now consigned to their kindred dust, in order to perform some offices of humanity to the fatherless daughter—the only child who survived.

Eliza had just entered on her eighteenth year when her father, in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, had been summoned to another world; and having only six months previously been called to the performance of the afflicting duty of closing her mother's eyes in death, and being now almost without a relation in the world, it may well be supposed she was in such a state of grief as eminently to stand in need of all the consolation which sympathising acquaintances could afford her.

I endeavoured by every argument I could employ to assuage her sorrow as much as possible; but the wound which her tender heart had received in the death of an only parent—and one, too, who had loved her with his whole soul, and whose very existence had seemed bound up in hers—was too deep to be soon or easily healed.

From the intimacy which subsisted between her father and myself, as well as on account of the estimation in which I had always held her, I felt an interest in the parentless Eliza Mordant which I had never before felt in any of the sex. In all the circumstances of the case, however, it would have been an abrogation of the laws of prudence to have acquainted her with my sentiments on this point. The only satisfaction I had in parting that evening with her, arose from the circumstance that her father had left her in easy circumstances, having before his death placed the whole of his available property, amounting to three thousand pounds, in the hands of a person of the name of Williams, who had been long known in the neighbourhood, and had been considered on all hands as a gentleman of the highest respectability.

Next day I experienced, to an extent of which those only who have been similarly circumstanced can form an adequate conception, the pangs of separation from friends and country—of that separation which must, in so far as human probabilities were concerned, be eternal to some of those I loved, and which there were strong reasons for appre-

hending would be the final separation between myself and a majority, if not the whole, of those friends.

In five months thereafter I was in Bombay. Immediately on my arrival in that presidency, I wrote home to my relatives, apprising them of my having safely reached the place of my destination, and anxiously inquiring into the history of Eliza since I had parted from her. Judge of the horror and indignation with which, in answer, I learned that the executor of her father and her sole guardian had, in two months after I left Scotland, become embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, and had absconded—none could tell whither—with the entire of Eliza's property. It was further added by my correspondent, that thus thrown on the wide world without resources and without friends, she had been under the necessity of engaging as governess in a gentleman's family.

"Eliza Mordant! Poor unfortunate girl!" I ejaculated with myself on receiving such tidings, "would it were in my power to lessen your woes, and punish him who has proved the oppressor of the orphan; but, at present, I can only commit you to the care of Him who has promised to be the father of the fatherless; and who can tell but the same Being may even in this world overtake him who has so signally wronged you, with his retributive justice?"

Some months thereafter, circumstances occurred to induce me to remove from Bombay to Calcutta, and much about the same time Eliza removed with the family in which she had engaged, to another part of the country, nearly one hundred miles distant. From this time, therefore, I could learn nothing further of her.

In about five years afterwards, I had occasion to go on board one of our traders an hour or two prior to her sailing for London. There were several Europeans on board who had been resident in the East, and who were now about to sail for their native country. With none of these, however, was I on terms of intimacy: but there was one face—that of a young lady—the features of whom seemed to have been at some time or other somewhat familiar to me. There was a certain something in her look—a pensiveness of air about her, that indicated clearly enough to me that her mind was but ill at ease. The day was fine, and the other ladies on board were perambulating the deck, and seemed to exult in the prospect of again visiting their native shores; but she sat beside a trunk and some luggage, apparently unconscious of what was going on around her. The other passengers seemed all to be on intimate terms with each other; but she appeared as if in the depths of solitude while in the midst of society. All circumstances combined to engender an irrepressible anxiety in my mind to learn something more of the young lady; and therefore I asked of the proper person the favour of a look at the book containing the names of the passengers. My request was complied with; and guess, reader, my surprise, when the very first name on the list was that of Eliza Mordant! I sought no more—I dashed the book out of my hand—I flew to Eliza, and in the overpowering emotions of the moment, so far disregarded the etiquette of society as to seize her in my arms in the presence of several of the passengers. I had no sooner uttered the words *Eliza Mordant*, than she recognised me, and expressed the con-

tending feelings which the unexpected interview generated in her breast, in an ocean of tears. I led her into the cabin, and as soon as her feelings would permit her to give utterance to words, I learned as much of her history in the time that intervened between our parting at home to our meeting in Calcutta under such strange circumstances, as induced me to prevent her sailing that day for England.

I ordered her luggage to be withdrawn from the vessel, and conducted her to my own house. Her existence since I had parted with her in Scotland until now had been nothing but one scene of sorrow—it was not so much as chequered by a day of joy. In the family in which she acted as governess, she met with much bad usage, sometimes, indeed, approaching to rudeness. But what could she do? If she had relinquished her situation, it would perhaps have been difficult to have procured another; and therefore the only alternative to her appeared to be either to remain in it, notwithstanding its miseries, or to perish of hunger and nakedness. Preferring the first as the least of the two evils, she submitted day after day to the indignities and other disagreeable circumstances to which she was subjected, until, at length, a letter reached her from an uncle in Calcutta, in answer to one written by herself announcing her father's death. In this letter, Eliza's uncle pressed her with the utmost apparent affectionate solicitude, to set out, forthwith, for Calcutta, assuring her that on her arrival, every attention should be paid to her, and every exertion made for her happiness.

The poor young creature's heart was absolutely in ecstasies on perusing this letter; and, notwithstanding the nature of the climate, and the distance and danger of the voyage, she resolved, without one moment's hesitation, to repair with all possible expedition to the East. She immediately quitted her situation as governess, and after the little preparation which eight days could afford her, she departed for London, whence she sailed in ten days thereafter for Calcutta.

On her arrival in India, she was met by her uncle, aunt, and three cousins, from all of whom she received every demonstration of affection. But she had not been eight days within her uncle's roof when she thought she recognised in the conduct of all her relatives something of a certain coldness of manner towards her. She afterwards learned she was correct in her conjecture; and the reason of it was, that they had all been quite disappointed on ascertaining that she was in such indifferent pecuniary circumstances. The uncle, in short, had known that her father possessed several thousand pounds at his death, and it was under the impression that the entire sum would fall into his hands, that he had been so urgent in his invitation to his niece to repair to India.

The coldness of manner which Eliza had, at so early a period after her arrival in India, discovered in the conduct of her relatives towards her, gradually became more and more apparent. And what preyed on her sensitive mind with a still greater force was, the circumstance of her having ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that most of the old gentlemen—and some of them were great libertines—that visited the house, had been invited in the hope of their soliciting her hand in marriage, and by that means easing the uncle of a disagreeable burden. And the stratagem was in part successful. One of these guests, aged sixty-five, withered and deformed in person, and a noto-

rions profligate withal, "made love" to Eliza, but was rejected. The uncle was informed of the circumstance, and forthwith endeavoured to dragoon her into consent. She resisted; her uncle and other relatives were obstinate, and, as the only method of escaping marriage with one her soul abhorred, she resolved on the expedient of clandestinely leaving the roof of her uncle, and returning home to her own country. The object was so far executed, when, by the merest accident in the world, I recognised her on board an India trader.

The reader will naturally anticipate that Eliza and the writer of this sketch were soon after married together. And though years on years have since passed over our heads, we have enjoyed a degree of uninterrupted felicity, rarely, I will venture to say, possessed in sublunary scenes. Some months ago, we both returned to our native country, and to Eliza the bitterness of a certain portion of her past existence only imparts an additional zest to the pleasures of the present.

It was a most singular coincidence, that in the very first English journal I read after our marriage, there was a detailed account of the death of Williams. Soon after he had absconded with Eliza's property, and no doubt with the property of many others besides, he reached London, where, having formed loose habits—if, indeed, they had not been previously formed—he proceeded from one step in vice to another, until, in the course of a few years, he had squandered the last farthing he had in the world; and then—he went and committed suicide.

STANZAS.

On, on, Earth circles on
Unwearied through the skies,
Her freight of dirge and song,
Of grief's and vanities!
Her children's cries no more
She heeds than doth the prow
The lashings of the distanced shore,
The billow at her bow.

On, on, Earth circles on,
In shadow and in light—
So full upon her insect throng
Vain woe, and vain delight!
Soothly the wise man said
But vanity and woe
Divide the sum of all that's made
Man's heritage below.

On, on, Earth circles on,
Majestically fair—
She wears a starry zone
And sunbeams braid her hair—
A robe of gems and dyes
All glorious to behold—
Alas! what mortal agonies
May royal robes enfold!

C. G. R.

LINES ON A DEW-DROP.

SPARK'ER! they say that with thy draught
Titanis's ocean-bowl is filled—
The pearl wines by the fairies buaff'd,
Instead of grapes from gems distill'd.

What art thou like? a wandering drop
Flung from some heavenly waterfall,
Which burst its bounds, and did not stop
Until it reached our earthly ball.

What art thou like? a precious tear
Dropp'd from some pitying seraph's eye,
Who wept whilst hovering o'er our sphere,
The sins he saw beneath the sky.

The Moralist and Bard agree
That mortal glory, gain, and power,
Too well, alas! resemble thee,
The fancied brilliant of an hour!

But yet, while truth in vain condemns
The fond pursuit of things so frail,
We chase the false and phantom gems
Which, ere we call them ours, exhale.

Such are the gems of this world, given
A moment on its flowers to shine!
But he who seeks for things of Heaven
Must quit the surface for the mine.

Bright moralist! how rich the lore
The thoughtless heart from thee might learn—
Would man but pause one instant o'er
The kindred drop he hastes to spurn.

K.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE DR. ARNOLD.¹

"If our readers feel with us that the most profitable employment any book can give them is to study honestly some earnest, deep-minded, truth-loving man—to work their way into his manner of thought, till they see the world with his eyes, feel as he felt, and judge as he judged, neither believing nor denying till they can in some measure so feel and judge—then we may assert that few books known to us are more worthy of their attention than this." Such were the weighty and approving words with which Mr. Carlyle introduced the writings of the devout, high-souled Novalis to the study of the British public. But they are, if possible, still more applicable to the man before us; in whose life and writings, indeed, it is no exaggeration to suppose that British readers will take a somewhat livelier and intenser interest than in those of the philosophical but somewhat mystical German. A more "earnest, truth-loving" man than the late Dr. Arnold will not be met with, and rarely one of deeper mind. The grand aim of his intensely active life was the "setting forth of God's glory by doing his appointed work;" and to realize and attain to this—the true end of man's existence—he unswervingly and unfalteringly struggled on, fearing and heeding nothing else.

A genuine record of the life of so remarkable a person as Arnold is indeed a treasure; and such a treasure we are most fortunate to possess in the interesting and delightful biography of him by Mr. Stanley. There is a freshness and reality about the book that impresses us at once with a conviction of the truth and faithfulness of the picture. The relation is so full, impartial, and unreserved, of the opinions of Arnold, and his modes of thought, set forth, for the most part, in his own simple, manly, and nervous language—in the large and ample selections made from his valuable correspondence, that there cannot be a moment's doubt or hesitation as to the truth or genuineness of the portrait so vividly brought before us. Mr. Stanley, in the true spirit of his own fine observation, that Arnold "was one of a class whose whole being, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, is like the cloud of the poet—

"Which moveth altogether if it move at all,"

and whose character, therefore, is far better expressed by their own words and deeds than by the representation of others," disclaiming the office of judge, and, with great modesty, laying claim only to the humbler character of "narrator or editor,"—has simply aspired to place Arnold before us in some measure as his own biographer, exhibiting his opinions and views of life, as depicted in his own words, in letters addressed to his wide circle of numerous and attached friends, or in

¹ "Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., Head Master of Rugby School. By Arthur P. Stanley, M. A.," 1844. Sermons by ditto, vol. 1 to 5, 8vo., 1828-42. Lectures on Modern History, 8vo., 1842. History of Rome, vol. 1 to 3, 1838-43.

extracts from his private journals and diaries, merely stating so much in the way of narrative "as would enable the reader to enter upon the letters with a correct understanding of their writer in his different periods of life, and his different spheres of action."

And so, in this manner, we have portrayed to the very life, Arnold,—the affectionate, the earnest, the truth-seeking, truth-loving Arnold—in the purity and loveliness of his warm and tender domestic affections; his deep interest in public affairs, characterized by views of the loftiest patriotism; his anxious sympathy for the poor, intercourse with whom he considered a "most certain softener of man's moral skin, and sweetener of his blood," and without which he "imagined it hard, in our present state of society, to keep up intercourse with God;" his indignation at every species of tyranny and oppression; his utter scorn for the merely decorous, the plausible, the respectable; his intense abhorrence of moral evil, in "a deep sense of which, more perhaps than in anything else," he said, "abides a saving knowledge of God;" his keen sense and enjoyment of the beauties of natural scenery, and the order and loveliness reigning throughout the material world, which to him was more even than the mere "musing o'er nature with a poet's eye," for he felt it as necessary to satisfy a "physical want of his nature;" and all this tasted and enjoyed with a deep sense of joy and thankfulness, mingled with seriousness, under a most profound and solemn realization of the obligations of duty, which constrained him to live, and to act, in the very spirit of his own truly Christian teaching, as faithfully exhibited to us in language so earnest and remarkable as the following:—

"Do we not know that in this world, and close to us wherever we are, there is, along with all the beauty and enjoyment which we witness, a large portion also of evil and of suffering? And do we not know that He who gave to the earth its richness, and who set the sun to shine in the heavens, and who gave to us that wonderful frame of body and mind, whose healthful workings are so delightful to us, that he gave them that we might use both body and mind in his service? that the soldier has something else to do than to gaze like a child on the splendour of his uniform or the brightness of his sword; that those faculties which we feel, as it were, burning within us, have their work before them, a work far above their strength, though multiplied a thousandfold; that the call to them to be busy is never silent; that there is an infinite voice in the infinite sins and sufferings of millions which proclaims that the contest is raging around us; that every idle moment is treason; and that not till the victory is gained may Christ's soldiers throw aside their arms, and resign themselves to enjoyment and to rest. . . . that because of the mixture of evil with ourselves and all around us, this life must not and cannot be a life of entire enjoyment without becoming godless and selfish; that, therefore, our affections cannot be set upon earthly things so as to enjoy them in and for themselves, without becoming inordinate, and therefore evil. He does require us . . . amidst our pleasure in earthly things, to retain in our minds a grateful sense of their Giver, a remembrance of their passing nature, and a consciousness of the evil that is in the world, which makes it a sin to resign ourselves to any enjoyment, except as a permitted refreshment to strengthen us for duty to come."

We have seldom, indeed, been more earnestly and interestingly impressed by the perusal of any work, than by the *Life and Correspondence* of Dr. Arnold, by Mr. Stanley; but we almost despair of conveying

to our readers any adequate idea either of our impressions of the book, or of our reverential admiration of the life and character of him who is its subject.

Thomas Arnold was born on the 13th of June, 1795, at West Cowes, Isle of Wight. His father, who was collector of customs at Cowes, died suddenly of spasms in the heart, on March 3d, 1801, when Arnold was only six years of age. His early education was confided by his mother to her sister, Miss Delafield, who, Mr. Stanley tells us, "took an affectionate pride in her charge, and directed all his studies as a child." In 1807 he was sent to Winchester school; and in 1811, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was elected a scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and in 1815, elected fellow of Oriel College. Of the boyhood of Arnold, few anecdotes or recollections are preserved; but such as are mentioned are very characteristic of his studies and character in after-life, and verify strikingly the aphorism of our great philosophic poet, that the "child is father to the man;" such as his extreme fondness for his favourite studies, history and geography; while yet a mere child, we are told of his sitting at his aunt's table, "eagerly employed in arranging his geographical cards, and recognizing, by their style, at a glance, the different counties of the dissected map of England;" in which trifling incident may we not discern the germ of his peculiar and remarkable talent for topographical and geographical descriptions and details, and also for military affairs, so strikingly displayed in his *Roman History*, especially in the third volume, in his wonderful and masterly description of Hannibal's passage of the Alps and campaign in Italy? And in the really singular exhibition of juvenile indignation, shown in a letter written while at Winchester school, when only fourteen years old, "at the numerous boasts which are everywhere to be met with in the Latin writers," when he verily believes "that half, at least, of Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated; how far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narrations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon"—we discover how early he had become impressed with a conviction of the non-authenticity of Roman history, which in after years, with ripened judgment, and profound and varied learning, was in nowise the most trifling reason in influencing him to undertake the great work of reconstructing Roman history—a work which he most worthily and nobly began, but which, alas! he was not destined to complete. It is also recorded of him, that from his earliest years he was exceedingly fond of ballad poetry, and "his compositions when a boy ran in that direction." His efforts in this line procured for him at school the appellation of "Poet Arnold," and his biographer tells us that a specimen of his composition which has been preserved, "is a little tragedy written before he was seven years old, on 'Percy, Earl of Northumberland,' which," he adds, "however, contains nothing worthy of notice."

Of the Oxford career and college life of Arnold our knowledge is equally meagre and scanty; but the information about this period of his career, so greatly desiderated, is in some degree supplied by Justice Coleridge, one of Arnold's earliest, truest, and most valued friends, in a communication embodying his reminiscences of their undergraduate

life. As the only record of Arnold's character and opinions on his entering college which we possess, and moreover as being in itself graphic and interesting—though, in this respect, it contrasts strikingly with the life-like sketches of his after-life so unconsciously developed in his own letters—we give the following passage :—

“Arnold came to us in Lent Term, 1811, from Winchester, winning his election against several very respectable candidates. He was a mere boy in appearance as well as in age; but we saw, in a very short time, that he was quite able to take his part in the arguments in the common room; and he was, I rather think, admitted by Mr. Cook at once into his senior class. As he was equal, so was he ready, to take part in our discussions; he was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument; fearless, too, in advancing his opinions, which, to say the truth, often startled us a good deal; but he was ingenuous and candid, and though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions might have seemed to betoken presumption, yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke relieved him from that imputation; he was bold and warm because, so far as his knowledge went, he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth, but I never saw in him, even then, a grain of vanity or conceit. I have said that some of his opinions startled us a good deal; we were, indeed, for the most part, Tories in church and state, great respecters of things as they were, and not very tolerant of the disposition which he brought with him to question their wisdom. Many and long were the conflicts we had, and with unequal numbers. I think I have seen all the leaders of the common room engaged with him at once, with little order or consideration, as may be supposed, and not always with great scrupulosity as to the fairness of our arguments. This was attended by no loss of regard, and scarcely ever, or seldom, by even momentary loss of temper. We did not always convince him; perhaps we ought not always to have done so; yet, in the end, a considerable modification of his opinions was produced: in one of his letters to me, written at a much later period, he mentions this change. In truth, there were those among us calculated to produce an impression on his affectionate heart, and ardent, ingenuous mind; and the rather because the more we saw of him, and the more we battled with him, the more manifestly did we respect and love him. The feeling with which we argued gave additional power to our arguments over a disposition such as his, and thus he became attached to young men of different tastes and intellects; his love for each taking a different colour, more or less blended with respect, fondness, or even humour, according to those differences, and in return they all united in love and respect for him.”

On some points hinted at in the extract just given, a most significant commentary is read by Arnold himself in a letter to Justice Coleridge, dated January, 1840, and which, we can hardly doubt, is the letter to which the worthy judge has above alluded. Arnold here appears on the defensive, vindicating himself with his characteristic energy, and a vivid sense of injustice done him by an implied charge on the part of his correspondent, that Arnold had been arrogating unduly to himself a more zealous and disinterested love of truth than him. In reply to this charge, we have this graphic sketch of the formation of some of his religious and political opinions, with a modest, yet earnest and firm vindication of them :—

“ . . . Your letter interested me very deeply, and I have thought over what you say very often. Yet I believe that no man's mind has ever been more consciously influenced by others than mine has been in the course of my life, from the time that I first met you at Corpus. I doubt whether you ever sub-

mitted to another with the same complete deference as I did to you when I was an undergraduate. So afterwards I looked up to Davison with exceeding reverence, and to Whately. Nor do I think that Keble himself has lived on in more habitual respect and admiration than I have, only the objects of these feelings have been very different. At this day I could sit at Bunsen's feet and drink in wisdom, with almost intense reverence. But I cannot reverence the men whom Keble reverences; and how does he feel to Luther and Milton? It gives me no pain and no scruple whatever to differ from those whom, after the most deliberate judgment that I can form, I cannot find to be worthy of admiration. Nor does their number affect me when all are manifestly under the same influences, and no one seems to be a master-spirit, fitted to lead amongst men. . . . I do not know a single subject on which I have maintained really a paradox—that is, on which I have presumed to set up my judgment against the concurring judgment of wise men, and I trust I never should do it. But it is surely not presumption to prefer a foreign authority to one nearer home, when both are in themselves perfectly equal. . . . Perhaps the consciousness of the actually disputed character of many points in theology and politics rendered it early impossible to my mind to acquiesce, without inquiry into any set of opinions; the choice was not left me to do so. I was brought up in a strong Tory family; the first impressions of my own mind shook my merely received impressions to pieces, and at Winchester I was well nigh a Jacobin. At sixteen, when I went up to Oxford, all the influences of the place, which I loved exceedingly, your influence above all, blew my Jacobinism to pieces, and made me again a Tory. I used to speak strong Toryism in the old Attic Society, and greedily did I read Clarendon with all the sympathy of a thorough royalist. Then came the peace, when Napoleon was put down, and the Tories had it their own way. Nothing shook my Toryism more than the strong Tory sentiments that I used to hear at ———, though I liked the family exceedingly. But I heard language at which my organ of justice stood aghast, and which, the more I read of the Bible, seemed to me more and more unchristian. I could not but go on inquiring, and I do feel thankful that now, and for some years past, I have been living, not in scepticism, but in a very sincere faith, which embraces most unreservedly all those great truths, divine and human, which the highest authorities, divine and human, seem to me concurringly to teach. I have said this defensively only, for I am sure I meant to convey no insinuation against you for not being active in inquiring after truth."

Amongst Arnold's contemporaries at Oriel College, Oxford, were numbered some of the most noted persons, not only of the university, but of our day. Copleston, now Bishop of Landaff, who early signalised himself by his triumphant defence of Oxford University and its studies from the calumnies of the "*Edinburgh Review*;"—Davison, the author of the most original and valuable work on the confessedly difficult subject of prophecy published in this century;—Keble, whose "*Christian Year*," in which the richest spirit of poetry, with an exquisite perception of the beautiful in nature, and the most pure and lofty Christian sentiments and feelings, are blended in "*living harmony*," has placed him in the first rank of Christian poets;—Hampden, who, irrespective of his great endowments of scholarship and moral worth as a Christian teacher and professor, is otherwise well known as the innocent victim of one of the most violent and unfair controversies that has ever disgraced the annals of ecclesiastical party warfare;—and Whately, the most eminent logician, and, we will add, one of the most original and suggestive divines of our time. With most of these eminent men Arnold lived on terms of intimacy. Some of them he regarded with feelings of

reverential admiration ; and Hawkins, the present provost of Oriel, and Whately, belonged to the circle of his most intimate friends.

While yet at Oxford, in the examination for the Oriel fellowship, Whately is stated to have "pointed out to the other electors the great capability of 'growth' which he believed to be involved in the crudities of the youthful candidate's exercises, and which, even in points where he was inferior to his competitors, indicated an approaching superiority." He was ordained deacon at Oxford in the latter end of 1818. In the year following, he settled at Laleham, with his mother, aunt, and sister—where he remained for the next nine years, taking a few pupils in preparation for the universities ; and in 1820, he married the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire. At this period of his life, a marked and striking change took place in his whole character. The transition from boyhood to manhood was noted by a corresponding advance in the intellectual and moral qualities of his mind. The heartiness and joyousness of his natural disposition were divested of every vestige of mere boyishness. The tendency to indolence and sloth which sometimes beset him from his earliest years, was thoroughly subdued and overcome. The intellectual difficulties and distressing doubts, which clouded his religious belief in the latter part of his university career, and previous to his taking orders, gave way to a steadfast believing faith. The shrinking from self-reliance, and the yearning for sympathy and assistance out of himself—the keen sense of duty, yet painful disinclination for its performance, and a state of mind darkened and perplexed so apparent in some of his earlier letters, entirely passed away ; and his whole nature was now most deeply impressed with his own maxim, "That man's appointed portion here is to work, not to enjoy." We see the fruits of this earnest conviction strikingly evidenced in every feature of his future life—spreading, deepening, and influencing every act of it to its premature close.

But what most of all distinguishes this period of his life, and henceforth constitutes, perhaps, the most remarkable trait in his character—a trait which cannot fail to attract the attention of even the most careless observer—is his vivid realization and ever conscious and abiding sense of "things invisible ;" and, as an obvious sequence to, or rather a more complete development of this feeling, his very peculiar and wonderfully clear, distinct, and lively perception of the person of our Lord Jesus Christ—a perception characterised by an all-pervading feeling of love, reverence, and adoration as profound as it is distinct—joined, too, with an appropriation of him as "the revelation of God in the flesh, not only to make atonement for our sins, but to give us notions of God at once distinct and lively ; to enable us to have One in the invisible world whom we could conceive of as distinctly as of a mere man, yet whom we might love with all our hearts, and trust with all our hearts, and yet be guilty of no idolatry." Such a belief was to him unspeakably precious ; for he felt that "there is still left around the name of God that light inaccessible which is to our imperfections darkness ;" for "God, as he is in himself, we cannot understand ; but Jesus Christ we can."
 . . . "Christ is not to be seen indeed ; for the clouds have received him out of our sight ; yet he may be conceived of as in one

place—at the right hand of God ; as in one certain and well-known form—the form of the Son of Man.”

Well may his biographer insist on the necessity of entering into this remarkable characteristic of Arnold as indispensable to a right understanding of his character ; for, in truth, it was the mainspring of all his actions, the moving principle of his whole life. It stimulated and encouraged him in every undertaking ; it hallowed every duty, from the most common act of life to the highest effort of his intellect ; while it subdued the longings and dispelled the visions of a vague dreamy ambition of greatness and influence which appears to have haunted him through life. It, at the same time, prompted him to engage in, and cheered him in the prosecution of, his noblest and most cherished works ; such as his “*Roman History*,” at first undertaken under a painful sense of the absence of Christian principle in our greatest works of literature, and with the earnest hope to make it “the very reverse of Gibbon, the whole spirit of whose work, from its low morality, is hostile to religion without speaking directly against it ; so my greatest desire would be, in my history, by its high morals and its general tone, to be of use to the cause without actually bringing it forward ;” his views of reform in the church ; and his darling project of setting forth higher and nobler views than those generally received upon the great question of the relation between Church and State : in fine, it imparted to him a spirit of seriousness and intensity to every occurrence in the great business of life, such as could neither be sympathised in nor understood by mere men of the world ; but which made him realise for himself so valuable a sense of the revelation of God in Christ, and the duty of impressing it on all who were within the sphere of his influence, as being “fitted to the wants of us all, at all times, and under all circumstances.” Say that we are in joy. . . .

“It is quite plain, that at whatever moment the thought of God is unwelcome to us, that moment is one of sin or unbelief. Yet how can we dare to mix up the notion of the most high God with any earthly merriment or festivity ? Then, if we think of him who was present at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, and who worked a miracle for no other object than to increase the enjoyment of that marriage supper, do we not feel how the highest thoughts may be joined with the most common occasions ? how we may bring Christ home with us to our social meetings, to bless us, and sanctify them ? Imagine him in our feasts as he was at Cana—we may do it without profaneness—being sure, from that example, that he condemns not innocent mirth ; that it is not merely because there is a feast, or because friends and neighbours are gathered together, that Christ cannot therefore be in the midst of us. This alone does not drive him away ; but oh ! consider, with what ears would he have listened to any words of unkindness, of profaneness, or of impurity ! with what eyes would he have viewed any intemperance or revellings, any such immoderate yielding up of the night to pleasure, that a less portion of the next day can be given to duty and to God ! Even as he would have heard or seen such things in Cana of Galilee, so does he hear and see them amongst us ; the same gracious eye of love is on our moderate and permitted enjoyments ; the same turning away from, the same firm and just displeasure at, every word or deed which turns pleasure into sin.”

In August 1827, the Head Mastership of Rugby school having become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Wool, Arnold, at the instiga-

tion of some of his friends, was induced to become a candidate, though late in the contest; but such was the strong testimony borne to his merits in the few testimonials which he adduced, especially in a letter amongst them from Dr. Hawkins, of Oriel College, in which he predicted that if Arnold were elected, "he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England,"—that the Trustees at once elected him to the vacancy in December of the same year.

Shortly after Arnold had settled at Laleham, he appears to have looked upon "education as the business of his life." And now, on his entering on the "second great act of his life," to pursue this great business in a sphere vastly more extended and influential, than that which he had formerly occupied, we see how heartily and how earnestly he set to work to try how far his lofty and ennobling views of the important question of Christian education could be practically carried out—to try "whether our system of public schools has not in it some noble element, which, under the blessing of the Spirit of all holiness and wisdom, might produce fruit even to life eternal," and this endeavour coupled with the awful anxiety "whether I shall be able to make the school what I wish to make it—I do not mean wholly or perfectly, but in some degree—that is, an instrument of God's glory and the everlasting good of those who come to it."

To enter into any detailed account of Arnold's career, or to attempt any exposition of his method of instruction at Rugby, though unquestionably of great interest and importance (for perhaps in no part of his character is Arnold more generally known or more highly appreciated than in his labours as Head Master of Rugby school), is incompatible with our limited space, which will not permit of more than a passing glance at it; referring our readers to the rich, ample, and deeply-interesting details so admirably told in Mr. Stanley's chapter on "School Life at Rugby," which will richly repay the most attentive perusal.

Doubtless the character of public schools had greatly modified and changed for the better when Arnold, in 1828, began his career as a public teacher at Rugby, from the frightful picture which the amiable and excellent, though morbidly sensitive Cowper gave in his poem "Tirocinium" fifty years ago, while depicting his own painful experience of their evils; yet still was there such a godless and unchristian spirit predominant in them, as to lead good men to regard them as little better, than "the seats and nurseries of vice." This Arnold keenly felt, and his whole aim was directed to root out and destroy principles so radically evil, not by overturning the system he found himself placed in, but by reforming and christianizing it. Acting on his own most just maxim, that "the business of a schoolmaster, no less than that of a parish minister, is the cure of souls," his system of education was "not based upon religion, but was itself RELIGIOUS;" and therefore was every lesson entered upon, and the commonest school-work carried on, with a single eye to God's glory, and their highest good. In his efforts to elevate the morals, and to give a Christian tone to public opinion in the school, he punished gross moral offences to which all public schools are liable, as lying to the masters, levity, carelessness, and habitual idleness, when persisted in by boys in the higher forms, with expulsion; affirming that "till a man learns

that the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school will never be what it might be and what it ought to be." Any appearance of disorderly conduct, or symptoms of a rebellious spirit on the part of the boys, excited his strongest indignation. "Is this a Christian school?" he exclaimed on one occasion, when such a spirit had been widely displayed, and added, "I cannot remain here if all this is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am here as a gaoler, I will resign my office at once." And "few scenes," says his biographer, "can be recorded more characteristic of him, than on one of these occasions, when, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys, and when, in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood in his place before the assembled school, and said, 'It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.'

His intense hatred of the principle of evil, which formed so remarkable a peculiarity in his character, and roused his whole nature to battle with it in every form in which it appeared before him, made him sensitively alive to the absence of right moral feeling, and the want of all love and reverence for the spirit of goodness. "What I want to see in the school," he said, "and what I cannot find, is an abhorrence of evil; I always think of the Psalm, 'Neither doth he abhor anything that is evil.' " And when a disposition to insubordination was on one occasion strongly exhibited in the school, "How can I go on," he exclaimed, "with my Roman history? There all is noble and high-minded, and here I find nothing but the reverse." His intense conviction of the danger impending on that condition of mind, swept, it may be, of any active spirit of wickedness, yet empty also of all desire and longing for truth and goodness, led him to denounce and warn against it on all occasions, alike in his pulpit ministrations and in the daily lessons, as a state ready to be assailed by constant temptations, and to become a prey to the grossest and most flagrant vices.

But "no direct instruction," says Mr. Stanley, "could leave on the minds of his pupils a livelier image of his disgust at moral evil, than the black cloud of indignation which passed over his face when speaking of the crimes of Napoleon or of Cæsar, and the dead pause which followed, as if the acts had just been committed in his presence. No expression of his reverence for a high standard of Christian excellence could have been more striking, than the almost involuntary expression of admiration which broke from him whenever mention was made of St. Louis of France. . . . No more forcible contrast could have been drawn between the value of Christianity and of heathenism, than the manner with which, for example, after reading in the earlier part of the lesson one of the Scripture descriptions of the Gentile world, 'Now,' he said, as he opened the Satires of Horace, 'we shall see what it was.' "

Imperfect and unsatisfactory as, under any circumstances, we fear our sketch of Arnold at Rugby must appear, yet it would be rendered still more so, were we to forbear any allusion to his labours in the school chapel; for nowhere does he appear to greater advantage,—in no place did he teach with more devotedness,—and no part of his teaching appears to have been attended with greater success, than his teaching

in the pulpit. While his published sermons, given to the world as part of the fruits of it, are not merely original and valuable contributions to a branch of Christian literature, in our day as prolific as it is, for the most part worthless, but for their simplicity and soundness of Gospel truth,—their lofty standard of Christian attainment,—earnestness of tone,—originality, freshness and beauty of expression, and striking adaption to the class of hearers to whom they were addressed, they are without a parallel in the language. Inviting, however, as the theme is, we have no space to dwell upon it, and must take leave of this part of our subject in the following passage of Mr. Stanley's, which gives a vivid, life-like sketch of the impression of Arnold's Sunday teaching on his youthful hearers.

"It is difficult to describe, without seeming to exaggerate, the attention with which he was heard by all above the very young boys. Years have passed away, and many of his pupils can look back to hardly any other greater interest than that with which, for those twenty minutes, Sunday after Sunday, they sat beneath that pulpit, with their eyes fixed upon him, and their attention strained to the utmost to catch every word that he uttered. . . . They were struck, as boys naturally would be, by the originality of his thoughts, and what always impressed them as the beauty of his language; and in the substance of what he said, much that might have seemed useless, because for the most part impracticable to boys, was not without its effect in breaking completely through the corrupt atmosphere of school opinion, and exhibiting before them once every week an image of high principle and feeling, which they felt was not put on for the occasion, but was constantly living amongst them. And to all it must have been an advantage, that for once in their lives they had listened to sermons which none of them could associate with the thought of weariness, formality, or exaggeration. On many there was left an impression to which, though unheeded at the time, they recurred in after life. Even the most careless boys would sometimes, during the course of the week, refer almost involuntarily to the sermon of the past Sunday as a condemnation of what they were doing. Some, whilst they wonder how it was that so little practical effect was produced upon themselves at the time, yet retain the recollection (to give the words of one who so describes himself) that, 'I used to listen to them from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home to be alone; and I remember the same effects being produced by them, more or less, on others whom I should have thought as hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school.' "

In truth, as a Christian educator Arnold was unrivalled, and the feelings of love and admiration with which he came to be regarded by those who had been his pupils is without any parallel in the annals of teaching. The true character of these sentiments is touchingly brought out in the words of a pupil "who had no personal communication with him whilst at school, and but little afterwards, and who never was in the sixth form, 'I am sure,' he writes, 'that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness; for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life; adding, with reference to the thoughtless companions with whom he had associated, 'I used to believe that I, too, had a work to do for him in the school, and did, for his sake, labour to raise the tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself.' "

And others, long after they left the school, felt "that a better thought than ordinary often reminded them how he first led to it; that still to this day, in reading the Scripture or other things, they constantly trace back a line of thought that came originally from him as from a great parent mind."

To what extent Dr. Hawkins's prediction was fulfilled, let Dr. Moberley, Head Master of Winchester School, a very competent authority and an unimpeachable one, decide. Moberley knew little personally of Arnold, and had still less sympathy with Arnold's opinions; but he thus describes the state of public schools at the time he himself went to Oxford, and the change that has since taken place:—

"The tone of young men at the university, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, or Harrow, or wherever else, was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at when he appeared; and I think I may confidently say, hardly to be found among public schoolmen. . . . A most singular and striking change has come over our public schools—a change too great for any person to appreciate adequately who has not known them in both these times. . . . I am sure, that to Dr. Arnold's personal, earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools was mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the university, that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they came to college. . . . We cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their character in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which (for how many years I know not) had been absolutely unknown to our public schools."

Sir James Macintosh, when estimating the philosophy and teaching of Dugald Stewart in his "Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy," seems to be of opinion that the worthiest monument to his fame was to be found in the character of the eminent pupils whom he taught, and points to Francis Horner as a distinguished example. A similar plea may be set up, with at least equal justice, for Dr. Arnold, whose teaching has deeply influenced a large portion of the youth of England with a love for the cause of truth, and a zeal for its promotion, dictated by a sense of religious duty, which the cold morality of the Northern professor could but feebly inspire; and in Mr. Stanley, the biographer of Arnold, we meet with a disciple in no respect unworthy of so noble a master.

A keen interest in public affairs was a striking peculiarity in the character of Arnold. Indeed he held, as he tells us, "with Algernon Sydney, that there are but two things of vital importance"—those which Sydney calls "religion and politics;" but which he would "rather call our duties and affections towards God, and our duties and feelings towards men. Science and literature are but a poor make up for the want of these." This peculiarity was first shown by the publication of a pamphlet on the "Duty of Conceding the Catholic Claims," which appeared a short time prior to the passing of Peel's "Emancipation" measure in the spring of 1829. As the pamphlet appeared late in the strife of discussion, it only passed through one edition, and that

not by any means a large one ; yet it excited considerable attention amongst the thinking portion of the community, and brought out prominently his independent turn of thinking, and his differences of opinion with the Liberal party, with whose views of public affairs he, for the most part, concurred. The cant about the idolatry of Romanism as a reason against conceding emancipation, he indignantly denounced ; and the cool unceremonious manner in which he set aside the authority of the clergy, as being incompetent judges to decide upon it, " because the origin, rights, and successive revolutions of society, are subjects which they avowedly neglected to study," gave deep and lasting offence, and was never forgotten by that body against him. One of the main arguments used in defence of his views is a somewhat startling one, and not without a grave meaning in the present crisis in Irish affairs—viz. " That the Irish being a Catholic people, they have a right to perfect independence, or to a perfectly equal union : if our conscience objects to the latter, it is bound to concede the former."

But the strength and intensity of his interest in public affairs, and his alarm at the disorganised aspect of the state of society in England at the end of 1830, are still more remarkably exhibited in the gloom and anxiety that pervades the whole of his correspondence at this period. The Revolution of the Three Days in France was indeed hailed by him, as it was by every true friend of liberty, as a most blessed event—" spotless," as he said, " beyond all example in history, and the most glorious instance of a royal rebellion against society, promptly and energetically repressed, that the world has yet seen : " but then the wide-spread, almost universal spirit of discontent and insubordination, so painfully evidenced among the labouring classes by the disturbances and incendiarism in the rural districts, and the general feeling of dissatisfaction that pervaded all classes, at the infatuated declaration of the government of the day, against all social and political reform, the inevitable necessity of which to prevent revolution or rebellion was so manifest to all, filled him with dread ; for his profound knowledge of history and extraordinary capacity and aptitude to read and apply the valuable lessons it teaches, led him to regard this crisis of affairs as the natural result of long years of wrong and injustice done by spoiling and trampling upon the rights of the poor, and the sacrifice of their most sacred rights and interests to the aggrandisement of the aristocratic and moneyed class of society, become luxurious, selfish, insolent, unfeeling—become their oppressors instead of being their protectors ; and now the two extremes of society come suddenly in contact—the higher regarding the lower with fear and distrust, and these again regarding the other class with enmity and hatred, from feelings embittered by neglect, distress, and a sense of injustice. How clearly and strongly all this was felt and lamented by Arnold, is most vividly brought before us in the following noble passage from a letter to one of his sisters, which is only a specimen of numerous passages of a like character scattered through his correspondence at this period :—

"The paramount interest of public affairs outweighs with me even the school itself, and I think not unreasonably, for school and all would go to the dogs if the convulsion which I dread really comes to pass. I must write a pamphlet in the holidays, or I shall burst. No one seems to understand our

dangers, or at least to speak them out manfully. One good man, who sent a letter to the "Times" the other day, recommends that the clergy should preach subordination and obedience; I seriously say, God forbid they should; for if any earthly thing could ruin Christianity in England, it would be this. If they read Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Amos, and Habakkuk, they will find that the prophets, in a similar state of society in Judea, did not preach subordination only or chiefly, but they denounced oppression, and amassing overgrown properties, and grinding the labourers to the smallest possible pittance; and they denounced the Jewish high-church party for countenancing all these iniquities, and prophesying smooth things to please the aristocracy. If the clergy would come forward as one man, from Cumberland to Cornwall, exhorting peaceableness on the one side, and justice on the other, denouncing the high rents and the game laws, and the carelessness which keeps the poor ignorant, and then wonders that they are brutal, I verily believe they might yet save themselves and the state. But the truth is, that we are living amongst a population whom we treat with all the haughtiness and indifference that we could treat slaves, whom we allow to be slaves in ignorance, without having them chained and watched to prevent them hurting us. . . . — showed me a copy of the "Record" newspaper, a true specimen of the party, with their infinitely little minds, disputing about anise and cummin, when heaven and earth are coming together around them, with much of Christian harmlessness, I do not deny, but with nothing of Christian wisdom; and these are times when the dove can ill spare the addition of the serpent."

To see these evils in the body politic was, with Arnold, the first step to attempt their alleviation or removal; and so, with a spirit of restless energy and activity most characteristic of him, we see him, as under a conviction of positive duty, planning and cutting out a variety of schemes to carry out so worthy a purpose; importuning some of his ablest and worthiest friends, as Augustus Hare and Whately, to assist him in getting up a "real poor man's magazine, which should not bolster up abuses and veil iniquities, nor prose to the poor as to children; but should address them in the *style* of Cobbett, plainly, boldly, and in sincerity; excusing nothing, concealing nothing, and misrepresenting nothing, but speaking the very whole truth in love—Cobbett-like in style, but Christian in spirit."

And when this was received by his correspondents with coldness and evil prophesyings of failure, we find him embarking, at his own sole risk and expense, in the establishment of a weekly "Englishman's Register," with the assistance of his nephew John Ward, as co-editor; the object of which he stated to be, "not the exciting of people to political reform, but moral and intellectual reform, which will be sure enough to work out political reform in the best way; and my writing on politics would have for its end, not the forwarding any political measure, but the so purifying, enlightening, sobering, and, in one word, *Christianising* men's notions and feelings on political matters, that from the improved tree may come hereafter a better fruit." The paper was carried on for a period of two months, and many of the articles excited considerable attention; but as he only entered on the scheme, hoping that "some who were able might take up what he had begun" (which, however, no one did), the thing died a natural death, after he had spent upon it above two hundred pounds.

But all his best hopes of any improvement or renovation in the condition of society were centred in the church. "How," says he in one

of his journals, written within twelve months of his death—"How can the happiness of the generality be secured, who labour of necessity painfully? How can he who labours hard for his daily bread—hardly, and with doubtful success—be made wise and good; and therefore how can he be made happy? This question undoubtedly the church was meant to solve; for Christ's kingdom was to undo the evil of Adam's sin: but the church has not solved it, nor attempted to do so, and no one else has gone about it rightly." Yes, he knew the church, and especially the church to which he himself belonged—the Anglican Church—had not solved the problem, nor attempted it. He painfully felt how sadly it is wanting in some of the most necessary requisites of so divine an institution, and how grievously shortcoming it had ever been in performing the work—the noble work—for which it was designed and established, that of educating and Christianising the English nation. The accidental witnessing, when in Italy, of the influence of even the Roman clergy for "purposes of general charity, and not for their own advantage," forces him to exclaim,

"Who would not wish that our clergy dared to exercise something of the same influence over our higher classes, and could prevent the almost unchristian spirit of family selfishness and pride by which too many wills of our rich men are wholly dictated? But our church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth; the child of regal and aristocratic selfishness and implacable tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great, but has contented herself with lecturing the poor. 'I will speak of thy testimonies even before kings, and not be ashamed,' is a text which the Anglican Church, as a national institution, seems never to have caught the spirit of. Folly and worse than folly is it, to think that preaching what are called orthodox doctrines before the great is really preaching to them the Gospel. Unless the particular conclusions which they should derive from those doctrines be impressed upon them; unless they are warned against particular sins to which they are tempted by their station in society, and urged to the particular duties which their political and social state requires of them, the Gospel will be heard without offence, and *therefore*, one may almost say, without benefit."

Lamenting the strife and divisions that were rending the Christian church; pained at beholding it split up into parties and sects; and shocked to witness the enmity subsisting between its various branches, where the fierceness and bitterness of their sectarianism seemed to indicate the forgetfulness of their common Christianity; and believing that the right development of the Christian church would be the most effective instrument for the promotion of all good, his heart burned with the desire of doing something to assist in the attainment of an end so glorious. And so the subject of church reform was constantly in his mind. It haunted him in sleep; it absorbed his waking thoughts; it was a theme of constant meditation in his moments of retirement; it intruded upon and occupied his attention in the performance of every duty; it was a leading point of discussion in his epistolary intercourse with his dearest friends. Attending public worship in a presbyterian church, or beholding works of charity and mercy in a Roman one, alike filled his mind with desires for the reformation of his own. Acting under the influence of such impressions and convictions as these; groaning over the imperfections of the Anglican Church, which, however, with all its faults, he believed to be a national blessing; and

longing to effect a reform on the catholic grounds of "a union with all Christians, and of a true *church* government as distinguished from a clergy government, or from none at all;" at a period of unexampled political excitement, when a spirit of revolutionary change was abroad, challenging the very existence of every established institution of the country, with fierce denunciations against the church,—Arnold could contain himself no longer, but at once unburdened his mind by the publication of his memorable pamphlet on "Church Reform" in the spring of 1833. The effect produced by its appearance on the then diseased, poisoned state of public opinion was, in all respects, extraordinary. What had been conceived and written in the greatest simplicity and singleness of heart, and published with the purest, worthiest motives, as an endeavour to advance the noblest ends, was received with a wide, almost universal, burst of reprobation. The High Churchman and the Dissenter, the Tory and the Liberal, the complacent self-approving Evangelical, and the heterodox, anathematized Unitarian, alike joined in denouncing and condemning its propositions. The Churchman, with his idolatrous reverence for Mother Church, as the only true apostolic one—beyond whose pale it was hardly safe to live—was indignant at the scandal of seeing it placed on the same level with the schismatical communion of the Dissenter; while the Dissenter, in turn, was galled at the frequent exposure of his sectarian narrowness, and want of a learned and enlightened spirit. The church-and-state Tory stood aghast at the sweeping and catholic reforms advocated; while the low, utilitarian Liberal, sneered at its glowing defence of Christian institutions.

But this was not all; a storm which had long been gathering in a feeling of suspicion and dislike, engendered in many weak and timid minds against him, on account of several opinions fearlessly propounded in some of his other writings on the interpretation and inspiration of Scripture, and a vague undefined spirit of envy and hate amongst others, who contemplated, with a sort of dread, the intrepid independent bearing of his earnest mind, as exhibited in all his opinions and plans for ameliorating the condition of the poor, or reforming the institutions of the state,—now burst on his devoted head, and "ragged," we are told, "for nearly the next four years of his life." The creatures of a licentious Tory press were let loose in full cry upon him, with all the foul weapons that slander and calumny could invent. "The neighbouring county paper maintained an almost weekly attack upon him." In the university pulpit at Oxford, he was "denounced almost by name." That he taught "Junius and the 'Edinburgh Review,' if not Cobbett and the 'Examiner,'" from being reiterated frequently, began almost to be believed. The charge of Jacobin, Latitudinarian—yea, Rationalist and Socinian, dooming him to

"——— the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well,"

was brought against him with the reckless wickedness of the madman in Scripture, who casteth "firebrands, arrows, and death."

"The general sale of his sermons," says his biographer, "was almost stopped; even his personal acquaintance began to look upon him with alarm; some dropped their intercourse with him altogether, hardly any were able fully to sympathise with him, and almost all remonstrated."

Such constant, unremitted, diabolical attacks, as unjust as they were unexampled, moved Arnold, as might be expected; but he stood them nobly, and lived them down by his pure and devoted life. What he most painfully felt was the estrangement of friends whom he dearly valued; but this was compensated to him now "more than at any other time; when his old friends and acquaintances were falling back from him in alarm, he saw those growing up under his charge of whom it may be truly said, that they would have been willing to die for his sake."

The effect produced on his mind by the persecution to which he was thus exposed, tended but to confirm in him more strongly, the conviction of the truth and justice of the opinions he had advanced, and to impress him more deeply than ever with the evils of all mere partizan-ship and sectarianism; and these sentiments are powerfully brought out in the following beautiful passage from one of his sermons, written at this period, when preaching on the evil of party:—

"Be of one party to the death, and that is Christ's; but abhor every other; abhor it, that is, as a thing to which to join yourselves. . . . If circumstances should occur which oblige you practically to act with any one party, as the least of two evils, then watch yourselves the more, lest the least of two evils should by any means commend itself, at least to your mind, as a positive good. Join it with a sad and reluctant heart, protesting against its evil, dreading its victory, far more pleased to serve it by suffering than by acting; for it is in Christ's cause only that we can act with heart and soul, as well as patiently and triumphantly suffer. Do this amidst reproach, and suspicion, and cold friendship, and zealous enmity; for this is the portion of those who seek to follow their Master and him only. Do it, although your foes be they of your own household; those whom nature, or habit, or choice had once bound to you most closely. And then you will understand how even now there is a daily cross to be taken up by those who seek not to please men but God; yet you will learn no less how that cross, meekly and firmly borne—whether it be the cross of men's ill opinion from without, or of our own evil nature struggled against within—is now, as ever, peace, and wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption, through him who first bore it."

Our space will not now permit of our discussing Arnold's project of church reform, how far it was reasonable, practical, or just. But surely if, from perhaps an exaggerated estimate of the imperfections of the church herself, or of the evils with which she was then threatened, he was led to propose a scheme of a more sweeping character than he would at a later period of his life have been inclined to do, who will deny that a great reform was not needed then, and still more so now? Petty and grovelling attempts at reform, and dealings with the "blanks and prizes" by bishops and church commissions, have from time to time been made, but with little result beyond that of affording a fit theme, for the wit and banter of Sydney Smith. Alas! the work is still to be done, and so little disposition anywhere evidenced for doing it, that we are compelled to echo Arnold's language when he says, and that most wisely, as "all theory and all experience show, that if a system goes on long unreformed, it is not then reformed, but destroyed. And so I believe it will be with our aristocracy and our church, because I fear that neither will be wise in time." Even now has one of the first men within her pale but just been lamenting, while proclaiming, "that there does not practically exist any supreme power

lodged in any person or body of men, members of the church, or (in many cases) even to pronounce authoritatively, what is and is not in accordance with its existing decisions;" "that controversies take place among persons denouncing each other as *unsound members* of the church, as not properly and really belonging to it;" and that the scandal of such a case can occur "as that of two professors of the same university being under the ban of that university for alleged heterodoxy, on perfectly different grounds, and yet both of them retaining their station and their office as clergymen of the church to which the university pertains."*

In the spring of 1836, the memorable Hampden controversy strongly excited his best sympathies in behalf of the victim so falsely and unrighteously condemned. The conduct of the Tractarian party at Oxford on this occasion, who by this time had become widely known to the public, and who raised the bigot cry of heresy against Hampden, roused the indignation of Arnold, whose keen sense of justice was utterly shocked at the violence and palpable injustice of their proceedings. He espoused the cause of Hampden with an intense ardour, deepened by the remembrance of the unmerited obloquy and persecution to which he had been himself exposed, and gave vent to his indignant feelings in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, titled by the editor, "*The Oxford Malignants*," and which is described by his biographer as the most vehement and personal thing he ever wrote. Nothing, certainly, can be more severe than the hearty trenchant denunciation of the Malignants; and the attack on Hampden he characterised as bearing upon it "the character, not of error, but of *moral wickedness*," and the whole proceedings he condemned as seeing nothing of Christian zeal within, but much of the mingled fraud, and baseness, and cruelty of fanatical persecution."

To be concluded in our next.

THE TEARS OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brientz. And, dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and burst into tears."—*The Gatherer—Mirror*, 1840, p. 268.

His thoughts have flown to that far-distant time,
When, in the innocence of infancy,
He and his mother heard the vesper chime,
In calm, ecstatic, silent sympathy.

A depth of harmony in some hearts dwells,
Whose soft, responsive, sanctifying tone,
Will not vibrate, save to the solemn bells
Sounded from consecrated fane alone.

* Whately's Charge, delivered at the Visitation of the Diocese and of the Province of Dublin. 1844.

The Tears of Napoleon.

That chord is struck, and lo! Napoleon weeps!
 Ay, sobs in anguish, like a chidden child;
 While the worn soldier on his knapsack sleeps,
 And, in his dreams of home-affection, smiled.

Yea, TEARS are falling from the hero's eye;
 The eye that doom'd to death, despair, and woe;
 The eye, whose lightning-flash of victory,
 More than his sword, dismay'd the flying foe.

He weeps the purity for ever gone,
 His artless happiness, his childhood joys;
 With keen remorse his bosom now is torn,
 And self-reproach tranquillity destroys.

His wide-spread triumphs, his martial renown,
 The pride of conquest, the applause of men,
 He'd sacrifice—yea, even, too, his crown,
 To feel once more, alas! as he did THEN,—

When by his mother's side he heard those bells,
 And look'd up smiling in her loving eyes;
 While she breath'd forth the orison which tells
 She prayed good angels guide his destinies.

Go, tyrant! lave thyself in the pure lake*
 Whose waters blanch from each polluting stain;
 Let them the fever of ambition slake,
 And be the thing thou would'st—a child again.

No, when this salutary grief is o'er,
 And hush'd the simple sound that woke regret,
 Thou'lt be the fearful scourge thou wert before
 Thy cheek with penitential tears was wet.

Yet, woe to him who stifles the small voice
 Of conscience, whisp'ring to repent IN TIME;
 O'er his defiance fiends below rejoice,
 While seraphs wail it in their realm's sublime.

What crimes hadst thou been spared, what agony,
 Proud Emperor! if that prophetic bell
 Could have forewarn'd thee in prosperity,
 To shun the doom that shortly thee befel.

Oh! what a MORAL doth thy fate convey!
 Defeated, exiled, left alone to die
 On barren isle of lingering decay,—
 Unwatch'd, unwept by one devoted eye.

* "In the island of Corsica, so celebrated as having been the birth-place of the great captain, Napoleon, is a very extraordinary river, called Restonica, whose waters are remarkable for blanching everything immersed therein."—*Gilbert's Wonders of the World*, p. 344.

THE AMANUENSIS.¹

A TALE OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

LONG before dinner-time, the Amanuensis was settled in the house of the kind Oswalds; and, although Mrs. Oswald at first whispered to her daughter, "How exceedingly melancholy she looks, my dear; I hope she will not throw a damp over our little cheerful meetings,"—she had very soon reason to feel relieved from her apprehensions. The Amanuensis appeared in a new character, or rather, poor girl, she returned to her real one; time had softened her grief for the loss of her mother, and she had long felt that it would be easy for her, under tolerably propitious circumstances, to be cheerful and conversable; but since her residence with Mrs. Harland, she had been doomed to live in a world like that described in the nursery stanza,

"Where all the land is paper
And all the seas are ink."

Her patroness had never been to her a friend, a companion, or even an associate, but a rigid task-mistress, who had daily exacted from her an unmerciful amount of labour, neither taking heed of her health, her comfort, nor her amusement. The scene was now changed; she had left her writing-desk behind her, and she discarded the gloomy recollections connected with it; the visitors assembled at Mrs. Oswald's were lively and agreeable, willing to please and be pleased; and all were delighted with the addition to their society, especially Everard, who was the most delighted because the most surprised of all. In the evening he sat by the Amanuensis, conversed with her on various subjects, and could not help saying to himself—

"This is exactly the woman whose conversation would please my uncle; how can it be that Harriet can never bring into play any of her brilliant ideas, while the mere transcriber, the jotter-down of the treasures of her mind, seems to have usurped the entire command of them?"

Day after day did Everard visit at the Oswalds, first of all comparing the Amanuensis with Mrs. Harland, and then comparing her to nobody at all, deciding that

"None but herself could be her parallel;"—

thinking at one time how happy he could be with such a bride, and at another, that it would be a sad falling off to marry an Amanuensis instead of an authoress; now rejoicing that he had not committed himself with Mrs. Harland, then fancying that he perhaps had virtually done so; and lastly perplexing himself as to the exact meaning of

¹ Concluded from page 376, vol. CLXI.

"committing one's self," and the thoughts, looks, and sighs which constitute that act, as many wiser men than himself have done! Emma had formed a friendship for her new guest, but she saw her with the eyes of a friend, and not of a lover, and discerned one palpable blot in her generally delightful character. Emma, as I have shown, had once felt a disposition to be silent and backward when Mrs. Harland's works were praised, but she had nobly struggled against this inclination, and had overcome it. "Harriet's works," she thought, "are not to be estimated in connexion with Harriet's conversation and disposition; they must stand or fall by their own merits, and their merits are undeniable: we do not judge of the rare and beautiful pearl by the character of the diver who brings it from the deep." The Amanuensis, however, so far from entering into Emma's correct view of the subject, appeared to listen with absolute repugnance to the commendation of Mrs. Harland's writings, never joined in the discussion, and constantly changed the subject on the first opportunity. "Selfish resentment," thought Emma, "prevails over her taste; I do not like this *trait* in my new friend."

Everard, however, was more indulgent in his opinion; in fact, he resembled the recreant Phaoon in Grillparzer's tragedy of Sappho, who, blind to the talents and the passion of the poetess, transferred all his interest to her simple and unambitious attendant, Melitta. He had lost his heart, part of his memory, a great deal of his judgment, and no inconsiderable share of his prudence; and when he reflected that the time was rapidly approaching when Mrs. Harland would return, and the Amanuensis be deposed from her glories, and behold, like Cinderella, her equipage transformed to a pumpkin, he was more disposed to fancy her all perfection than to scrutinize the little particulars in which she fell short of it. Everard took at length a desperate resolution; he waited on his uncle, and disclosed the tale of his love. Mr. Wentworth was not so much discomposed by the communication as might have reasonably been expected; he extremely disliked Mrs. Harland, and was inclined to look with favourable eyes on any one to whom she had behaved in an unkind and unfeeling manner; he expressed his readiness to be introduced to the Amanuensis.

Everard made known the case to his guardian genius, Emma, and forthwith an invitation was dispatched to Mr. Wentworth to present himself at the hospitable board of the Oswalds. Everard had good reason to be satisfied with the impression made by his beloved upon his uncle; the Amanuensis, although tolerably pretty, was far from being "another Helen to fire another Troy:" but had she been a second edition of that far-famed heroine, improved and revised, she could not more quickly have fascinated her new acquaintance. Hers was the magic of speech, of wit, and intellect; and although it is the fashion to represent old uncles as being insensible and regardless of all these attributes, I must confess that in reality Mr. Wentworth was cleverer than his nephew, and better able to appreciate the abilities of another. When the uncle and nephew quitted Guildford Street, the latter hoped to listen to an unqualified approval of his choice, but Mr. Wentworth perversely conversed during the whole way on indifferent subjects; the pith of a long letter is, however, sometimes contained in

the postscript, and Mr. Wentworth's parting speech was music to the ears of his nephew.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that if Mrs. Harland is ascertained to be indifferent to you, it is your wish to break off your intimacy with her, and to transfer your attentions to her very delightful Amanuensis?"

A warm affirmative, accompanied by a still warmer pressure of the hand, signified Everard's feelings on the subject; and the uncle entered his own house to pass a restless night, having on his hands the arduous task of procuring one lady for his nephew, and reconciling another to the loss of him.

The next morning Mr. Wentworth proceeded to Montague Place, and requested a private audience with the Amanuensis. She greeted him with some surprise, and had lost a great part of her animation of the preceding day—a fact by no means remarkable, when I tell my readers that Emma Oswald had, by that morning's post, received a letter from Mrs. Harland, announcing her proposed return on the ensuing day. After a few observations on general subjects, Mr. Wentworth said:—

"I trust to be forgiven for an abruptness of manner, rendered necessary by circumstances. I think, dear Miss Alford, that you who have so much penetration, cannot be blind to the sentiments entertained for you by my nephew, and I, who pique myself on my own penetration, have seen enough of you during the few hours of our acquaintance to indulge the flattering hope that you do not behold his pretensions with displeasure."

The Amanuensis simply inclined her head; in fact, however great the command of words that may be possessed by a young lady, she cannot do much more than incline her head when addressed in language like that of Mr. Wentworth.

"Let me not, however, deceive you," he said; "my nephew has once admired and paid obvious attention to your friend Mrs. Harland; are you acquainted with the circumstance?"

"I certainly am," replied the Amanuensis; "but as I only heard it from Mrs. Harland, I did not place unqualified reliance upon it."

"Are you aware of the force of what you have said?" asked Mr. Wentworth, with a smile; "does it not imply that you have not reason to feel any great confidence in the truthfulness of Mrs. Harland?"

"I did not mean to say so," replied the Amanuensis, blushing so deeply that she looked quite beautiful.

"But you would find it difficult to deny that you thought so," said Mr. Wentworth. "I do not, however, require you to reveal to me the 'secrets of your prison-house,' on the contrary, I will tell them to you."

"Tell them to me!" said the Amanuensis, looking at Mr. Wentworth as if he were the Wizard of all the four points of the compass centred in one.

"Yes," he replied, "the few hours that I have enjoyed of your conversation, and the many hours that duty compelled me to devote to that of Mrs. Harland, when it was my interest to study her character,

have fully enlightened me on one point,—Mrs. Harland never wrote a line of the poetry or prose to which her name is affixed; you have been with her in the capacity, not of an *Amanuensis*, but of an authoress!"

Miss Alford (for I must not any longer call her the *Amanuensis*) hid her face in her hands and burst into tears; it would have seemed as if some serious charge had been brought against her instead of that of being one of the most clever writers of the day.

"I never breathed the secret to a human being," she said at length; "Mrs. Harland exacted this promise from me when she defrayed the expenses of my poor mother's funeral and paid her debts."

"It was a promise disgraceful to her to exact," said Mr. Wentworth, "and I do not hold you quite blameless, Miss Alford, in having given it."

"Perhaps not," replied the weeping girl; "but consider, Mr. Wentworth, do consider, my friendless, unprotected situation. My dear mother was dying in want and poverty, when I disposed of a few fancy articles of needlework to Barnett, the favourite waiting-woman of Mrs. Harland; she was kind and compassionate, and, willing to interest her lady in our behalf, she took to her some drawings and manuscript writings which had been the amusement of my leisure in happier hours; for, during the lifetime of my father, I had lived in affluence, and enjoyed the advantage of a good education. Mrs. Harland showed my manuscripts to a literary person, without mentioning the name of the writer; he bestowed unqualified approbation on them, and said that the writer ought to be employed on some work of greater importance. Mrs. Harland came to see us, and bestowed a liberal present on me on the condition that I would give her possession of my manuscripts. I joyfully consented, and my mother sank under the violence of her disorder in a few days, expressing herself most happy and grateful in the conviction that I had acquired a powerful protectress. Mrs. Harland had told her that she would free me from my embarrassments, and take me to her home as her friend and companion; to me alone she mentioned the return that she expected for her bounty—namely, that the future as well as the past fruits of my talents should be at her command. Can you blame me for consenting?"

"Not much," said Mr. Wentworth, passing his hand before his eyes, "but I blame Mrs. Harland doubly for her unprincipled imposition upon you. Never shall you return to her, my poor girl; her presence is contamination."

"But the debt I owe her," said Miss Alford, timidly, "I have not the means of repaying it."

"You have repaid it, over and over," said Mr. Wentworth, "for her works, or, more properly speaking, yours, have been lucrative as well as popular; but tell me the sum with which she assisted you, and I will settle it, speedily and satisfactorily, in the shape of a cheque on my banker."

The young authoress was so long before she would agree to this arrangement, that Mr. Wentworth was fain to call in the assistance of Emma, whom he frankly acquainted with all the facts of the case.

Emma had for some time entertained in her own mind a lurking conjecture of the truth, but she had suppressed it, feeling, in the kindness of her young and ingenuous heart, that it is better to subdue a hundred well-founded suspicions, than to accuse one innocent person wrongfully; and feeling also, that as her cousin did not occupy a very high place in her favour, she was scarcely an unprejudiced judge of any circumstances which seemed to militate against her intellectual superiority. Just then Everard Wentworth, who had become impatient to hear how his prime minister was proceeding with his affairs, entered the room, and a satisfactory adjustment was soon entered into; Miss Alford consenting to remain the guest of the Oswalds, and to confide to Mr. Wentworth the amount of her debt (which was a very small one), and Everard, rejoicing in an unlimited invitation to the house, exulting in the smiles bestowed on him by his chosen fair one, and bearing very goodnatureedly the raillery of his uncle for his want of discernment in never having found out the secret of Mrs. Harland's false pretensions. It was a happy evening circle, and even the dethroned authoress was dealt gently with, being deemed a subject for pity rather than for anger.

The next day Mrs. Harland arrived at home, very much out of humour; everything had gone wrong during her visit; the absence of Everard Wentworth had vexed and irritated her, and a second-class authoress was staying in the house, who talked much more sensibly and fluently than herself, and who had actually the presumption to write some very pretty verses on the wedding-day of their host and hostess, observing at the same time that "she was sure Mrs. Harland could do much better," and requesting her to invoke her muse on the occasion. The lady of the house joined in the petition, and Mrs. Harland was obliged to be seized with a violent headache, and retire to her room early in the evening, thereby losing all the festivities which had been prepared for the celebration of the day; in short, without her *Amanuensis* she felt herself powerless and insignificant, and resolved to return home immediately, and to employ that useful young person in the composition of an elaborate ode on a wedding-day, which she should forward to her friends as her own production, written in the first quiet moments of her recovered health and leisure. Mrs. Harland was greeted by Barnett, who appeared enviously lively and blooming, exhibiting not the slightest trace of her recent illness; but instead of beholding the *Amanuensis* in person, she was, to her great dismay, presented with a note from that young lady, signifying that, for reasons which she would hereafter explain to her, she was prolonging her stay at the Oswalds. The next morning Mrs. Harland received a visit from Mr. Wentworth, and his cold distant greeting convinced her that he had not come to plead the cause of his nephew.

"I am anxious," he said, "to defray a debt which a young friend of mine has imprudently incurred to you," and as he spoke he laid before Mrs. Harland a draft on his banker.

Mrs. Harland was very fond of money, but she had never looked on it with so little pleasure.

"Why does not Miss Alford, to whom I presume you allude as your young friend," she said, "pay her debts in her own person? Her con-

duct is highly ungrateful ; she can never repay the kindness and attention I have shown her."

"Probably," said Mr. Wentworth, coolly, "she may imagine that the money and fame you have derived from her works may have cancelled a small portion of her obligations to you."

Mrs. Harland crimsoned with anger.

"Having broken a promise to her benefactress," she said, "I am surprised that a person possessing so keen a sense of honour as yourself, can admire or approve her conduct."

"She did not break her promise," returned Mr. Wentworth ; "I taxed her with a fact which she had too much honesty to deny ; and you may imagine how highly I value her character, when I tell you that I have allowed myself to indulge the hope of becoming one day more nearly connected with her."

Mrs. Harland, although she had no cleverness, had a great deal of cunning ; she instantly imagined that the rich old misanthrope had lost his heart to her fair dependant, and that the settlement of half his fortune on her, and the introduction into the world of a little band of descendants to inherit the other half, would be the certain result of such a proceeding ; Everard Wentworth was evidently ruined ; she determined to take high ground.

"Allow me to tell you," she said, "that it is my desire to cease all intercourse with one who has conspired with an ungrateful dependant to injure and defame me ; your nephew, whose attentions I only received in consequence of my respect towards yourself, will, I trust, forbear any longer to distinguish me with them. I recommend you, for your own sake, to forbear from making your slanders on my name public to the world."

"I will refrain from doing so," said Mr. Wentworth, "not for my own sake, but for yours ; and let me inform you, that it is to Miss Alford you are indebted for this forbearance, who has bound myself, my nephew, and your relations the Oswalds, in a promise that we shall never divulge to any human being the secret of the real authorship of the works published under your name. I wish you all the happiness that the recollection of your past conduct can afford you."

Mrs. Harland rang the bell, and silently bowed her visitor out of the room with great equanimity, but burst into a violent flood of tears the moment he had departed, lamenting the destruction, not so much of her love-dream, as of her literary fame. She derived some consolation, however, from Mr. Wentworth's promise of secrecy, and she soon determined on the plan she should pursue. She determined immediately to be attacked with a dangerous illness, to recover very slowly, to be directed by her medical attendants to abstain from all pursuits of a literary nature, and quietly to repose on her laurels. Most unfortunately, however, this design was almost immediately circumvented by a very trifling incident. Opposite to Mrs. Harland lived a single lady, noted for watching the affairs of her neighbours ; she never left London ; and when other families did so, she busied herself in investigating the proceedings of their domestics. She had derived unwonted satisfaction and enjoyment in her gossiping propensities during Mrs. Harland's absence. Barnett, who, to say the truth, had only pretended to

be ill that she might avoid accompanying her lady in her excursion, became restored to rude health the very moment that Emma Oswald and the *Amanuensis* had quitted the house, and celebrated her recovery by sending out cards for a series of little festive *soirées*, in the course of which all the follies of "high life below stairs" were developed in the abode of the widow. Under ordinary circumstances Mrs. Harland would not have been very severe on the faults of her *confidante*, but just then she was in a state of so much anger and irritation, that she was not sorry to have an opportunity of venting it on somebody; she summoned Barnett to her presence the moment the informer had departed, and warning was given and received on the spot. Mrs. Harland was shocked that her Abigail should counterfeit an illness; although she was on the point of doing the same thing herself; she reproached her with her duplicity, and it was not till the aggrieved Barnett repeated the word "duplicity" with a peculiar inflexion of tone, that she remembered that she was in the secret of the real purpose for which Miss Alford was admitted as an inmate of the establishment. She then made some overtures to a reconciliation, but Barnett was exceedingly glad of an opportunity of leaving the house; several of her new acquaintance lived in the families of noble ladies, and had successfully laboured to convince her of the many degradations and disadvantages of a residence with commoners. The favourite attendant of Lady Gabriella Minton, who was among them, was on the point of marriage, and to her Barnett immediately betook herself, soliciting her kind offices with her lady, and was soon engaged as her successor. Perhaps my readers will remember that Lady Gabriella Minton was the literary patroness of Mrs. Harland, at whose house I first introduced that lady to their acquaintance. Since that time, however, Mrs. Harland had considerably declined in her ladyship's good graces; patronesses, and patrons also, are very apt to become cool to their favourites as soon as they discover that they have the presumption to make their way in the world, independent of their assistance, and Lady Gabriella had already begun to find out that Mrs. Harland was "sadly overrated," and that "her head was quite turned by the adulation of silly people." Most welcome, then, was Barnett's report to the ears of her new lady; she immediately wrote to invite a little literary party to assist at the sacrifice of her former friend's fame: it passed off most successfully; and as two gentlemen connected with the press were among the guests, it is not surprising that two articles should appear in the "Literary Arbitrator" and "Fashionable-Inquisitor," one entitled "Borrowed Plumes," and the other "False Colours," in which the whole of the occurrences connected with Mrs. Harland's authorship were circumstantially detailed.

"How I pity Harriet," said Emma Oswald; "she has chosen to drop our acquaintance in consequence of what she calls our impertinent interference with her household, and yet I almost feel inclined to call upon her; she must stand in need of sympathy."

"Pray spare your pity, my dear," said Mr. Wentworth; "I am convinced that Mrs. Harland does not need it, or wish for it; the same taste for artifice and stratagem that brought her into this difficulty will soon bring her out of it."

It appeared, however, that Mrs. Harland was more sensitive than Mr. Wentworth had imagined, for she immediately left her house and vanished, no one knew whither. Various conjectures were afloat; some thought she had gone to Australia, some to China, and some to Paris; a few surmised that she had turned Roman Catholic and retired into a convent, and a few looked anxiously in the newspapers for accounts of interesting females in white chip bonnets and plumes of feathers, detected in the act of endeavouring to jump over Waterloo Bridge. Mrs. Harland, however, had done the very last thing which persons who have in any way committed themselves would in a general way think it expedient to do—she had returned to the country neighbourhood from whence she came! The families in the vicinity, and the inhabitants of the little town at the distance of a mile, had all read the account of her exposure; they were surprised at her arrival, and puzzled how to receive her, and whether she ought to be consoled with, censured, caressed, or cut. Several declared that they should scrupulously avoid the subject of literature in their conversation with her; but Miss Pilkington, who had led the coteries of the town for above thirty years, protested that she should pointedly introduce the subject the very first moment she was in Mrs. Harland's company, and ask her if there were any original works coming out in London, with a decided emphasis on the adjective.

Probably Mrs. Harland knew enough of Miss Pilkington's character to be aware that such would be likely to be her line of proceeding, for she despatched a short affectionate note to her, immediately after her arrival, requesting the pleasure of a visit from her. Miss Pilkington readily complied; she had a high opinion of her own talent for "giving a lecture" to the erring, and meant to speak, if not "daggers," at least pen-knives and scissors to the culprit who solicited her countenance.

"Well, my dear friend, exclaimed Mrs. Harland, without any of the tokens of contrition or confusion which Miss Pilkington had anticipated, "I am rejoiced to see you; I stand in need of sympathy; surely never has any one experienced such ingratitude as myself."

"I knew you had been in trouble," said Miss Pilkington, bluntly; "but I did not know that you had met with any ingratitude; the 'Literary Arbitrator' and 'Fashionable Inquisitor' said ———"

"Just what they were bribed to say by my enemies," interrupted Mrs. Harland; "they are low, contemptible papers, my dear friend, as I need not tell a person of your refinement and discrimination; but I will acquaint you with the facts of the case."

Miss Pilkington stiffly bent her head, and Mrs. Harland proceeded.

"On one of my missions of benevolence, I most unfortunately fell in with a young person who was plausible in manner, and embarrassed in circumstances; she had some turn for writing, but had offered her productions to successive booksellers, who had all declined to publish them. She now solicited me to affix my name to them, and allow them to pass as my own; knowing that I moved in aristocratic circles, and that I enjoyed the advantage of being a great favourite there, she concluded that the works which would be disregarded from her pen, would be highly valued if supposed to proceed from mine. In an evil

hour I consented to this plan, and was enabled to make over to her a large sum of money, which I could not have spared her out of my limited income. I also took her to my own house, and treated her as a sister. Soon, however, I found that the publicity attached to a popular authoress was very distressing to one of my timid disposition; I also found it impossible to keep clear of the society of professionally literary people, and I assure you, my dear Miss Pilkington, that such individuals are more objectionable in a hundred ways than you in your happy country retirement can possibly conjecture."

Miss Pilkington nodded her head with infinite meaning; she meant to convey by that, not that she was perfectly and painfully aware of all the atrocities of literary society, but that she was too much interested in Mrs. Harland's narrative to enter into the details of the subject at present.

"A second work," continued Mrs. Harland, "appeared under my name, light, weak and trifling, but still adapted to the taste of the day. I became inundated with letters from various editors, requesting contributions to their periodicals. I sighed for quiet, and told Miss Alford that she must hereafter publish under her own name, that she had received through my means more than twice the sum which was necessary to free her from her embarrassments, and that I could not longer suffer the deception to continue. After vainly endeavouring by fawning and flattery to induce me to change my determination, she left my house, vowing to be revenged on me, and the results of her revenge you have already seen in the aspersions cast upon me in two unprincipled and calumnious papers! Wearied with heartlessness and ingratitude, I determined to quit the world of London, and return to my dear friends in this neighbourhood; and my determination was strengthened by the very annoying conduct of a young man of family and fortune whose addresses I had rejected three times, and whose indignation at my indifference led him to degrade himself by joining the ranks of my enemies."

"I think you have been ill used," said Miss Pilkington, casting a benevolent eye on a salver of almond-cakes and noyau which a servant deposited on the table; "and I believe I have common-sense enough to judge whether or not I hear a candid statement of the case from you."

"Common-sense, my dear friend!" exclaimed Mrs. Harland; "do not be so unjust to yourself. Had you not possessed sense of a very acute and superior description, I should never have fixed on you as the *confidante* of my troubles. Perhaps you will be so good as to repeat them to our mutual friends; I assure you the subject is most distressing to me. I must not forget, however, to show you a scarf just brought from Paris, which I hope you will favour me by accepting; how well it is set off by your falling shoulders!"

The almond-cakes and noyau, the compliments and the Parisian scarf united, completely insured the partizanship of Miss Pilkington; she everywhere chronicled Mrs. Harland as the most injured of women, and spoke of "scribbling hussies" with so much horror, and hinted at the iniquities of literary society with such dark mystery, that a book-club was immediately given up which had existed for several years in

the town, and twenty new packs of cards purchased with the money remaining in the secretary's hands. I have not yet heard of Mrs. Harland's second marriage, but should never be surprised at it; for she is very popular with several country gentlemen, who like to hear her talk about "the evils of wasting time in reading," knowing themselves to be perfectly guiltless of the charge; and as she has begun to play at whist, and plays so badly that she always loses, she is equally popular with the ladies of her locality.

Everard Wentworth and Miss Alford were speedily united, but it was a long time after their marriage before the gentleman could prevail on the lady to exercise her practised pen; she declared that she had a complete horror of the sight of an inkstand, and if a sheet of paper were placed in her way, she always sang—

"Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still,"

in tones of such arch sweetness, that it was impossible to be angry with her. In time, however, she began to write a little for her own recreation, and was prevailed on without much difficulty to publish for the recreation of the community; her works are extolled more highly than ever, and now that she can grasp at fame in her own proper person, she allows that there are very great pleasures in a literary career, although it seemed a mournful and painful pilgrimage to her when adverse circumstances compelled the character of the authoress to be merged in that of the Amanaensis.

THE YOUNG MUST HOPE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

OH! who, while darting on its rapid way,
Dashing in wantonness the sparkling spray
From its broadsides, as swift it moves along,
Its proud keel rising on the snowy crest
Of some huge wave, then prone on ocean's breast
Sinking amain, while trills the tar his song,
Would storms predict, to scatter far and wide
That gallant vessel o'er the 'whelming tide,
With all its home-bound crew so sanguine there,
Changing to fear the hope that thrills each heart,
And the glad words that mutual joy impart,
To the unsocial silence of despair?
Haply the destined haven it may find
Borne on the breezes of a fav'ring wind;
Welcom'd by smiles that change to happier tears;
Then, vain the spectre of the storm we raise,
The superstitious sailors to amaze,
Filling their souls with unsubstantial fears!
And who, while gazing on the sparkling eye
Illumed by hope with radiant ecstasy,

The glowing cheek, the smile of joy elate—
Could find the cruel courage to declare
Hope was a lie—its proper name despair,
The ghastly myrmidon of ruthless fate?
The young must hope,—it is the bosom's faith
At that delicious age, ere yet the wraith
Of doubt its anaconda sting doth dart,
Barb'd by Alecta, fury most unblest,
That it may spume, with twofold power possess,
Its deadliest venom in the trusting heart!
The young must hope,—it is the dower of God,
To smooth life's flinty way, that they unshod
Must toiling traverse, sharp, serrated, steep—
Whose points acute the shrinking foot doth pierce,
Probing to agony intense and fierce,
Forcing to halt, alas! to only weep.
The young must hope—and beautiful to see
Their blind reliance, seraph Hope in thee!
What if it be the vainest phantasy!
Forbear to undeceive; oh let them still
Dream sweetly on; too soon the hours fulfil
Life's dark irrevocable destiny!
Illusion all, save pain and sorrow, here—
Yet, oh! illusion how belov'd, how dear,
Tinting each scene with Paradisian dyes,
The iris hues that angel artists blend,
Amber, and gold, and violet, that lend
Empyrean loveliness to fancy's skies!
Must they all fade? must shadows o'er them fall?
Is disappointment, then, the doom of all?
Was never yet one dear exception made?
One lovely reverie, whose waking still
Obedient was to the enchanter's will,
In favour of the heart by hope betray'd?
Oh no! oh no! those gorgeous hues are spread
Not to delight the living, but the dead.
Not of the EARTH are they Hope's pinions dye,
But oh, of HEAV'N, to gladden and surprise
The weary, tear-gall'd, home-inquiring eyes,
And win its willing votaries to the sky!
Oh! let no morbid pity then restrain
The revelation, show the dream how vain,
That promises Hope's realization HERE:
'Tis mercy to forewarn the youthful mind
That at creation God alone designed
Hope's bright fulfilment in his own blest sphere!

RECOLLECTIONS¹

OF THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY A GLASGOW GRADUATE.

MR. CAMPBELL was not long in presenting himself for induction. His appearance was everything that could be wished for. He delighted his friends, disarmed his opponents, and in some respects surprised all.

He had had the advantage of hearing some of the greatest public speakers of the day—an advantage of no little consequence to aspiring minds, which the popular constitution of the rectorship almost of necessity secures. Lord Jeffrey, one of the most fluent of men (of whom it is told that, on one occasion, on a trial for libel, he spoke the English dictionary twice over; and on another that, on a contested election, he spoke until a man rode express from Lanark to Edinburgh, and back, a distance of about seventy miles)—Lord Jeffrey said that he felt embarrassed in speaking from the spot where “Burke had faltered and Adam Smith stood still.” Sir James Macintosh had evidently come well prepared. He spoke at great length, but not in a very impressive manner. His remarks were, in many respects, of high import, but often too abstruse for the occasion, and, on the whole, did not excite a very deep interest. Lord Brougham, the *indefatigable*, drew a *brief* from his pocket, and explained that on his way down on the northern circuit, he had occupied what moments he could spare in committing to paper such suggestions as he deemed it proper to make; not wishing, he added, “to perform the duties of an important office in a perfunctory manner.” This is probably a rare event in Brougham’s history; for it is not to be supposed that he has often read his speeches, although one of his precepts on this occasion was, that “he will always speak best extempore who prepares with care when he has the opportunity.”

Lord Brougham’s discourse was published by his authority, and excited much attention beyond the walls of the University. The opinion he defended, “that man is not accountable to man for his belief,” gave great offence to certain theologians, and called forth animadversions from sundry pulpits. Among others, the eminent Dr. Wardlaw preached and published on the occasion.

It is, indeed, not a very easy task to adapt a discourse without any given topic to the taste or humour of a motley audience,

¹ Concluded from page 299, vol. XL1.

consisting of grave professors, studious young men, and unruly boys. We had no right to expect readiness and eloquence from a retired bard equal to that of the giants of the senate or the bar. Those who knew Mr. Campbell in private, and had marked his extreme sensitiveness at times, feared that the crowd and uproar would be too much for his presence of mind.

The common hall was filled to excess. Many gentlemen from the city and distant parts were present, and the galleries were crowded with ladies. A tremendous burst of cheering announced his arrival, and he advanced slowly as the mace-bearer made way for him through the dense crowd. He looked self-possessed, but grave, and took little notice of what was around him until he reached the bench of office, when the continued cheering was gracefully acknowledged. The tumult of welcome having so far subsided as to permit the Latin prayer to be enunciated and the oath administered, he rose to speak. The first sentence dispelled all ideas of failure. He spoke in a distinct, deliberate, and firm tone of voice, which was occasionally, however, tremulous when his feelings seemed moved. He had never been within the walls of the college, I believe, since he had been there as a student; and much must have passed through his mind—the events of a lifetime compressed into a moment—while surrounded and cheered on by the children of the friends of his youth, the companions of his early days. He was not wanting in allusions to such topics, but the general bearing of his address was cheering and hopeful; and the lively sallies of imagination and delicate strokes of wit were neither few nor rare. He spoke about three quarters of an hour without notes and without hesitation. His success was complete; and those who could well judge agreed that there was something in his style more artless and less constrained, and altogether more agreeable than in the orations of his more experienced predecessors.

He concluded amid even more enthusiastic plaudits than he had commenced with, and announced his intention of making himself intimately acquainted with the duties of his office, and of being present in his place on the annual distribution of honours.

He remained in Glasgow for some time, mingling much with the students, and taking a lively interest in their concerns, whether of a public or a private kind; winning their affections, extinguishing the last embers of opposition, and converting many who had been keen opponents into ardent admirers.

At this period, he contemplated giving a short course of lectures to the students on literary subjects. This project, I understood, was not very warmly received by the seniors of the college, who feared it might distract attention from the usual academical lectures. They were right that, to a certain degree, it would; but that such a distraction might not have proved a beneficial one is a different

question. There can be no question, however, that to give lectures without fees would have been a disagreeable innovation, or revival rather of an old practice. The idea was given up at any rate. Instead, the Lord Rector wrote "Letters to the Students of the University of Glasgow," which he printed, and presented a copy to every student. He also printed his inaugural address, and presented it in like manner; having taken the trouble of inscribing his own signature with the student's name upon every copy. In short, by every action he showed that he was delighted with, or, if you will, vain of, the homage he had met with; and he could not have taken a better way of gratifying those who had conferred it.

The enthusiasm about Campbell at this time was as great among the citizens as in the University. He was fêted and feasted on all hands, and many were disappointed at not being able to meet with him, from not having an introduction, or from his being so much engrossed. In this feeling, among other things, originated the proposal, which was ultimately carried into effect, to invite him to a public dinner.

The writer of these lines was anxious, naturally enough, to be introduced to him, but had a feeling that it would seem cold and formal in his position to have that office performed by a third party. After a good deal of hesitation, therefore, he wrote—

"Mr. ———, son of the late ———, and student of ———, requests permission to pay his respects to the Lord Rector."

An immediate answer was received:—

"The Lord Rector requests the pleasure of Mr. ———'s company to breakfast to-morrow at 9."

I was received in his private room with a warmth of manner more than I had anticipated. The Glasgow professors are, or were, for the most part, mighty dignified before their students. Why, then, should a *Rector Magnificus* be familiar?

He examined me wistfully, as if to recognise family features, and conversed with me, for a few minutes, in the most affectionate terms. He then said gaily, "Let us see now what sort of a breakfast my cousin is going to give us this morning;" and led the way to the breakfast-room, where we found a considerable party assembled. Such was an introduction the results of which were, in every respect, pleasant to me.

The idea of a public dinner to Campbell was no sooner originated than it met with general approbation. It is worthy of remark how different an affair a public dinner was before the Reform Bill agitation to what it has been since. Before that time, a company of 300 or 400—and few places possessed a hall which could conveniently accommodate more—was considered a

numerous party. We knew nothing then of national theatres deserted by the drama to be converted into banquetting-halls; nor of immense pavilions capable of containing several thousands, such as were erected as ephemeral trophies to Lords Grey and Durham and Sir Robert Peel.

When about 400 of the select of Glasgow and its neighbourhood, therefore, met to eat and drink, to speechify and cheer in honour of their native poet, it was considered quite an intellectual gala day.

Not a few students, whose pockets could ill spare the guinea, were found in the assembly, buoyant with the pleasures of hope that they, in time, might come to be the honoured of their fellow-citizens. The preponderating wish was, that party politics should be avoided, and the compliment be offered to the poet and native of Glasgow. Campbell's politics needed no proclamation; and consistent and honourable as they had throughout his life been, they certainly did not form his most prominent claim to public notice.

To manage this handsomely was—as to manage a *no-party* dinner always is—a matter of some delicacy. To represent the literary class, the Reverend Principal was fixed upon as chairman. Mr. Andrew Mitchell, a talented lawyer, was named croupier, representing the professions in conjunction with the late Samuel Hunter, editor of the "Herald," and formerly a merchant's *bailie*, as representative of the mercantile class. This latter gentleman was highly popular in Glasgow, a most benevolent man, a *bon vivant*, and a wit. He relieved himself of the trouble of making a speech by the remark that his colleague was the speaking croupier, and he the eating croupier.

This attempt to please all parties, however, although not quite so unfortunate as the attempt of the old man and his ass, was not allowed to pass altogether without criticism. Some extreme Tories scouted the idea of breathing an atmosphere which they held must, after all attempts at purification, be still essentially tainted with Whiggery. On the other hand, a few equally narrow-minded Whigs seemed disposed to lay hold of Campbell as a property, and wished to convert the compliment paid him into a party triumph. They endeavoured to persuade him to decline the invitation to the general dinner, and join, instead, an exclusive party. This advice Campbell had the good judgment and taste to reject. At the head of this party was Mr. John Douglas, a lawyer of local celebrity and of undeniable talents. This gentleman had been an early acquaintance of Mr. Campbell, and had the vanity to think that one or two paragraphs which he had inserted in the "Glasgow Chronicle," over which newspaper he then had a considerable control, had been the cause of the election. This vanity was quite misplaced.

On occasion of the festival to which we refer, Mr. Douglas took a peculiar and somewhat amusing way of exhibiting his splenetic humour. On the eve of the dinner, there appeared in the "Chronicle" an anticipatory report of the proceedings; the speeches being attributed, for the most part, to those who, it was known, had agreed to speak. It was a ridiculous caricature, of course; but some of the political hits were severe enough. If to produce a buzz and sensation be a test of success, it was a successful squib, and produced different effects, according as its readers were disposed to laugh at every bagatelle, or too sensitive to stand being burlesqued. Mr. Campbell and many of his friends were angry, which was probably all the author desired. The dinner itself went off with unusual brilliancy and harmony; the gentlemen actively engaged in it being made of too stern a metal to be frightened by a sky rocket.

The reverend dignitary in the chair acted his part well. Not being much burdened with sensitiveness, and having ample command of face and words, his position as a neutral was quite suited to him. He was not a man likely to commit himself by any party ebullition on such an occasion as the present. He had actually taken the trouble of committing to memory some verses of the poet; the twinkle of whose eye, as he sat by his side, seemed to show that he duly appreciated the compliments paid him. But not trusting entirely to the principal, the University had put forth all its strength.

It must be admitted by all who knew them, that among the Glasgow professors there were, at that time, some men of high talents. They mingled little with their fellow-citizens, however, and their popular powers were little known, and not correctly estimated. When Sir Daniel Sandford burst so suddenly into the arena of political agitation, he astonished every one with his eloquence. His appearance on this occasion, one of the first he made extra-academically, was the theme of general praise. Mr. Buchanan, the Professor of Logic, also a new man, proved himself fully his equal. If less remarkable for fire, he probably excelled in taste. The venerable Mr. Mylne spoke in that clear, judicious, and classic style which distinguished his mind, and, although few men were more decided than he in Whig opinions, he went fully in with the general feeling in avoiding all party allusions. Dr. Meikleham's ruddy visage beamed with waggery, as he drew from his pocket a somewhat ancient-looking remnant of paper, purporting to be a mathematical essay in doggerel rhyme penned by the poet when a student of natural philosophy under Dr. Meikleham's predecessor, Dr. Anderson, projector of the Andersonian University, certainly the germ of mechanics' institutions. Of this early bantling, Campbell was rather shy of acknowledging the paternity; but the authority was as good as the parish register.

Mr. John Jardine, now sheriff of Ross, had been a schoolfellow of Campbell, and told us, with much glee, how the wonder ran among them when it became rumoured that Tom Campbell had actually written a poem. This gentleman's father had held the chair of logic, which had been in vain contended for by the immortal Burke. What opinion he had formed of his son's friend *Tom*, I have not learned; but there is one well-known anecdote of his success in prophecy, which is worthy of repetition. Such was his opinion of Henry Brougham, that he took a bet of ten guineas on that gentleman's ultimately attaining the woolsack; and he retained this opinion to the last so confidently as to provide for the disposal of the bet in his will; and upon Lord Brougham's promotion, the money was paid over by the loser to the Glasgow Infirmary.

Grace before and after dinner was said by two of the poet's early friends—Dr. Mitchell, Professor of Divinity to the United Secession Church, and Dr. Fleming, parish minister of Neilston, near Glasgow. This latter gentleman died within a few days of his friend. His name recalls to mind an incident which gave me no very high idea of editorial responsibility, or at least of Mr. Campbell's editorial vigilance.

In the magazine of which Campbell was then editor, appeared an article in which Dr. Fleming was very disrespectfully spoken of with regard to some squabble in the General Assembly, which he was seldom free of. Mr. Campbell being in Glasgow shortly after, happened to speak kindly of our old friend Fleming. I said, "How did you come to abuse him so in the last number? He may deserve it, no doubt, but will hardly have expected it from your hand."

"What abuse? I never saw anything about him."

The book was at hand. He gave one of those wincing expressions peculiar to his fine features when vexed, and said, "How very provoking! I really never saw it, else it should not have been there, I assure you;" then added, with a laugh, "Well, it can't be helped. Only, mercy on me, how I shall hear of it! I am to dine with him this week; he has a devil of a tongue, and thinks nothing of writing a pamphlet as long as my arm. One comfort, he will probably never see it."

How the pair settled the matter, I never heard.

Of Mr. Campbell's own appearance on this festive occasion, much as all present were disposed to be pleased, it is too little to say that he surpassed all expectation, and, as usual with him, he appeared to be extremely delighted with what was intended to gratify him—the very best thanks he could offer.

In allusion to the Lord Provost, Mr. William Hamilton, who sat at his hand, he told us that when, a mere boy, he first left home with an anxious heart to brave the world, that gentleman's

grandmother laid a friendly hand on his head, bade him take courage, and God bless him.

When he was announced as the youngest graduate, at Glasgow he laughingly alluded to his having gone to bed, the previous evening, plain Mr., and awoke, that morning, LL.D. I often wondered that he could have considered this title any addition to those he had earned for himself—conferred, as it often is, upon so many mediocres—and was displeased to see that it was inscribed upon his coffin, the sole companion of “Author of the Pleasures of Hope.” What an instance of bathos!

Those who are unacquainted with Glasgow may be told that, on the 1st of May, a common hall is held for the purpose of distributing the prizes gained during the whole session; and that what are termed class prizes are awarded by the votes of the students themselves, whilst the general prizes for essays, poems, &c. are awarded by the professors; but the writer is not known until the decision is made, and the sealed letter opened in the hall. What a moment for many an aspiring heart! On this occasion, there is always a goodly bevy of mammas and sisters present, and many strangers from far and near.

The Lord Rector was present on the first year of his office as he had promised, and his presence gave the scene an additional interest. Students of poetic temperament, at least, thought their reward enhanced when it was conferred by the hand of Thomas Campbell. It was usual to address a few words of compliment to the successful competitors, and he performed this part of his duty very gracefully. In one instance, however, he got wrong; a gentleman who came up to receive a medal happened to be a hereditary and particular friend, but the motto on his essay, which was intended for a play on words, might have borne a Tory meaning. Whereupon the Rector, referring to the inscription on the medal took the opportunity to read his young friend a lecture on the importance of liberty, and this to one who notoriously needed no such admonition. He met the same student half-an-hour after the adjournment of the hall, and warmly congratulated him; “but,” added he, “to ——’s son I should have said more.”

“Thank you, my Lord; but I would have been as well pleased had you said less.”

“Pooh!” says he, “I’ll tell you how it happened. I have been sadly badgered lately, you know, by certain parties, as if I had cooled in my Whiggery; so seeing your motto, I thought it a famous opportunity to have a fling at the Tories; and not being ready at public speaking, I had not time to change my mind. But come along, I have something to show you.”

I mention this trifling anecdote to show how affable he wished to make himself. In his attempts of this kind, however, he could

not always be successful, and was exposed to considerable annoyance by his reputation for good nature, which, after all, was not of a quality to be encroached upon.

He one day showed me a large heap of manuscripts piled on his table.

"What on earth am I to do with all these?"

"Pray what are they?"

"Poetry! poetry! poetry! I have had all these sent me by I dare say very kind friends, with flattering letters, begging my opinion."

I expressed my inability to give any advice upon such a subject, but suggested that the grievance was probably not new to him.

"Oh no! to be sure, not quite; but such an infliction as this I never had before, not even with the magazine."

I noticed one huge volume, the author of which I could easily guess by the handwriting of the address; but as Mr. Campbell betrayed no name, neither did I. It was evidently the production of a zealous but weak-minded friend, who, during the election, had sent the committee an eulogistic poem on Campbell that it might be circulated as an electioneering bill. The committee thought it would do no good; but not wishing to offend its author, printed it, and having supplied him with one or two copies, quietly suppressed the rest. Such things happen often in elections to the perplexity of simple poetasters.

One part of Mr. Campbell's farewell address on this 1st of May was much approved of by many of his auditors. After many serious advices on the conduct of our studies, he advised those who had worked hard during the winter now to enjoy themselves, and frolic in the summer air amid the green fields. "Why should you sit like your grandsire's image cut in alabaster?" There was no one to gainsay this, who had the means of obeying; but, alas! as his memory might well have served to tell him, many of his auditors had to support themselves by their summer industry, and of these not a few who had highly distinguished themselves by their winter studies.

I forget at which of his visits it was that he produced his "Lines on revisiting the Clyde," but I recollect they were not well received. He seemed to regret that the sweet rural scenery had given place to cotton mills and iron foundries, and that steamboats had rendered turbid the waters of the Clyde.

"Plague take him," said our merchants; where does he think we are to get all the good things we make him so welcome to, unless we had our steam engines and spinning jennies?"

In truth, the lines might be poetical enough, but they were certainly malapropos. Open as the poet's eye was to the beauties of scenery, the man's eye was by no means insensible to the

beauties of a splendid entertainment. It was at one of these that he met with a retort from Mr. Samuel Hunter whom I have already mentioned, and at which Mr. Campbell himself used to laugh heartily. Towards the close of a dinner-party, when the wine and the wit had probably both begun to pall, Mr. Campbell said—

“Why, Mr. Hunter, I was at a party of students last night, where we were far merrier and wittier than we have been to-night.”

“If our meeting has been dull and stupid,” retorted the other, “you have nobody but yourself to blame, Mr. Campbell, for you have had all the conversation to yourself.”

To his perception of the beauty of scenery he added what no one who has written as he has done ever wanted—namely, an exquisite sense of female beauty. Calling upon him one day when he was residing a little way out of Glasgow, a servant girl brought in lunch. On her leaving the room, he asked if we had particularly observed her, adding that she was the most complete model of the Grecian style of beauty he had ever seen. He then rung the bell on some frivolous errand, and her figure and face certainly seemed to warrant his eulogium, while the artless girl went about her work little dreaming, I dare say, of our disquisitions on the Grecian style of beauty.

There is another story told of Campbell and a servant girl, not quite so classical, nor perhaps so correct. It has appeared, I believe, in Joe Miller and similar authorities. It was said that, when a very young man, he was taking a pedestrian excursion in the eastern part of Scotland, he had retired to bed at an inn, when, being fatigued, he soon fell sound asleep. Towards midnight his curtains were drawn, and a beautiful female apparition, with a candle in her hand, asked him if he had any objections to a bedfellow?

“Bless you, none in the least,” said the enraptured bard of “Hope,” none in the least, my dear.”

Presently the chamber-maid returned, ushering in a huge cattle drover, who had just arrived, and found all the beds occupied.

I told him this story when jokes were going round, and told him it had been fathered upon him. He neither admitted nor denied it, but put me right in the telling by saying it was at Haddington, not at Dunbar, as I had said. This turned the joke upon him; but he maintained, with seeming gravity, and undeniably enough, that he might have read it too as well as any of us. “Nay,” says he, “how do you know that I was not the editor of that chronicle?”

The second election being usually a matter of course, his passed off without any serious opposition. In the mean time, complaints from various quarter, and, regarding several Scottish universities, the professors complaining of want of money and the

students and their friends complaining of defective instruction, having become general, government issued a royal commission to inquire into the state of affairs in all the four universities.

Had there been no grievances before, a measure such as this was sure to bring them swarming into existence. Those that were real were aggravated, and imaginary ones were nursed into existence to back them. The Glasgow students, who were probably better off than those of any of the other universities, mustered wrong upon wrong, and, in good sooth, generally with more or less cause. The splendid park, or garden as it is called, through which runs the classic Melindenar, celebrated by Walter Scott in *Rob Roy*, and so useful as a retired walk or an exercise field, was only partly, and often not at all, open. The slightest trespass by any idle boy was visited upon all. "We have no money," was the answer, "to pay keepers." "Yes, but a professor receives an annual salary as gardener, though there is not a flower to be found in it." The magnificent museum left by Dr. William Hunter could be seen only by payment, or, what was in one sense still more costly, special favour. "We have no money to pay officers, and keep it constantly in order, and open to such a flock of students." "No, but a professor receives a salary as keeper, and does nothing." The library, which is entitled to a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall, is closed altogether, or, if open, upon such terms as render it of no use to the students; the books, if got in, cannot be got out. "The books from Stationers' Hall are not bound, and we have no money to bind them. We cannot pay librarians to give you down book by book as you want them, nor can we afford you chairs and tables for the purpose of taking notes; and when the books are taken out they are either never returned, or are cut and written upon." "Yes, but you pay a professor as librarian, who, from palsy, is hardly able to walk across the floor, and an assistant, who, from lameness, is unable to mount the steps, so that books are refused whether in or out."

Such is a specimen of the complaints, but their numbers must be untold. It may easily be supposed that Campbell most warmly sided with the students, and, from the authority of his office, did much to set their views in a proper light. Hence he incurred the violent wrath of the great body of the professors. As it were by way of retaliation, it was proposed to the commissioners that the popular election of the rector should be abridged,—that a number of the students, in fact, should be disfranchised. This sage advice came before the Rector in his official capacity, and he immediately gave the alarm. Under his authority a general meeting of the students was held: such a thing had never been known before, and was looked upon as the forerunner of rebellion.

The students who guided it, most of them distinguished in their cases, and obedient to their teachers there, knew better. Every

thing went off quietly; but a most enthusiastic and determined opposition to all attempts at disfranchisement was organized, and a memorial, signed by nearly all the students, presented through Campbell to the commissioners.

Little more was heard of the disfranchisement. The commission published a thick blue-book, consisting of a report with a large appendix, and containing some curious information; but nothing material resulted, although some ameliorations were effected by the very fact of the abuses being exposed. It seems to be the inevitable fate of all close corporations, that corruptions are allowed to take root among them, which, when fairly laid bare, even those who have profited by them cannot defend. The corporations of Scotland have certainly been no exception to this; nevertheless the luckless reformer meets with no mercy.

"As bees buzz out with angry fyke
When plundering herds assail their byke"—

so was Thomas Campbell assailed by the angry professors; the honeyed words of the great festival were turned into gall, and the indignation was at its height, when, on the expiration of his second year of office, his friends announced their intention of electing him for the third time. This was a bold attempt, and unprecedented in the memory of the oldest professor, although at one time common. This was not to be borne, and accordingly the greatest name and most popular man in Scotland—the *mighty wizard*—Walter Scott, was pitched against him. Campbell has been often laughed at, and I am disposed to admit not without show of reason, on account of the extent to which he plumed himself on this academic dignity, in itself of little importance. But when we see him at one time opposed to Canning, and at another to Scott, we cannot wonder that he felt some exultation. He was proud, too, of his supporters; youths of from eighteen to twenty-five, mostly poor and friendless, who in his cause despised both influence and threats, for both were used; he himself comparatively poor, without influence, and depending solely on his fame withal, added to the pen and the attachment of some. Many of Campbell's supporters were much annoyed at having to vote against Scott, the literary idol of his nation; but he was not wanted here at this time.

Excitement so great never prevailed before regarding a rectorial election. The Glasgow and Edinburgh papers were full of it, and the echo was not wanting in those of the metropolis. On the day of election, by various informal and, as we held, illegal steps, the votes were said to be equal—two nations to two. The statutes declared that in cases of equality, the previous rector should have the casting vote; and failing him, the one before. But an officer existed, termed a vice rector, not once mentioned in

all the statutes. He was absent as well as the rector. In fact, he was a very aged man, paralytic, and on his death-bed. This old gentleman was carried upon men's shoulders into the crowded and now tumultuous hall, where it was announced he had given his vote for Sir Walter.

All was now hubbub. Protests were taken, and law proceedings adopted; connected with which scenes took place, some amusing and some ridiculous. Some of the wealthy citizens offered their purses, and a lawsuit would inevitably have ensued, which, whatever had been the result, would have been most injurious to that ancient seat of learning, when a letter from Sir Walter Scott put an end to the confusion. He, in polite terms, declined the intended honour, on the plea of want of leisure, and his having previously refused a similar invitation from St. Andrew's. This decision, he said, gave him pleasure, as it relieved him from competition with his old and valued friend Mr. Campbell.

I gave an instance of editorial want of vigilance; I shall now give one of legal want of vigilance in a gentleman whose critical decisions had at one time nearly equal weight as have now his judicial decisions—I mean Francis Jeffrey, now one of the judges of the supreme court of Scotland. Mr. Jeffrey had been rector, and was deservedly a great favourite in Glasgow. To him, when likely to be enshrouded in the mists of the law, the students wrote, asking his advice, and, if necessary, his aid. We received a very kind reply, assuring us of this assistance if necessary, but advising us to take every honourable step to avoid going to law. As to the construction of a particular statute to which he was referred, he would give no opinion at present, as, unless he were in Glasgow, he knew not where to find it. Now the said statute, in anticipation of this difficulty, had been carefully copied on the other side of the page (a double postage, in those days, being a terror to a poor student), but the learned counsel had not thought of turning over the leaf. The earliest post carried to Campbell the news of the dilemma into which the college had fallen, fixed between the horns of Campbell and Scott. The letter also contained some comments upon the proceedings not of a very conciliatory nature, with the request, absurd enough it seems to me now, that he should immediately come down. The next mail brought, not an answer, but himself, in “fine poetic frenzy.” I can hardly forbear smiling at the unnecessary passion he was in. Some one had charitably supplied him with all the newspaper paragraphs and election placards, in which he had been abused personally, politically, and poetically. He swore vengeance against all and sundry foes visible and invisible. In vain did we tell him that it was all an election row, and that his friends had been as busy throwing mud at his opponents; and that the mo-

ment the contest was over the mud would rub off, and we would be as bright as ever. It required great influence to quiet him, but by the persuasion of his kinsman, Mr. Gray, and others, he was prevailed upon not to go near the college until the new election, consequent on Sir Walter's declinature, had been completed. He was now in one sense unopposed, only that his own friends protested against this election, the former one being held legal; while some of the professors and others protested against the third election.

We feared much for his temper showing itself at his third installation, the more especially as some silly gossips had told him of threats idly uttered of personally insulting him. His talk was of swords and pistols. We knew more of the matter, and had no fears, although, prudentially, the leaders of both sides had taken very efficient measures to suppress the slightest attempts at outrage. Except a little party disapprobation, usual on all such occasions, and which was drowned by the applause of his friends, he was received remarkably well. In fact, the difficulty was to prevent some of the more prominent of his opponents from being insulted, and it was not until he took the command himself, which he did with great dignity the moment he was sworn in, that the proceedings directed against him were allowed to go on in quiet. He spoke easily, pointedly, and without any passion or trepidation. It would be nonsense to allege that there was any thing like bribery on this occasion, although there can be no doubt that many were influenced by the hopes of professional favour, particularly in the distribution of bursaries. An instance of bribery on the opposite side I must mention. A clever young gentleman of the junior classes, with whom I had some friendship, came to me, and, looking serious, said—

“Of course I shall vote with you, but I have a particular favour to ask.”

This young gentleman was a collector of autographs, and the favour was that I would give him one of Campbell's. I laid the request before the proper quarter with all the gravity such an occasion demanded. Campbell immediately wrote—

“I abhor all bribery and corruption.

T. CAMPBELL.

To Mr. ——.”

My young friend was delighted. He is now, I believe, a thriving Glasgow merchant.

Mr. Campbell did not, during his third rectorship, abandon his rigid attention to college affairs, although he did not so often appear at the tables of the professors. He was, if possible, still more popular among the citizens, and he continued ever afterwards to visit Glasgow occasionally, which he had not previously

been in the habit of doing. On one of these occasions he was entertained at a public dinner by the Polish association, when the most flattering attentions were paid him, particularly in the selection of the songs, which were chiefly his own masterpieces.

The cup which Campbell mentions in his will was a handsome silver one given him by the students. It was not by a public or general subscription, but by a party of warm admirers. A more general testimonial in the form of a painting by Lawrence was contemplated, but the expense was a stumbling block, as well as the fact of there being no proper place accessible to the students for its reception. I observe some one objects to his proposed monument in Westminster Abbey, and proposes it should be at Glasgow. The only objection to Westminster is its being crowded. I should not like to hear of Campbell's statue being locked up with the mummies in the Hunterian museum, as has been done to the bust of James Watt. The Glasgow people, I dare say, will not be contented without a monument of their own to Campbell, and will place it in some conspicuous part of that magnificent city.

On the expiry of his rectorship, not contented with his own services, he was most anxious that his students should be fortunate in the choice of a successor, and volunteered an advice which was not taken. By way of showing their admiration of high talent and generous patronage of literature, united to the highest rank, they fixed upon the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was known also as the friend of Mr. Campbell. The Marquis was elected in 1829 by a large majority. Mr. Campbell was very much delighted with this choice, but he told me afterwards we were impudent dogs to look so high. The person he had thought of, and who has since held the office three times like Campbell, was Mr. Henry Cockburn, now Lord Cockburn, a Scotch judge; and a better election was never made.

I first visited Campbell in his own house in Scotland Yard. It was a large ill-arranged house, and not half furnished. He sat in a room intended for a drawing-room, with books piled on the shelves and scattered on the floor and sofas. Around him lay letters opened and unopened, in a very careless manner. I was entertained with the greatest kindness and hospitality. His family then consisted only of his son and two servants. He seems to have had no great idea of domestic comfort, as he was continually flitting from one suite of apartments to another. His last residence in London was No. 8, Victoria Square, Pimlico. When in Glasgow he resided with his relative, Mr. Gray, in Claremont Place, or at Mr. Gray's country seat, a beautifully-situated residence a few miles from town. With that amiable family he seemed completely at home and happy, and equally happy were made any of his friends whom he invited to visit him.

A few of his enthusiastic admirers among the students formed a club in Glasgow of a literary and social character, and bearing his name. With this club he corresponded, and sometimes visited them.

I have seen it somewhere lately stated that Mr. Campbell was illiberal in his way of speaking of his cotemporaries. I have no such opinion, but very much the opposite. But then, to learn his opinion, you must let him alone. If you asked his opinion, or praised any particular passage, you had every chance of being contradicted. He did not like to be teased when not in the vein. I once asked what he thought of a poem which was at the time making a good deal of sensation, but about which the opinion of good judges has been much divided. He answered quickly—"Bless your soul, my dear fellow, do you think I ever read poetry?" And immediately turned the conversation to a hobby he had then in his head about planting potatoes, and told me he was going to take a field to try the experiment (we were in the fields at the time), and remain in Scotland all the summer to see the result. I laughed at him and his potatoes; but he assured me he had studied the subject, and had once written a long treatise on agriculture. I wonder in what encyclopædia this can be found! He added that he had a high offer from a bookseller to write a book on cookery, and had a good mind to do it. Now of this same poem he soon afterwards took occasion to speak very warmly, pointing out both its beauties and defects. I have heard him speak in the highest terms of many of his eminent cotemporaries, and have seldom heard him disparage their poetry. Often, however, have I heard him railing in good set terms at the men. This I believed often to arise from some offence, temporary or imaginary, or some harsh expression regarding himself or his works, conveyed to his ear by the whisper of malice. Upon this point he was very sensitive. It would be injurious to his character, and give an erroneous impression of fact, to set down hasty splenetic expressions as deliberate assertions. For his critical opinions on other authors, whether antecedent or cotemporary, I would refer only to his own deliberate judgments given to the world by himself. He was then on the seat of judgment, and decided like a judge.

It was not easy in conversation to fix Mr. Campbell to any one subject. He was continually flying from one thing to another, from ludicrous to serious, with an alacrity quite perplexing. His bodily movements seemed of the same character; he could not sit still on his chair, shifting from side to side, jumping up and walking about the room, adjusting his wig, or playing with his pen.

I am very much disposed to think that of this nature also was a principal defect in Mr. Campbell's intellectual character. He

either never had any great and fixed aim in life, or he did not pursue it with steady and resolute perseverance. Hence, perhaps, so little has been done by him in comparison to what might have been hoped from so fine a genius. Hence also, probably, that with an exquisite taste for the highest pleasures himself, and with many of the requisites best calculated to impart them to others, he failed in attaining any great degree of sublunary happiness.

Peace be to his memory ! Never a line that he wrote gave offence to a single human being ; never, by intentional act, did he give just offence to any one ; or if he did, it was suddenly done and speedily atoned for.

THE BUCCANIER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

AWAY, away ! o'er the boundless deep,
We'll merrily merrily roam ;
Come, Anna ! break the mermaid's sleep,
With a song of the Highland home.
On the deep they stand,
My gallant band,
To guard thee, love, o'er the sea,
To the spicy isles,
Where the bright sun smiles
With its golden fruits for thee.

Look up, look up, my bonny bride !
Ah ! where do thy fond thoughts roam ?
Do they seek Glenlochy's silver tide,
And the halls of thy Highland home ?
I'll make thee queen
Of a brighter scene,
Where no chilling winters blight,
But the dark-eyed maids
In the palmy shades,
Weave the joyous dance by night.

Away, away, o'er the boundless deep
We'll merrily merrily roam ;
Cheer up, my bonny bride ! nor weep
For the joys of thy Highland home.
In the land of the rose,
Where the ruby glows,
With a thousand gems as bright,
I'll crown thy brow,
As the moon does now,
With her fairy beams of light.

NARRATIVE OF A MONTH'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.¹

BY A YOUNG LADY.

No. III.

ON our return to the hotel, William joined me in Col. and Mrs. Ross's sitting-room for an hour, previous to taking leave of them, which we did with infinite regret. They were on their way to Italy to winter in Rome or Naples, previous to returning to settle in the south of England.

Monday Morning.—I was awoke about half-past four, by Mrs. Ross knocking at my bedroom wall to say "Good bye," once more. At five, I rose, and at six, William and I bade adieu to this fascinating watering-place, and set out in the coupé of the diligence to Carlsruhe. The road goes through Rastadt (where the Grand Duke has a palace), and is, for the most part, flat and uninteresting, extending many miles without a turning. We arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Carlsruhe, at ten o'clock. After breakfasting, we visited the Grand Ducal Palace. We were luckily just in time to hear a military band playing some delightful airs in the entrance court. We were then ushered—the Grand Duke being absent at Baden—into the palace by one of the numberless guides ever on the *qui vive* at sight of a stranger. It is a large regular building of light red stone and brick, with receding centre and projecting wings. We first ascended a turret, by which the former is surrounded. From the top of it there is an extensive view over a flat country; immediately beneath is the fan-shaped, bijou town of Carlsruhe; the principal streets all diverging from the palace in straight lines so as to form a semicircle. Behind is a large park, in which are splendid avenues, and adjoining it, a forest many leagues in circumference. We were shown both the state and private apartments. Some of them are magnificent; particularly the saloon lined with marble. Many, however, are comfortable-looking rooms, with no pretensions to splendour. The state bedroom is large, and handsomely fitted up. Two French beds are placed along side each other. The last occupant, we were informed, was the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Cobourg (Prince Albert's brother), on the occasion of his late marriage to the Grand Duke's eldest daughter. The palace contains many interesting family portraits; there is a lovely full-length of the Dowager Duchess Stephanie, painted at the time of her marriage. We were much struck by its strong resemblance to the portraits of her mother, the Empress Josephine. Unfortunately, when it was taken, six-and-thirty years ago, short waists were the raging fashion.

The pleasure ground between the façade of the palace and the town is divided into walks that unite with the various diverging lines of

¹ Concluded from page 324, vol. xli.

streets. It is planted with acacias, and ornamented with two pieces of water, in which are two fountains playing, and an immense number of fine orange and lemon trees in tubs, ranged in every direction, now full of bloom and fruit. We returned to the hotel in time for the early table d'hôte. There was a woful falling off in everything after the luxuries and elegancies of Baden; but this hotel, though the best in Carlsruhe, is very inferior to any in Germany we have yet been to.

We left at three in the afternoon in an open carriage that William hired to take us to Nielingen, the nearest station on the Rhine. We had a delightful drive of rather more than an hour along a nearly straight road, shaded by rows of trees. We found a steamer there that had left Basle that morning, undergoing examination, for the first time since its entrance into Germany, by the custom-house officers. The poor passengers were just suffering from all the inconvenience of having their luggage tossed about. Not till this was all over, were we suffered to go on board. At length, the officers having completed their scrutiny, we embarked.

The vessel was crowded; there were persons of many countries—about a fourth English. Scarcely a seat was to be had in the saloon; the sun being excessively hot, most of the company had retreated there from its scorching rays. Having nothing better to do, I amused myself by watching and speculating upon the various groups around. Next to me sat a German couple, but recently married I should think, from the superabundant fondness they displayed towards each other. The moustachiod gentleman sat most of the time with his head pillowed upon his wife's shoulder; the other part they spent in twitching themselves before one of the glasses. First, he would take from his pocket a tiny brush (used, I fancy, only in a gentleman's toilet, as I never saw the kind before), with which he arranged his hair; then he gave it to his wife, and she stroked the braids of her black hair with it. Then they had coffee together, and in a little while again, the lady had a glass of eau sucrée, and the gentleman a bottle of beer. Wonderful to tell, he did *not* smoke. At Manheim, they left the steamer, as several others did. From it there is a railroad conveyance to Heidelberg.

Our voyage this evening was greatly protracted. We did not reach Mayence till nearly twelve o'clock. We were glad to get into comfortable rooms at our favourite Hotel de l'Europe there—particularly after the heat and confusion of the steam-boat; and it was pleasant to come to a place where we were, in some degree, known. After breakfast the next morning, we again set sail down the Rhine. The vessel was not so crowded as it had been yesterday. In a short time from our embarkation, William became acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Molteno—a thorough Englishman, though, I suppose from the name, of foreign extraction. He told us that he was on his way from Lausanne, where he had lived nineteen years, to London, to see a brother who lived in the neighbourhood. He was accompanied by his son, an interesting youth of sixteen, who spoke English with a pretty foreign accent and idiom; which made me think his mother must be a foreigner; but I found afterwards that I was mistaken; as it arose merely from the circumstance of his never before having quitted Switzerland, the land of his birth. They had been in the vessel with us yesterday, having

come in it from Basle. I had, till then, only observed the son. It was singular to be talking to the child of English parents, who had not seen their country, and who spoke with such a foreign accent. Mr. Moltano had taken tickets down the Rhine from Basle to Rotterdam; but being anxious to be in London by Friday or Saturday at the latest, and this morning finding (contrary to what he had been assured), that no packet would start from Rotterdam till the latter day, that he would be in time for, changed his plans, and hearing that we were returning by the more expeditious route to England through Belgium, joined us; which we were glad of, as he was an exceedingly agreeable well-informed Englishman; and we had the pleasure of his company and his son's from Mayence to Malines, where we separated; they to go direct on to Ostend, and we to visit Brussels.

To-day, we re-passed through the lovely Rhine scenery, and, as the weather was fine, we dined upon deck. Just as we had finished, we were startled by the discharge of cannon in the Surleyburg, which seemed almost to shake the neighbouring mountains, as the sound reverberated from one to another. Between Bonne and Cologne, the sail is dull; so William amused us by reading some of Martha Penny's letters in Hood's "Up the Rhine." Mr. Moltano and his son entered completely into the spirit of them; I thought they would never have ceased laughing.

We reached Cologne about six in the evening, when we went to the Hôtel Imperial. Our rooms were excellent, airy, and elegantly furnished; the pillows on my bed were flowered with lace. After getting our luggage disposed in them, we walked into the town to lionize, attended by a commissionaire. We first went to the cathedral, the interior of which we saw to great disadvantage; as the whole of the choir was closed and undergoing repair, with scaffolding in every direction. We stopped to admire some exquisitely painted windows in the north side of the nave. We then went to the church of St. Ursula, where, tradition says, she and her eleven thousand virgins lie entombed. We were shown an immense number of bones and skulls ranged in glass cases in various parts of it; but unfortunately, it is said that, on an examination of some of them, bones were discovered having no kin to humanity. There is an altar tomb, with the figure of St. Ursula in white marble recumbent upon it. The face is lovely, with a sweet placid expression. Her head is encircled by a wreath of flowers, and at her feet reposes a dove. It bears marks of injuries committed upon it, as our guide informed us, during the revolution of 1794. From here we went to the church of the Jesuits, a handsome building, and containing some handsome paintings. The railing before the high altar is a beautiful sculpture in white marble, representing bunches of grapes and vine leaves, interspersed with maize. The evening became too dark now to see anything more; so we returned to the hotel.

The next morning, about half-past nine, we set out to the cathedral; as we had been told the archbishop would perform high mass at ten o'clock; it being the fête day of St. Peter and Paul, and it is dedicated to the former. As we approached, the sound of the large bell tolling was quite awful—such a peculiar deep, groaning, muffled tone. We had endeavoured to be in good time, as the mass was to be celebrated in a

small chapel in the cathedral ; but it was crowded before we could get in. At length, with difficulty, we made our way to the upper end of it, but to standing places only ; and the crowd increasing, consisting entirely of the lower orders, rendered the air stifling ; therefore, in a few minutes, we left, amidst the preliminary monotonous chant of the priests. In the confusion, I scarcely know whether the archbishop was present. If I had stayed a moment longer, I certainly should have fainted. In returning through the cathedral, it was surprising to see the moving mass of people, all dressed in their best, walking in and out ; for I hear that, on fête days, many in the bourgeois class consider it a duty to be present during part of the service—however short a time—that, in fact, they may be able to say they have seen my lord the archbishop. From the cathedral we went to the Jesuits' church, supposing high mass might be performed there, where we met an English gentleman and his two daughters, who said they also had been obliged to leave the cathedral in consequence of the crush. We took our places in a stalled seat in the north side of the choir, and they in a similar one opposite. We soon observed, by their devotion, that they were Roman Catholics, which made us think we had, perhaps, taken too prominent a position—particularly when two young men, habited in the garb used by those intended for the priesthood, came into the seat to us ; and, as there is a college attached to the church, we expected more might be coming, which, however, did not prove to be the case ; and, although we occupied every stall but one, they took the remaining one as they best could, without even looking towards us ; their whole thoughts evidently being absorbed in their devotions. One of them had an exceedingly fine countenance ; such a singleness of purpose, blended with piety, expressed in it, that was very pleasing. The congregation was of a much better class than in the cathedral ; the service proved to be the low mass only. When it was over, we went to see the church of St. Géréon. In inquiring our way to it, we found ourselves at the entrance of the Ursuline convent. One of the sisterhood, a nice conversable little woman, came towards us, and, hearing our mistake, politely invited us in, and urged our seeing their chapel, where we were joined by another nun, a tall and ladylike person. They pointed out everything worthy of attention, and seemed so pleased to see us, that I dare say our visit was an agreeable break in the daily uniformity of their life. Mr. Molteno declared that, unless we had made a move, they would have engaged us talking till their dinner hour. The perfect air of cleanliness and neatness that prevailed around was admirable. After contributing a trifle towards some repairs in the chapel, which they had alluded to, we bade them good morning. This is the only convent now existing in Cologne. We then found our way to St. Géréon's, where St. Gregory and his nine hundred warriors are interred, who were slain on their way to the Emperor Constantine's army. Their skulls are decorated with crimson velvet caps (now faded by time), and ranged in glass cases round the choir. From here, we went to the church of St. Peter and Paul, which was filled with people. High mass was just over, but other masses were being celebrated. As the fête of to-day was in honour of the patron saints, the high altar and every part of the church was much decked out. Over the former is the magnificent

painting by Rubens of the crucifixion of St. Peter. There is a most fearful reality about it. By stooping considerably, we were enabled to catch the beautiful expression of the suffering martyr. After looking into one or two more churches, we returned to the imperial fare of the table d'hôte dinner at two o'clock.

During our morning's peregrination, we were constantly reminded of a part of Coleridge's well-known description of Cologne. I should have supposed that it would have tended to remove the evil, if ever translated. Mr. Molteno affirmed that he had recognised the "two-and-seventy" —. No person who has not *walked* in Cologne can have any idea of the sufferings one's olfactory nerves are exposed to. All the sewers are uncovered. I don't know how I could have endured it, had not young Mr. Molteno supplied me with a delicious packet of scent, to which I had recourse altogether. It shows the power of habit; for I believe the inhabitants are totally insensible to the annoyance.

There was a large party to dinner to-day—some pretty women and dashing military. It seems very primitive to see the master of the house take the head of the table, which he not unfrequently does on the continent; but on this occasion we had the company of the head waiter; for a young man who, at the beginning of dinner, carved many of the dishes, and handed some of them round very expertly, at length took his seat next to young Mr. Molteno, and dined with us, chatting very easily to his neighbour, the latter not having observed him in his *ci-devant* capacity. The dinner was a very good one—great variety, accompanied by champagne frappé and the light Rhenish wines. In a little time after it was over, we went into the town to buy some eau de Cologne, previous to our departure; but, as Martha Penny says, "there are so many farinaceous impostors," we inquired at the hotel which was the best maker, and were directed to the shop in the Place Pulliers. The interior of it is decorated with portraits of our Queen and Prince Albert, the King and Queen of Prussia, &c. William bought a double case of the new and more conveniently shaped bottles, for which he paid about thirteen shillings English.

The town to-day has completely presented the appearance of a holiday; most business being suspended, and groups of people to be seen in the streets, all dressed in their smartest attire. I suppose everybody has been to one church or other this morning. I asked the *filie de chambre* last night, whether the *blanchisseuse* could get a few things washed for me by this afternoon; but was told, with apparent astonishment at the question, that it was quite impossible, as to-day was a *jour de fête*.

We left Cologne at five o'clock, by the railroad to Aix la Chapelle, where we arrived about nine, and engaged comfortable rooms for the night at the Grand Monarque. Soon after, the gentlemen went to see the tomb of Charlemagne.

Thursday.—We left Aix for Liege in an open carriage, recommended by the master of the hotel, as we were a party of four, in preference to travelling by the diligence. At half-past eleven, we reached the Belgian *barrière*, where we were detained whilst the carriage, luggage, and passports were examined. William and I came off easily this time; for the officers satisfied themselves with examining Mr. Molteno's lug-

gage only, and making the trifling charge of a franc upon our case of eau de Cologne; as their first inquiry was to know if we were possessed of any. About one o'clock we came into a small town, where we stopped to rest the horses, and have something in the way of a dinner. We set out again as soon after as possible; as we were anxious to get to the railway station at Liege by five o'clock, when the last train leaves for Brussels, which we purposed going by; but our coachman drove so slowly, or rather, the horses drove themselves so slowly (for the day being hot, he was in a state of somnolency half the time; nodding from side to side, till we thought he might tumble off the box), that we had the disappointment of arriving at Liege at a quarter past five. Mr. Molteno assured us that it was a regular system; that he was certain there was an understanding between the hotel keepers of one town and another; and that the coachman never intended to be in time. Be that as it may, I was sorry on his account for this contretemps, as he bore it most good-humouredly; for it was much more annoying to him than to us, as he wished, if possible, to sail from Ostend the following afternoon. We took up our rest here at the *Pavillon Anglais*, a large and good hotel; and, after taking possession of rooms, we, as usual, walked into the town. We went first to the splendid Ionic edifice near, formerly the palace of the Prince Bishops of Liege. We entered by a gateway that leads to a large square inner court surrounded with galleries, under which are ranges of shops filled with all sorts of trumpery, such as is exhibited only in some of our English fairs. The main body of the building is appropriated to courts of justice. From here, William, accompanied by young Mr. Molteno, went to see two or three of the churches.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, we left the Liege railway station for Brussels. We lost the company of our pleasant companions de voyage at Malines; as Mr. Molteno had learned that, by going direct from thence to Ostend, he would still be in time for that day's packet to England. Towards the end of our morning's journey, we met with a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman (a widow) and her son, a young man about two-and-twenty. The latter was suffering with a raging toothache, looking very miserable, with his face bound up, and was on his way from Malines to Brussels to get the tooth extracted. The mother addressed me in French, telling me what pain her son was in, when he interrupted her, and requested her, in native English, not to trouble me with an account of it. So I had the pleasure of discovering that they were my country people, and we immediately entered into conversation with the mother, who, hearing we were on a tour of pleasure, and desirous to see everything worth seeing, told us that the following Sunday was the fête day of Malines, when the Cardinal Archbishop would assist at high mass in the cathedral at ten o'clock in the morning, and that after, there would be a magnificent procession through the town, in which he would walk, robed in the most sumptuous manner. Therefore we determined not to omit so favourable an opportunity of seeing something of the pageantry of the Romish church. She said she was present at the celebration last year; having lived in Malines rather more than twelve months for the benefit of her son's taking lessons in painting, which he made his study. We felt quite an inter-

est in this widow and her son—and only child—in whom, naturally, her only thought seemed to centre. We pictured to ourselves the little privations which she probably endured to enable him the better to pursue his profession, and make a respectable appearance to the world; and it was evident she had made her home in a foreign country to be near him and to care for him. She told us, with great thankfulness, that he had only just been spared to her from a dangerous attack of inflammation on the chest. She recommended us to go to the Hotel de la Grec, in Malines, as being the best; at the table d'hôte of which her son was in the habit of dining.

We arrived at the Belle Vue Hotel, Brussels, about eleven o'clock—glad to refresh ourselves by breakfasting. This morning we went to see the splendid cathedral of St. Gudule. It abounds in pictures and painted windows, and contains many small chapels. In that of Notre Dame, along the south side, are a row of superbly painted windows. One half of them illustrate progressively the remarkable events in the Virgin's life, concluding with her marriage to Joseph; and the other half, the legend of the miraculous host. They are beautiful works of art; the colours are surpassingly brilliant. The pulpit stands in the nave; it is of dark oak, and is a fine and famed specimen of carving by Verbruggen. The lower part represents the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The expression of fear and conscious guilt on Eve's lovely face is admirably given. They are nearly as large as life. There are a great number of interesting ancient monuments; the only recent one is in memory of Count Albert Merode, a fine young man, who was unfortunately killed in the conflict of 1830.

From here, we visited the bijou palace belonging to the Prince of Orange; sliding through the marble-lined suite of rooms, as no person is admitted on the exquisitely inlaid floors without slippers, which the guide has in readiness, of all sizes. I am told the domestics clean them by moving about rapidly with brushes fastened to the soles of their shoes; the bristles, of course, undermost.

We returned to the hotel for the table d'hôte at half-past four. The cookery was tolerably good, but the attendance so inferior to Germany. Instead of the smart young German waiters, all dressed alike, there were men of various ages and appearance; and they seemed such an ill-organized set, handing the same dish frequently seven or eight times, one after another, when it had been refused at first. Sometimes, it was impossible to avoid laughing, one was so besieged with some particular dish. The master of the hotel invariably took the head of the table here, and an elderly maiden sister sat next to him on his left hand. A large bowl of salad was always placed before her to dress, which she had been in the daily habit of doing, during the season, for between thirty and forty years. After dinner, which lasts two hours here, we shopped a little in the Rue Montagni de la Cour.

Saturday.—In the morning, at ten o'clock, we went to St. Gudule's to be present at the performance of high mass in the chapel of the Virgin, where it is the custom to celebrate it on that day. The priests were all in white and gold vestments. When it was over, we went round the cathedral once more to look at the numerous objects of interest contained in it. We then walked to the Museum, the ancient

Palais de la Cour, to see the exhibition of paintings. There is a large collection, occupying many rooms; several of great value by Carlo Dolci, Rubens, Vandyck, and the other celebrated masters. There are also some exquisite specimens of oak carving; particularly a miniature series of the martyrdoms endured by the early members of the Christian church during the first three persecutions, brought from one of the dissolved abbeys.

This evening we went to the little theatre in the park; the play was an amusing light piece, called "La Sante bien mal Gardée."

Sunday.—At seven in the morning, we left the Brussels railway station for Malines, and arrived at the Hôtel de la Grec, in the latter place, a few minutes before eight, to breakfast. At a quarter past nine, we set out to the cathedral, which was close by, in order, as we thought, to be early enough to secure good places; for we had been told that service would not begin till ten; but, on entering, we found high mass had commenced a quarter of an hour before, our informant having mistaken the time by an hour. So we congratulated ourselves that we happened to come when we did. The Cardinal Archbishop was the officiating priest on the occasion, assisted by two other priests and attendants. His dress was of the most splendid description, and on his head he wore the mitre, studded with jewels. In the stalls along the north and south sides of the choir, were ranged a number of priests (dignitaries of the church, I suppose), clothed in white, with deep caps of dark blue silk, of the shape now so fashionable amongst us. The whole of the service was performed with the utmost pomp and ceremonial, aided by delightful music.

In one part of the mass, the archbishop gave what is called "the kiss of peace," by embracing each of the assistant priests; allowing his hands to rest for a moment on their shoulders. After which, they went round, and embraced, in like manner, all those in the stalls. When the mass was concluded, the archbishop retired to his throne on the left side of the altar, and was assisted by his attendants to unrobe; during which, two of them stood on each side of him with a lighted candle, and another, in front, holding an open book raised above his head, from which the archbishop read a prayer as he took off each vestment. They were then, together with the mitre, placed, with reverence and much regard to effect, on the high altar. Under his priestly robes was his simple cardinal's dress of scarlet silk, with cape of the same. Thus attired, he soon after left the cathedral in a handsomely appointed carriage, waiting at the side door to take him home to breakfast. During his absence, we looked at those parts of it we had not yet seen. It continued crowded with people; as a succession of masses were being celebrated in the various chapels. In one of them, is an altar-piece, by Vandycke, of the crucifixion. The nave is separated, as at St. Gudule's Brussels, from the side aisles by lofty pillars, ornamented with colossal statues of the different apostles. In the middle of the centre aisle, and raised considerably from the ground, stood the large silver shrine inclosing the relics of St. Rombauld, to whom the church is dedicated, and in whose honour the fête of to-day was.

In about an hour the archbishop returned, when, after dressing again, the procession was formed. It walked down the great aisle, taking up

the shrine in its way, and out at the principal entrance. The Swiss of the church headed it, making room through the crowd for it to pass. Then came a band of music, playing, but not a sacred air; then the several trades of the town, the emblems of each fastened at the top of long poles interwoven with flowers. After them, the authorities of Malines; then between forty and fifty priests, three abreast, with books open, and chanting hymns from them. In their rear were carried numerous ecclesiastic banners, amidst the swinging of censers laden with incense. Then came the silver shrine with the relics of St. Rombauld, borne by eight men, and around it were held eight lanterns or lamps in silver frames, in which lights were burning, fixed to the top of long staves. This was immediately followed by the Cardinal Archbishop, supported by a priest on each side. He is sixty-two years of age, dark-complexioned, and intellectual-looking, of good height, and with a mild gravity of countenance befitting the office he was performing. As to his outer dress, it almost exceeds description. He wore a magnificent crimson velvet cape, covered with gold embroidery, and on his head the jewelled mitre, which shone resplendent as it caught the sun's rays. His right hand was continually raised to bless the people, who crowded around on their knees as the procession passed along the streets; in his left hand, he held a superb gold crosier. His gloves and stockings were crimson silk, with scarlet morocco shoes and diamond buckles. He also wore a cross suspended from his neck, and a ring on the middle finger of his right hand and over the glove, of sparkling brilliants. The robes of the priests on each side of him were only inferior in richness to his own. After him came more priests, which completed the procession. It was followed by numbers of the poor inhabitants, most of whom had books open in their hands. As we were informed it would proceed through all the principal streets, we stationed ourselves in a shop in one of them to see it pass, where we heard that the Cardinal Archbishop was a man of humble birth, having been raised to his present eminent station in the Romish Church entirely by his talents and acquirements; for that his mother, who still lived, dwelt with his sisters on a farm in the neighbourhood of Brussels, and even wore the female peasant's cap of the country; that he was a very kind son to her, and visited her regularly every fortnight.

After the procession had passed, we went to the church of Notre Dame to see the painting of the miraculous draught of fishes by Rubens, and thought one of his best performances. We then returned to the hotel. It is situated in the Grande Place, which to-day, notwithstanding its being Sunday, was filled with all kinds of shows, "merry go rounds," &c. I was struck with the appearance of some boys riding on wooden horses. They were certainly of a much larger growth than any that would be amused by a similar diversion in England. Perhaps it speaks well for their simplicity of character.

We dined at the ten o'clock table d'hôte, where we met a large party—some, military. Just as we were sitting down to it, in walked our *ci-devant* acquaintance, the suffering young artist. He really looked so smart and brushed up, and so animated, that, at first, we scarcely knew him. He immediately came forward to shake hands, and express a hope that the procession had equalled our expectations.

He was very civil, and desirous to be of any use to us in his power. In the course of conversation, it came out that he was a Roman Catholic, and nephew of the well-known traveller Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire. Next to him at table, sat a tall, dark-haired, youngish man, whom, from his dress, we guessed to be an English clergyman; which proved to be the case. He was the resident clergyman here of our church. He told us there were not above thirty members of it in Malines, including children; that, consequently, his congregation was exceedingly small. We wished to have gone to the afternoon service, but he said we could not get back in time for the four o'clock train to Brussels (as we had arranged to do), if we did; so we had to give it up. The dinner lasted a tedious length of time—partly owing to everything being carved on the table; it was not over till past three. At four we left the Malines railway station, and arrived at the Belle Vue, Brussels, a little before five. In the evening we walked through the park to the Boulevards, which we found thronged with promenaders (many dressed in the height of fashion), and along them, past the new Jardin Botanique, to the Allée Verte, which was equally thronged with dashing equipages, rolling backwards and forwards, presenting to the ear one unceasing roll of carriage wheels.

Monday.—This morning we first visited the "Palais des Représentans de la Nation." The Chamber of Peers is a plain long narrow room on the second floor, fitted up with seats covered with crimson cloth. The Deputies' Chamber is a handsome semicircular hall, in the centre of which stands the King's throne. We then went through a lace manufactory, and to the Grande Place to see the Hotel de Ville.

After dinner, we walked in the park. There were groups of gay people strolling about. We sat down awhile on one of the benches, where we were joined by a smart Belgian lady and her aged father. The former advanced to us to ask if we could make room for her father, who was eighty-four years of age, to rest himself, which, of course, we were only too happy to do, and for her also, with whom we had a pleasant chat. I admired to her the appearance of some pretty girls who passed, when she remarked, "Mais les Anglaises pour la beauté, je les trouve toujours jolies." She considered Brussels "bien triste pour une capitale."

Tuesday.—We took our departure from Brussels at seven in the morning, by railroad, for Antwerp, and arrived at the "Grand Laboureur" at ten o'clock to breakfast. After which, William engaged a commissionaire, and we made a tour of several of the churches, beginning with the cathedral. It is dedicated to the Virgin, and said to be the most splendid Gothic building in Europe. The exquisitely light tower is 466 feet high—about a hundred feet higher than the one at the Cathedral at Malines, which we had thought of enormous height. Over the high altar is the chef-d'œuvre of Rubens, the Assumption; and in the nave are his two celebrated works, the Elevation, and Descent from the Cross. There is a startling reality depicted in the former. Whilst gazing upon it, I seemed to hear the cruel tumultuous shouts of the multitude;—such a powerful contrast to the deep repose of the latter where a faithful few are collected to bear the now lifeless body of the Redeemer to the tomb. Along the south side of the choir,

are stalls decorated with beautiful modern carvings. The subjects are in miniature, and comprise the life of the Virgin. The artist by whom they were executed is living, and a native of Brussels, and is engaged upon others for the north side of the choir. Outside the western door, as we were leaving, the guide pointed out to us the tomb of the incomparable Quinten Mastys; and near it is the famed well, the ironwork of which is a specimen of his handiwork when pursuing his original calling. From here we went to the church of St. James. The grand altar, supported by spiral marble columns, is a fac simile, in miniature, of that in St. Peter's, Rome. We were shown the tomb of Rubens. Above it is one of his own productions—a Scripture piece—containing portraits of all the members of his family, including himself. The original of the Chapeau de Paille is portrayed in the principal female figure. There are no less than twenty-eight chapels here of different-coloured costly marbles, and many fine paintings.

We next directed our attention to St. Paul's, which abounds in pictures of first-rate excellence. In an inner court within the entrance to this chapel, is a most unpleasant representation of Mount Calvary. Underneath is seen the tomb of Christ; the path to it ascends by a gradual slope, broken, at regular distances, by low steps. The entrance to the tomb is like the mouth of a rocky cavern. We walked within three or four yards of it, and perceived a few unhappy creatures on their knees inside, but felt disinclined to penetrate further; as we had heard that it contained an image of our Saviour, surrounded by a frightfully grotesque representation of purgatory, with flames reflected on every side. I think I never had such a feeling of horror steal upon me as at this sight. After visiting one or two more churches, we went to the Museum to see the exhibition of paintings. There are some most splendid by Rubens, Vandycke, Quinten Mastys, Otto Venius, Schut, Van Eyck, and a variety of others. The most striking picture in the room is a representation of Christ between the two thieves, by Rubens. The expression of the impenitent thief is almost too terrible to look upon. At the upper end of the town stands the chair of Rubens. We also saw a private collection of valuable paintings, the property of an elderly maiden lady. In walking through the streets of Antwerp, I was struck by the number of private houses all the windows of which on the ground floor were barricaded with strong iron bars. On inquiring the reason, the guide told me the practice was commenced during the Spanish rule, when so many street brawls took place. We dined at the table d'hôte at half-past four o'clock, where we met several English lately arrived from England.

Wednesday.—Soon after breakfast we went to the cathedral to take a last look at the three great paintings. Whilst there a funeral service was performed in a small chapel; the priests were in vestments of black and gold.

At half-past one we embarked in the Wilberforce steamboat for London. In sailing out we had a good view of the famous citadel, and the town of Antwerp rose in great beauty as we receded from it, with its numberless spires and towers, the cathedral tower rising high above them all. I remained upon deck (except to dine) till six o'clock, when we came off Flushing, as the sail so far is as smooth as upon a canal,

between the low banks with which the Scheldt abounds. At Flushing our vessel landed an old Dutchwoman, who had occupied herself in knitting ever since we left Antwerp. We now got out to sea, so I immediately went to lie down in my berth. The only person, except myself and the stewardess, in the cabin, was a pretty girl of about nineteen, who told me she had only been married in London one week ago, since which she and her husband had made the tour of Belgium ! We landed at Blackwall on Thursday about nine, and were there detained whilst our luggage was examined. We found the officers much stricter than on the continent. We escaped, however, by paying a duty of fourteen shillings on the Cologne water, which had cost William originally only thirteen shillings. To-day was spent in calling upon our relations at the West End of the town, who were on the eve of setting out to the continent themselves, and in visiting the National Gallery and Royal Exhibition. In the evening we went to the Opera to hear *I Puritani* ; the singing of Persiani and Rubini, in the hero and heroine, was exquisite. The ballet was "*La Fille de Fleurs*," in which Cerito danced inimitably. Friday morning we left the Euston station by the train at nine, and had the happiness of reaching home in safety about six in the evening.

THE DREAMS OF LANG SYNE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

OH ! where are the calm tranquil nights that were mine,
How beauteous, how bright were the dreams of Lang syne !
I wander'd fair fields of rich roses along,
I heard the soft breathings of exquisite song !
For me the blue ocean would sever its waves,
And I gazed on the treasures conceal'd in its caves,
I saw radiant sunbeams perpetually shine,—
Oh ! dear to my thoughts are the dreams of Lang syne.

Now I dream of the tumult, the trouble, the strife,
Allied to my bitter experience of life ;
I view the cold trappings of cumbersome state,
I hear the sharp taunt and contentious debate,
I see the proud banquets of wasteful excess,
I meet the pale aspect of want and distress ;
Dim clouds gather round me, and sadly I pine
For one phantom that gladden'd the dreams of Lang syne.

Oh ! world, cruel world, thus determined to keep
Thy iron dominion through stillness and sleep ;
In vain the tired spirit would plume its spent wings,
To roam for an instant 'mid beautiful things :
Thou chainest it still to earth's dark thorny way,
And not till it breaks from its prison of clay,
And holds sweet communion with spirits divine,
Shall it welcome again the bright dreams of Lang syne.

DOMESTIC CONDITION OF THE HINDOOS.¹

CHAPTER IV.

AN important consideration now presents itself to my mind. Having somewhere in the preceding pages of this paper directed the reader's attention to the treatment of young children in Hindú families, I hope it will not prove unprofitable to advert in this place to the peculiar predilections which Hindú parents display in favour of their sons, and the aversion they have to their daughters.

It is scarcely necessary to advert to the superstitious notions entertained in regard to the births of a male and a female child. The joy and satisfaction felt by native parents at the birth of a son far exceed that which attends the birth of a daughter. Hence she is held in the lowest estimation by the family; and hence is the peculiar kindness and interest displayed towards a son, not only by his parents, whose hearts are filled to the brim by his birth, but by one and all of the members of the family. To the intensity of that natural feeling which is implanted in the breast of every parent, the idea of a son's being the heir to the family adds not a little. The daughter is considered here as a mere property, first in the hands of her parents, and next in the hands of her husband. The son carries about him an air of consequence which procures him the greater share of the respect and attention of the rest of the family. The daughter, however careful she may be to secure the regard of her parents, is often sadly neglected or despised. The kindred in the house even rail at her—the servants ridicule her. The parents, though they may cloak their feelings of aversion for her under the disguise of an apparent regard or favour, often secretly wish that she had been born a male child. The son is their peace and rest. He is the delight of their eyes. On him are set all their affections and desires. He is therefore treated by his parents with an intenseness and affection which do not mark their treatment of their own daughter. All that they eagerly wish to do for her, is getting her married to some one whom chance or circumstances may entitle to their notice. Until the time of her betrothment, they feel it their duty and interest to accommodate her in every possible manner, and when the marriage knot binds her to another family, it in fact severs her from those ties which had bound her since her birth to the family of her parents. That solicitude with which the parents' hearts yearned towards her whilst she made one of their own family, is now much diminished in its intensity. Those offices of kindness which, as dictated by natural feeling, they administer towards her till then, now cease, or are prompted only by a sense of duty. Every link of connection which had bound her to her family now breaks off, but that which natural affection may keep up. She is now regarded by her parents as a stranger, and even sometimes treated as such. She is now a property, not in the hands of

¹ Continued from page 314, vol. xli.

her parents, but in the hands of her husband. He is her lord, and his word is her law. Her parents occasionally call her to their house, and make her stay with them, and enjoy their society for some weeks or months: but scarcely now does she receive that marked attention and notice from her parents, which her jealous eye observes unsparingly bestowed on her own little brother, whose slightest cry awakens the mother's anxiety, and arouses the father's affection. Now it is difficult to conceive the propriety or reasonableness on the part of native parents exhibiting such different conduct, and displaying such different feelings, towards their sons and daughters. Why should joy prevail at the birth of a son, and discontent follow that of a daughter? Is the event of the former fraught with propitious consequences, and that of the latter with mischievous ones? Such is however the common belief of Hindú parents; and superstition, no doubt, comes in to the support of this foolish and absurd belief. The girl is thus neglected and despised, because her parents have fewer prospects of her future usefulness to them, combined with the idea of the flexibility and weakness common to her sex, which unfit her for any important and arduous duties of life, and also because she is soon afterwards to be separated from them, and be united to another family. The son, however, is regarded with peculiar respect and attention, not only as being heir to all their earthly possessions, as forming a principal part of the family, and as being unlikely to be ever severed from it except by the ruthless hand of death, but as being capable in future of discharging the most important duties of society, in whatever station he may happen to be placed. It is owing to this circumstance that parents reserve from their daughter the fullest share of their sympathy and regard; and this conduct, founded as it certainly is on one of the most selfish principles which discredit our nature, is directly opposed to the duty which nature herself has imposed upon them, of watching over the interest of their children as much as possible, and highly repugnant to the dictates of reason and humanity, which would never warrant such partial and interested division of regard and favour. The flexibility and weakness which distinguish the gentler sex, are their natural defects, if defects they may be called. This weakness does not originate in her wrong use of those abilities or powers which nature may have bestowed on her in a full and sound state. Her inadequateness, therefore, to discharge the momentous duties of life, cannot for a moment justify her being unavengedly exposed to the calamity of being so universally disrespected or despised, or to the harsh treatment of those under whom Providence has placed her, not to be thus ill treated to, but to be attended to with all the respect due to her sex. Nature has constituted her such as she is, and she has constituted her so, with the benevolent intention, too, that she may become a proper helpmeet for man, and be best adapted to the peculiar situation which she is intended to occupy in the scale of human existence. In harshly treating her, therefore, for this deficiency of her nature, and denying her every accession of comfort and enjoyment which is placed so much within the reach of the son, Hindú parents seem evidently to act in direct opposition to the dictates of reason, and to the benevolent purposes of Providence. But Hindú superstition will not be reconciled to any such liberal sentiment on the subject. It

will degrade the female in the scale of existence, and subject her to every species of domestic tyranny. She is, in fact, rendered a passive being rather than an active. Such a partiality of conduct is highly dishonourable to our nature, and highly injurious to the best interests of society, over which woman has so great a control. Let, therefore, every Hindú parent treat his daughter with the same degree of attention as he shows towards his son. Let him consider them as beings created by God to serve their peculiar purposes in existence. Let him avoid his extreme predilection for the one, and his aversion to the other.

One great reason, besides, for which Hindú parents treat their daughters with such neglect, and have such aversion to them, is the idea which they entertain of the natural inferiority of their mental endowments to those of the other sex. This, however, as will readily be admitted by every enlightened person, is an erroneous idea, the indulgence of which has done incalculable injury to their highest interests, both in their relation to this world and to that which is to come. Hence their education, by which alone they may be improved, as moral and intellectual beings, is systematically neglected; and hence are they subjugated to the tyrannizing will and authority both of their parents and husbands. Considered, as it naturally is, that their mental endowments fall infinitely short of the important duties of life which they may be called upon to perform, they are entirely neglected as useless human agents, and generally used as mere tools in the hands of their superiors. But it is needless to observe (for who can assert the contrary?) that woman possesses a mind capable of the most refined cultivation, that she is endowed with faculties and powers which would enable her to search into the refinements of literature and the depths of science, to follow out the most difficult processes of abstruse reasoning, and to indulge in the loftiest flights of imagination. We also perceive in her a breathing after immortality, which betokens a creature destined for a life to come. He must have a very narrow acquaintance with nature, who goes the length of saying that woman is fit only for the affairs of the kitchen, and not for the duties of society at large. History and experience tell us that women have turned out great writers, poets, philosophers, and divines; and their beautiful productions—the offspring of their talent and genius—do now adorn our libraries. What folly and ignorance, then, on the part of Hindú parents, to treat with such harshness and contempt a being so fair, so useful, and so great! What cruelty and harshness in the conduct of those parents in allowing their daughter to grow up in total ignorance, not only of the elements of learning, but of all moral obligations—a daughter who, if trained and well educated, would prove the greatest blessing to her parents and to society! Instances are not wanting, even in the remotest periods of history, to show that women have proved themselves useful members of the family in which they once lived, and that they are scarcely inferior to men in point of natural talents and understanding. To Cicero the conversation of his daughter was a comfort under every affliction. To Milton his daughters proved most useful in writing for him his *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. Several women have ruled over kingdoms and governed states, in all ages and nations, and displayed great skill in political matters in which they could be concerned. The

wives of several foolish husbands in the families of the Peshwas have distinguished themselves for their learning and wisdom, as well as cunning. And now Britain furnishes us with an interesting host of excellent female writers and divines. Woman, then, at all times has displayed her powers by no means inferior, in perfection or excellence, to those of man. These instances, few and solitary as they are, would still be quite enough to discountenance the tyranny of Hindús, who confine woman wholly to the drudgery of the kitchen, and never allow her to look into the world, and to participate in the enjoyments of refined society. Oh! if Hindú parents could divest themselves of all their prejudices, and attend to these considerations, they would at least discover no shadow of reason in that superstitious belief which makes them glad when a son is born, and discontented at the birth of a daughter. Such extreme predilections for the one and such aversions for the other are rather the dictates of a most cruel despotism, and of a most dishonouring and debasing superstition. Ignorance and superstition can alone uphold them. Humanity, however, shudders, piety is abashed, reason shrinks at their very idea.

In the manner and on the principles described above, are son and daughter universally treated in Hindú families; one like a lord, the other like a slave; one like an ornament of the family, the other like a mere tool in hands that can wield it. But this is during the earliest part of their childhood. The scene, however, soon changes, and circumstances soon put on a new appearance. The son, the beloved and respected child in the family, becomes a boy of perhaps five or six years of age; the daughter, the most neglected and disrespected child in the family, becomes a girl perhaps of the same age. Their marriage is the point which then engrosses the parents' attention.

The manner and the principles on which the marriages of those children are formed shall now, in fulfilment of our promise, be adverted to. When they arrive at an age fit for their betrothment, the father's anxieties turn upon the acquisition of money, and the careful mother exerts all her economical diligence in saving. He resorts to every means by which he may acquire money. He engages himself to form an intimacy with great and wealthy men of the land. He constantly waits on them, flatters them, uses every artifice or stratagem, by which he might succeed in securing their favour, and making them subservient to contribute to his own selfish ends. His thoughts being wholly bent on the pompous and splendid performance of the great marriage ceremonies that are to take place in his family, he thinks of nothing but filling his coffers with cash from every quarter he can. The ambitious mother, who loves money, gold, silver, and nothing else,—who is anxious to shine in rich and gaudy trappings, and to attend to several expensive ceremonies,—who is extremely desirous to attract attention and procure respect by a display of her riches,—the ambitious mother, I say, who takes a great pride in presiding over all her domestic affairs, and glories in the idea of her being the head of the whole family, which fears, obeys, and respects her,—such an ambitious mother ever feels vexed and discontented when her husband maintains an humble establishment, brings no money home, and is too poor to satisfy all her aspirings after gold and silver. His own wife gets, in that case, tired of him, the

family does not like him, and his kindred are even ashamed to own their connection with him. Apprehensive of the odium of his relations being cast on him, he engages himself more zealously in his pursuit after money. Be this as it may, having gathered in a sufficient mass of money, by whatever means or stratagems he can, he is ready to pour it out in every form and shape of luxury on the great occasions of his children's marriages. The daughter is the first object in view. At her proper age—that is, when she is five or six years old—she is married to a boy perhaps a year or two older than herself. And married—how? By consulting her own choice in the adjustment of the matter? No! How then? By bringing the boy into her presence and allowing them both to remain in one another's company, so as to acquaint themselves with each other's views, motives, and abilities, and to be able to judge whether there is a mutual harmony and accordance between the tastes and sentiments of both? No! They both are yet too young for that; the whole matter is left to the disposal of the parents themselves, who settle the business either as it suits their own convenience, or their present benefit, without regard to their daughter's future interests. How? By taking into account the mental abilities and moral qualities of the boy to whom she is to be given, his attainments in learning, or general competency in useful knowledge? No! Money, large estate, large family, preponderate in their views. How then? It is by inquiring after the external appearance of the boy, the proportion of his limbs, and the neatness of his features; next, after the amount of riches possessed by his parents, the extent of their property and interest, and the nature of the family with which he is connected; next, by enquiring after his father's and mother's disposition, his sister's habits and temper, the influence which she has over her parents, and the character of all the members of the family,—and lastly, by sending the girl's birth-record to the boy's house, to be examined there, and to assist both the parties to come to a decisive conclusion as to the propriety of the match. Whether the arrangement, so far as it is got up, will succeed or not, is another thing. But the results which follow the custom by which the marriages of Hindú children are formed, will clearly appear from the following observations. The marriage state is the most important event in the history of one's own domestic life. It is that state upon which his happiness or misery in the world does in a great measure depend. It is generally believed that, high and charming as are all the enjoyments of the family fireside, marriage alone is best calculated to give a higher tone to the sacred endearments of the domestic circle. The great, the grand, and the beautiful may be described by the beauties of language. But who can describe love, as it springs up fresh in the bosoms of the newly married couple?—that love which beams in the bright intelligence of the eye, and which carries an air of grace and loveliness in those persons by whom its stroke is felt; that love which likes to dwell on the grace and beauty of youth, when they are already gone by, and which outlives even the shrivelled form of old age—the infirmities of our nature—the wayward humours of an unsteady health—and the temporary languor which checks our better purposes; that love which carries the animation of its early spring through all the varied forms of old age and languishing health, and of tenderness and

care which life requires in its passage from youth to age. Such love, regulated by high moral sentiments, raises us, if anything can do so on earth, even to the pure and unalloyed bliss of the angelic creation. In a family where the hearts of a husband and wife are united by such an affection as this, purity and virtue burn like vestal fires, which are in the sacred keeping of both; and mutual tastes, giving interest to their generous pursuits, animation to their intercourse, and variety to their daily conversation, render their passage through life—beset though it may be by many ills—gladsome and happy. The world wears no threatening aspect, and the allurements of pleasure and ambition lose their danger, when the sacred halo of virtue, love, and affection rest over home, and when there is an angelic being within, the radiance of whose countenance is shed on everything around. Who, that has once tasted the sweet delights of such a companionship, does not look back on it with a longing heart? But we can scarcely hope to have such pictures realised in the case we are considering, and under the circumstances by which marriages in our families are attended. Here the picture is reversed. Here, as it is often found, the tastes of both the husband and wife disagree, the views and pursuits of both do not harmonize, collisions of jarring interests ensue, and turbulence and discontent are at hand when that interference which the wise and upright will never attempt, except for a reasonable and consistent purpose, the selfish, the ill-tempered, and the unprincipled employ only to gratify their own caprice and wayward humours. And it is no wonder that these things have often occurred, and do occur, when marriages are formed with such views as we have already described—views in regard to the property, largeness of the family, and the bodily qualities of the married parties, and not in regard to their mental endowments, their virtuous habits, their attainments in general knowledge, and the degree of their moral worth; as also when the marriages are formed without any reference to the consequences that might arise from them, without any regard being paid to the agreement or disagreement between the mutual tastes, views, and pursuits of the parties, and without their free choice and will being consulted as to their mutual union. But the evil is not only that they are married without any determination of their own choice, without consulting their own judgment and will; the evil is not only that they are married under such circumstances, but that they are married at a very early age—an age when they are neither capable of thinking for themselves well, nor of understanding the nature of objects presented to their notice, when they cannot entirely depend upon their judgment as to the undertaking they must enter upon, the pursuits they must be engaged in, or the ways and principles they must follow in the world—an age when they are extremely unable to understand the nature of their union, and the several duties which from such a union must necessarily arise—an age in which the only escape which they can have from the sensibility to injury, which by such a step is inflicted upon them, consists in their ignorance. Alas! that a point of so serious importance should not claim the regard and attention of the natives, who by their laziness and apathy are the destroyers of their own interests. But we will see the mischiefs arising from this system of early marriage more clearly by and bye as we go on. The evil appears to be greater on reflection than at first sight.

When the marriage contracts are formed on the principles as explained above, it is evident what results may follow from such. But in addition to this, it is most lamentable to think that enormous sums of money are vainly spent upon these occasions. Of the large expenses that are then made, the long splendid processions that pass by our streets in those days, the magnificent equipage in which the young pair are accoutred, and the heavy ornaments with which their bodies are loaded, the great show of powder-work that is then exhibited to the view, and the large number of Indian musicians who then crowd our streets, echoing the air with their discordant tunes as they pass along, can only serve to give but an inadequate idea. This is only the public exhibition of the thing. But who that is an alien from native manners and ways can without difficulty conceive the innumerable incidents that occur to render other and larger expenses necessary—the incredible sums of money lavishly expended in grand shows of ornaments and clothing, in splendid feasts and other jovial entertainments, in the extensive distribution of plates, laden promiscuously with varieties of dress, playthings, sweetmeats, fruits, and in various other things, which would merely swell any paper into a tremendous bulky volume. In such kinds of enterprises, however much almost all natives may feel themselves interested, the people of Bombay especially take the most prominent lead. And indeed I can say, without fear of contradiction, that such exhibitions of grandeur are at few other places marked with the same uniformity of fashion, and the same effect; not to say a word about the great folly of natives in performing early marriages of their children, and the lamentable effects arising therefrom. How much have we still to deplore, considering the very poor and unhappy circumstances in which many of our people are now-a-days plunged, the immense expenses which they are on those occasions obliged to incur, even beyond their incomes, and for a purpose, too, from which there is generally no good hope left of better results to issue! Ere the marriage day itself arrives, we have already seen what extreme solicitude seizes the bosom of the anxious mother, and what dangerous enterprises the industrious father is ever ready to encounter. The large debts in which the latter is obliged to run, in order to save his character, may be easily conceived by any class of my readers from the state in which the generality of natives are placed; and the extreme fondness which our women display for shows and expenses may also be easily judged of from the deplorable ignorance under which they labour. Every Hindu who has a family around him may well feel the force of what I say, but the enlightened head of our native families may have the solitary lesson pressed to his heart, that the education of females is a *great blessing*. For half of the expense that takes place in native families arising from the ignorance of women; and I fully believe that in consequence of their enlightenment, the greater portion of misery now entailed upon poor natives would be effectually prevented.

I would request the serious attention of my learned native friends to this point, especially of those who may have become fathers. Let them set a fair example when it is high time for them to do so, and, by their own economical conduct discourage the more expensive pursuits of their semi-enlightened brethren. If they have daughters or sons to marry, let them act upon the principles set forth in the preceding arti-

cle; let them not yield to the fancies of their wives, their mothers, or their sisters; let them not heed the suggestions of the priesthood; but let them walk erect amid the dull multitudes which may surround them, and, with a firmness of purpose, trample down under their feet the "ill-bred worms" of old custom which tease and annoy them. If you do so, my friends, to-day, India's sun will shine on a better land to-morrow, and peace and happiness would dwell, as it were in matrimonial friendship, in the families of all our native brethren. But also the present system of things here, so far as it goes, is the most lamentable of any that we know. The generality of our native parents are so taken up with the importance of making expenses, on occasions of marriage ceremonies, that a failure in this part of their duty, as they call it, is regarded as an indication of the meanest spirit, and a fair acquittal in it as a mark of great magnanimity. During the wedding days, the expenses that occur in the family, it is not in the power of language to give an adequate idea of. Mutual interchange of presents passes between the houses of the bride and bridegroom, the new candidates for the marriage state. And when emulation operates, as it often does, as an active principle between the opposite parties, the ceremony reaches its utmost height, and the expenses pass all bounds of credibility. Much money is cost principally upon gold and silver. Other articles are, on such occasions, objects of minor importance. Dresses, ornaments, sweetmeats, furniture, and various other things, which the fruitful imagination of the native women can invent, are distributed between both the parties in luxuriant profusion. The parents of the bride, however, have indeed little to do in comparison to what the others ought. But it is the bounden duty of the bridegroom's parents to confer every kind of rich gift on their boy's wife. In preparing large ornaments of gold and silver for the use of the girl, great anxiety is evinced by the parents of the boy for his wife, or else her parents, but especially her mother, will take offence, and the people at large will regard the omission on the part of the boy's parents as a token of effeminacy or meanness of spirit, and not only as wholly unbecoming of the community to which they belong, but as highly derogatory to the honour of the customs and usages which are handed down from their ancestors, and which they profess to hold in sacred reverence. Applause and admiration follow the display of an unbounded profusion of wealth on ceremonies of this kind, and the author of such ostentatious shows flutters with joy amidst the acclamations of the people. Elated with delight, which the voice of the admiring public affords, he looks with careless indifference on the shrunken appearance of his bags of money, and, in his enthusiastic ardour for acquiring the name of a rich great man, forgets to exercise his foresight as to the several drawbacks, disappointments, and discomforts, to which he may, by such a vain, useless, and extravagant show of his money, be hereafter necessarily exposed. By the fear of the world's contempt, the poorer classes of the community too, who, in the ordinary circumstances of life, cannot even well afford to maintain their families in decency, are induced on such occasions, desirous to keep up the common forms and shows of the ceremony, even by running into large debts, far beyond their power ever after to repay. Afraid of being rendered the subject of laughter and joke in other families, the

poor man, notwithstanding the hazards which may likely befall him, is tempted, in order to satisfy the people, and please his own wife, children, and relations, to observe, though in a less showy manner, the several ceremonies which custom enjoins, and thus to be somewhat able to maintain the dignity and honour of his ancestors, and to countenance the cunning policy of the priests who attend on him in numbers for the sake of money.

Believing firmly that it is a duty imposed upon them by nature, as well to marry their children as to feed and clothe them, the rich and the poor are alike occupied with serious thoughts concerning the marriage of their children as soon as they are born. From this time they commence preparing some small articles of use and ornament for their children, so as to unburden themselves from half that load of troubles, expenses, and anxieties which would befall them on a sudden in a few days afterwards like an oppressive weight at the time of their children's marriages. They go on preparing ornaments in this manner for their children until the approach of the grand ceremony. The day of ceremony at length arrives, and the expenses attending it are surprisingly great and enormous. What was hardly earned, what was obtained by the sweat of the brow, what was accumulated by the labour of years, is dissipated in one day, in shows, grand expenses unbounded, and pleasures unheard of. The swollen bag shrinks into empty nothing in a day. The coffers, so long carefully filled with cash, now spontaneously vomit forth their contents. The hand that was ere long unweariedly employed in drawing in money, is now as untiringly busied with throwing out the same. As greedily as it was once sought after and accumulated, so liberally is it now squandered and lavished away on frivolous ceremonies. Merchants come in with their goods of merchandise, goldsmiths with their quantity of the yellow metal, with spectacles to their eyes, and scale-balances in their hands, jewellers with their admirable jewels, and almost all dealers in different trades come out from every different quarter of the town to have their respective articles sold off in bargains at the house where the great expensive ceremony is about to take place. Every silver coin is then converted into pieces of gold. The goldsmith, who is just at hand, transforms the gold into a variety of ornaments, such as anklets, bracelets, &c., which are intended to grace the body of the future bride. Plates, richly laden with a profusion of different articles, are distributed among friends and relations as tokens of joy and delight. The restless and ambitious Bráhmans come from all quarters of the town, city, or village, as the case may be, and run into the joyous home of marriage festivity for the sake of money, with an avidity scarcely paralleled. Thus, and in a variety of several other ways, is spent away on such vain and frivolous ceremonies the money of native parents, which, as acquired by great labour, they ought to employ for some nobler and better ends. Thus, under an impression that their chief duty consists as well in marrying their children as in feeding them, the parents in this country lavish away profusely and unscrupulously all their money on a class of unnecessary and trifling ceremonies—that money which they acquired by the sweat of their brow, the labour of their hands, and the length of years—that money in acquiring which they had to contend with many hardships, dangers,

and difficulties, and for the sake of which they willingly at times submitted to the sacrifice of being separated from their home, their relations and their friends, even by leagues of distance. No one can escape from the necessity of making such enormous expenses. The poor as well the rich are alike enjoined by custom strictly to observe ceremonies so expensive, yet so unnecessary. The higher classes of the community, who may enjoy an income far exceeding the utmost bound of expenses which attend such ceremonies, would perhaps not be in the probability of injuring themselves so very seriously, by following on these occasions an extravagant mode of conduct, as might be imagined. But what soul thinks of the fate of the poor, who enjoy no real certainty even of the means of daily subsistence, and who spend almost the whole term of their existence in amassing that money which is so easily dissipated and lost in the marriage of a single child, and the numberless ceremonies by which it is attended? Instances are not wanting of many poor families of our country being ruined by a fatal observance of such unnecessary, useless, and expensive ceremonies. Those families which erewhile appeared to be placed amidst fulness of domestic comforts and enjoyments, are soon afterwards found going into ruin. The poor old man who but yesterday was the father of several healthy children, and the head of a flourishing family, is seen arraigned to-day before the city judge by his creditors for some large sums which he borrowed of them, likely for such purposes, and which he could not afterwards repay. The sentence passes, and the fetters are rivetted to his neck, or hands, or feet. He is put into prison for some long term or other, and is condemned there, without hope of exciting pity or obtaining redress, to endure all the hardships and torments of a tedious confinement. The wretched mother is left alone in her miserable abode at the head of her few children. She now accepts some low mechanical work in the neighbourhood, and subsists herself, and maintains her family, by the scanty pittance which she earns. The children are now left to themselves, without a father to attend to their education or to train them up in the ways of goodness and holiness. Think of the condition of the married child itself, whose marriage, probably, subjected the father to those enormous expenses which carried him to the bar of the city court, and entailed upon him at last the miseries of a solitary prison. If the child be a girl, she might look for dependence upon her husband. But if it be a boy, he is then placed in a situation of great trial. Not to speak of the present domestic misfortunes to which he might be exposed, he is left amid circumstances which preclude the possibility of his enjoying those resources of mental improvement which he has none so much interested in his welfare as to provide. Being too young, he is yet insensible of the responsibility which his lot enjoins upon him. He is ignorant of the duties he owes to his wife, as well as to those by whom he is surrounded: and deprived, for some time, of the assistance of so valuable a guide as a father, probably during his early days, which are the best season of improvement, he is removed to a distance from every possibility of his being thoroughly prepared for an intelligent performance of those duties. Oh! how in such cases are the early marriages of children, and the enormous expenses which usually attend them, detrimental, both to the happiness of the family itself, and the

interest of the children ! Now to what advantage, we may ask, does an expense so enormous, and made for such purposes, turn at last ? Does it tend to produce any favourable result, which without it could not be possibly brought about ? Does it do anything more than merely procure a bare name to the party who expends money so profusely ? Does it do anything beyond leading to procure them the reputation of possessing large sums of money, and the title to being called the wealthy men of the world ? Is the marriage of children rendered more productive of beneficent results, by expending money so profusely upon it, than otherwise ? No ! Such enormous expenses, by which the marriages of Hindú children are accompanied, are dictated by no higher motives than those which superstition and ignorance alone can supply. Rather than lavishing money on ceremonies which are so vain and frivolous, and which in the end produce such unhappy results, how far advantageous would it be to the public at large, if they would employ the same money in the erection of hospitals, schools, &c., and in the establishment of several other institutions calculated to promote the common good ! Certainly we hope to adoption of such a method of procedure, would bring about a happier and better change in the aspect of things ; and the renunciation of prejudices and customs which lead to such enormous expenses, and consequently to the ruin of native families, would produce results highly interesting and beautiful.

Having so far enlarged on the expenses attending the marriage ceremonies of the Hindús, I shall now proceed to point out the effects which early marriages are calculated to produce, inasmuch as they affect the interests of the parties concerned. Early marriage is calculated to render boys who are thus married indifferent to their own education, the children rather being fully assured, in consequence of their being married so early, that their parents themselves have put within their power the means of gratifying their natural passions ; and, by endowing them with valuable ornaments and some portions of money, have conferred on them the ability of supporting the family which might arise from their conjugal union, are apt to become not only sluggish but grievously indifferent to their own education. There are few amongst the natives who desire knowledge for its own sake. They seek it that they may obtain a just title to be recommended first to a good match, and afterwards to a good situation. They do not desire knowledge that their views may be enlarged and enlightened by it ; but that they may get a good wife belonging to some respectable family, that they may be qualified for the common business of life, and that they may be better enabled than the ignorant and unknowing, to procure money so as to live decently and honourably among their own family, and the different relations and friends with whom they may be connected. With these objects before their view, most of them set themselves on in the career of learning : and it may therefore be justly concluded that so soon as these objects are removed from their view, just so soon will their anxiety and zeal for learning cease. Whatever degree of zeal and diligence they may evince in the pursuit after learning, all that is done is with an especial reference to those remoter objects. When, therefore, those objects are placed within their reach altogether, when they get themselves married so early by their parents, without any labour or anxiety on their own part, the necessity of self-education does not press itself

home so forcibly to their minds. They then think little of cultivating their understanding and enlightening their mental faculties. They then care little whether they are learned or unlearned; for what they needed learning for has already been placed within their reach, without any expense on their own part; and whatever now they may happen to turn out, whether good or bad, they can enjoy its possession so long as frail humanity permits. They have now no prospects to gain, no fear to lose; having no important object to engross their attention, they indulge themselves in every trifling pursuit with all the wantonness of an unrestrained liberty. The chief circumstance, therefore, which opposes a formidable obstacle to their progress in learning consists in the removal of these objects, caused by their being married at an early age, when, besides, their minds are the least tainted by worldly prejudices, and when, therefore, they are the most favourably situated to receive the blessing of education. Their coldness and indifference to the cultivation of their minds, are not only to be accounted for by their being married at such an early age, but at an age when they are not in a fit condition to be able duly to appreciate the feelings displayed by their parents in getting them married at such an enormous expense of their money, labour, and influence, and to feel the necessity of rewarding the labour and exertions which their own marriage costs their parents, by a cultivation of good disposition, and an acquirement of superior abilities, which their parents can only expect from them as suitable returns. Surely the extremely young age at which they are married would not warrant any such expectation on our part. They are yet too young and ignorant to think in this manner. Nothing can induce them to direct their attention to the acquisition of useful knowledge, without being prevailed upon by the persuasion of some one superior to them; and even when they grow up, they still cling to that lethargy which they have long since hugged, and which the prospect of future marriage could alone in their case have sufficed to shake off. But in consequence of their being early married, the boys feel less disposed to learn than they otherwise would have been. They give up all thoughts of study. They live idly. They rest contented with the boon their parents conferred upon them, that of having married them. Their parents are consequently put to two-fold trouble and expense of getting them educated, in addition to their having so profusely lavished their thousands and tens of thousands on their marriage simply. Their idleness and their total indifference towards their education, beget new cares and anxieties in their parents' bosoms. Other cares and anxieties arise. Other objects rivet the attention of the parents—namely their sons' wives, whose welfare or misery depends wholly upon the circumstances in which their husbands may be situated. The parents are taken up with the consideration of what might be the state of the poor girls in case that their sons grow up in ignorance and error. Hence we may come to the conclusion, that the marriages of children at an early age, attended, as they generally are, by very enormous expenses, instead of doing any good, prove the source of much evil. Thus we see that the early marriage of children, so far from relieving their parents from half the portion of that heavy load of perplexities and anxieties which prey upon their spirits, only tends to aggravate their misery, and increase

the number of their cares and regrets. Thus, instead of any material benefits resulting to parents from the enormous sums which they expended on the marriage of their children beyond the impression left upon the multitude of their great riches, they are only repaid in the bargain as it were by the wanton indulgences of their children, their careless indifference to the cultivation of their own minds, and their extreme avidity for the pleasures and fashions of the world. How much would the peace of the parents be secured, and the sources of unnecessary vexations and disappointments be removed, and the cause of education be promoted, if they wisely deferred the marriage of their children to a period when they themselves shall have grown big and become well experienced by an acquaintance with the different scenes and chances of the world, when their judgment shall have been matured and enlightened, and when their pursuits shall have been properly directed, their objects settled, and their views enlarged.

Early marriage is calculated to throw obstacles in the way of those who may be willing to learn, by multiplying too soon the cares of the family.

Boys are married here, as we have already said, at an age which is the most fashionable season for their improvement. From the circumstance of their being married so early, it often happens that while they career on in their pursuit of knowledge, they are, in fact, gradually approaching nearer to days of cares and anxieties. Their wives grow up, and soon arrive at womanhood, carrying along with them a train of prejudices and associations to which they are accustomed in their infancy. Hitherto the young husband was engaged in the quiet pursuits of literature and science. Hitherto the young student was immured in his closet, poring and dreaming over his ponderous volumes, undisturbed by any cares but those of outstripping his fellows in the race of learning. But soon the silence of his closet is broken by the buzz of relations, the noise of tomtoms, and the sounds of music. Every day now presents fresh subjects for observation and notice in the family. He is called to the performance of certain ceremonies. His wife becomes a full-grown being, looking upon him for her support, for the satisfaction of her desires, and the supply of her wants. She therefore becomes the object of his anxieties and cares. His mind is insensibly diverted away from those objects and pursuits upon which it was so long firmly intent. He is gradually led to feel an interest in every thing relating to his wife. New duties and new ceremonies daily press upon the notice of the young husband. He is now drawn within a circle of household affairs and ceremonies, where he must move his round in common with others. The young student is thus frequently interrupted in his pursuits. His attention is occasionally drawn away by numerous calls of family concerns, by some trifling ceremonies to be engaged in, some petty cares to be attended to, some small business to be settled, some frivolous disputes to be adjusted, some bargains to be made, some expenses to be performed, some presents to be sent or exchanged, some small requests of the wife to be listened to and complied with. Should his parents be living, should they be so favourably circumstanced as to enable them to encourage his education, and to prevent his being under the necessity of being too soon employed, and

getting his livelihood through the labour of his own hands, and should the family consist of members living in mutual amity and friendship, and having no disposition to quarrel; he is then not so likely to be stopped in the career of his studies as otherwise, by the several duties which he might have to observe, arising from his connection with his wife, or by the oft-repeated necessity by which he might be obliged, on account of her, to submit to certain expenses of an intolerable nature. But if, on the other hand, as instanced in a majority of cases, the parents be poor, and the family be constantly agitated by domestic feuds and quarrels, he suffers a grievous pause in his studies. The demands of his wife grow daily more importunate; and his means not allowing him to comply with them, he seeks for some employment or some situation which might confer on him the power of satisfying all her desires, and gratifying all her tastes. He must make for her new ornaments of gold and silver, buy for her new clothes, and place every thing within her reach which her wants might demand, or her fancy might dictate. Brought up in habits of idleness, accustomed from her infancy to an indulgence of all her foolish whims, and ignorant of every subject which leads to strengthen the understanding and counteract the influence of petty cares, the wife becomes, in fact, an intolerable burden to her husband. Ambitious of decking her body with glittering, and dressing it in rich and gaudy apparel, she becomes the cause of heaping upon her poor studious husband a multitude of vain cares, and involving him in a thousand intricate and perplexing expenses. He then strongly feels the necessity of renouncing his studies, and enters upon those pursuits from which he can expect to derive no new accessions to his knowledge, but can draw some pecuniary resources for the gratification of his wife's ambition. He is obliged to leave his school, where he can see no prospect of his being rendered able to provide for his wife, and supply her diverse wants. He goes to some office in his town, and there works like a sordid worldly drudge, whose thoughts are wholly bent upon gaining money. The importunities of his wife at home, the necessity of complying with all her wishes as a being dependent upon him alone, and the fear of shame consequent upon a display of his want of power in satisfying them, act as powerful stimuli in his pursuit after money. There are not a few native youths, however, who are thus drawn away from their intellectual pursuits, and obliged to engage in those that are purely worldly, because of their wives, whose demands it were otherwise impossible for them to satisfy. But the evil does not stop here. It extends itself gradually to that long train of cares and anxieties which the increase of family brings along with it. The husband, young though he be, becomes in a short time the father of a few children, and gets himself surrounded by a little family arising out of himself. New scenes now open to his view. He is now loaded with new cares, new difficulties, new anxieties, and new duties. And the meagre education which he received at school, and which he was obliged to leave off on account of his wife, is infinitely far short of the requisite ability to discharge those duties which, both as a husband and father, he must observe in relation to his wife and children. Unless, therefore, he has some one to direct or to assist him, or unless he enjoys a moderate income, he can have worse hopes of

coming off better in the world. He is involved in difficulties and embarrassments, which, for want of method, become the more intricate and perplexing, and with which he must now, without intermission, continue to struggle. He has brought beings into existence without the requisite ability to support them. He must therefore be in good speed to procure means for their support, and the proper supply of their own and their mother's wants. He then looks about for some employment which would relieve him from his present inconvenience. But his meagre education fails him; his age is too young; his experience is premature. Yet he is a husband, a father, and the head of a little family. Unavoidable difficulties press upon him on all sides, from which he can hardly get soon clear off. He is discontented and perplexed. He knows not what to do. He no longer looks upon his early marriage as a boon conferred upon him by his parents, but rather as a curse laid for him in store. Hence marriage unions formed in Hindú families so early, instead of promoting mutual enjoyment, lead to burden them with many unnecessary cares, without compensating for it by an accession of happiness and comfort to the parties themselves.

Early marriage tends to prevent a Hindú from travelling to distant countries, and thereby sets a most formidable bar to the improvement of his knowledge. It is admitted by all, that travelling is one of the best means by which knowledge is promoted; and truly so it is. Combined with observation and reflection, it proves the means of vast improvement to the human mind, by presenting before it several objects for the exercise of its various faculties. It enlarges the sphere of man's observation, and increases the amount of his general information. It extends the sympathies of his nature, by bringing him, as it were, into an intimate intercourse with new people, new objects, and new scenes, and by removing from his mind all those prejudices which he may have imbibed from a long and habitual intercourse with people by whom he may have from his infancy been surrounded. Thus travelling leads to produce a great change for the better in his moral and intellectual character. But an institution so hateful as that of early marriage among the Hindús is a bar to all the improvement that they can expect to derive from travelling. If we carefully examine the state of things as they exist in this country, we would find that of all those prejudices which are generally held forth as presenting most formidable obstacles to travelling, none can really be said to have greater influence over the Hindús in that respect. It is not religion which renders travelling impracticable. It is not the fear of losing caste which prevents a Hindú from travelling to distant countries. It is not the law of the country, it is not the prejudices of home, it is not the 'old customs' of ages—it is neither of these things that comes in the way of going to distant and foreign countries. What then is it? Why, it is early marriage itself. It is this, and this alone, which operates as a formidable check on his inclination to travel, and prevents all possibility of his enjoying those advantages which travelling is calculated to afford. What difficulties, then, a married youth has to contend with, in carrying his intentions about travelling into execution, will appear from the following observations:—This early marriage involves him sooner than

otherwise in certain connections which exercise a considerable influence over him. It draws him earlier into the vortex of worldly cares, which become every day more intricate and numerous, and from which he cannot in the whole of his life easily extricate himself. This marriage multiplies his relations, and thereby increases his difficulty of travelling far into distant countries. He becomes the husband of a wife, and is bound to discharge all those duties which his marriage enjoins upon him. This separation therefore, from her, which might be caused by his going to distant places, is rendered impossible. From a son he becomes a son-in-law, and engages the affections and anxieties of the parents of the girl to whom he is married, and whose interests therefore wholly depend upon him as her husband. Being involved in such connections, he has, as a matter of course, to contend with several difficulties which otherwise he might have avoided. Of all those difficulties, however, be they what they may, his connection with his wife and her relation, is the most formidable. This connection with his friends and with his own parents is indeed a great difficulty in his way; but that he may be able successfully to get over. By persuasion or remonstrance, he may prevail over them so far as to prevent their presenting any great hindrance to his inclinations. But he cannot, with so much ease, get over his connection with his own wife, whose destinies wholly rest upon him, and from whom therefore he cannot be removed far off, without doing injury to the interests of her who is the bride affianced of his future career. All her worldly happiness depends upon him. Without him her existence is a mere blank in creation. She can enjoy all the rights and privileges of her sex only during the life of her husband, and after his death she loses her claims to the greater part of them. Her welfare then necessarily arises, as it were, from that of her husband. When such is the state of her dependence upon her husband, he cannot leave her, though for his own advantage, and remove himself to a distance which might preclude all possibility of communication between them both. The parents of his wife are much interested in his welfare as the husband of their own daughter, and would therefore be the first persons to oppose him in his views, and in the accomplishment of every one of his designs, which might prove fatal to the interests of their daughter. They would never allow him to do that which, though advantageous to himself, would tend to affect in some degree the welfare of his wife. They would therefore exert all their power and influence in preventing him from going to a distance where he can not take along with his wife, and consequently his being separated from her whose whole good is, as it were, altogether embodied in her husband's welfare. Imagine for a moment, that a married youth, enlightened by sound education, and directed by motives of benevolence, is desirous of travelling into different countries, and of having the opportunity to reduce all the knowledge which he acquired from books to its practical application. Imagine that no religious prejudices comes in his way—that his friends, kindred, and even his own parents, give their consent, and express their approbation of his noble intentions—that he is furnished with all the requisites for the purposes of travelling, and with all that may be needful to the best furtherance of his views. Now he would seem to want nothing for setting out on his expedition. No-

thing now might seem likely to prevent the accomplishment of his object. But, indeed, the greatest and most perplexing difficulty is yet to be removed. It is really a formidable difficulty. No sooner do his father and mother-in-law hear of his intentions, than they become astonished and change colour. Holding the life of their son-in-law dearer than that of their own daughter who is married to him, they feel it their interest and duty to use all their entreaties, their power, and their influence, to prevent him from entering upon his intended enterprise. They would rather have their own daughter dead than suffer her husband to go away from her. All the power of his persuasion and remonstrance, which did well with his parents and his other relations, loses its effect amid the urgent importunities of the father-in-law, and the fervent appeals of the mother-in-law. The married youth feels himself already overpowered by the entreaties and remonstrances of his wife's relations. He is naturally thrown into a dilemma as to what he should now do. He is at last prevailed upon, without the power of resistance, to stay at home, and give up all thoughts of going abroad. If, notwithstanding all the appeals of his wife's parents, and notwithstanding his consciousness of the dependent state of his wife upon him, he leaves her and all her relations, who can conceive the misery of the poor girl? What then is she to do? To whom ought she to look for her future maintenance and support? How is she to spend the future days of her life? How, when she becomes a full-grown being, how then can she go on in the world? Upon whom can she depend for her food and clothing and all kind of happiness, when he is separated her, and her old parents go down to their graves? Such questions would naturally suggest themselves to the heart of the husband, and they are sufficiently affecting to weigh him down from his purpose. How then can the husband, desirous of going abroad, avoid this perplexing dilemma? By taking his wife along with him, and journeying with her through several distant countries? No! That he can hardly do. It would subject him to an enormous expenditure of money, which the majority of poor Hindús cannot well afford. The life of a woman, besides, whose character is not marked by that energy and vigour which distinguish the male sex only, is not well fitted for travelling either on sea or land, and visiting distant and inhospitable climes. True, examples can be produced to prove the contrary. But the ignorance of native females, combined with the prejudices and superstitious notions which they imbibe at home, disqualifies them entirely for travelling; and moreover, the peculiar circumstances in which they are generally placed in this country, render their going abroad almost impracticable. Under these disheartening circumstances, for the husband to leave his wife, who is a creature so wholly dependent upon him, whose welfare and misery are, as it were, so closely entwined with his own—for him, I say, to separate himself from a being who is the bride affianced of his future career, is not only incompatible with the relation in which he stands to her and her parents, but highly repugnant to the feelings of love and affection which his marriage with her might have involved. Thus then the young husband, or the married youth, as we have termed him, though he may not yet be burdened with the cares of a family or anything of the kind, is prohibited from travelling,

and enjoying all the benefits derivable from it, by the single circumstance of the peculiar relations which the marriage state involves. He is thus obliged to lay aside all his intentions of going abroad. So much for the difficulty which lies in the way of the husband alone !

But the difficulty of travelling to distant countries is rendered still greater by the cares and anxieties which a family brings along with it. Native boys, from their being married at their very early ages, soon become the fathers of a few children, and are consequently drawn into a vortex of new cares and perplexities, from which they cannot without difficulty get clear. All the cares, therefore, which attend a family, must now detain the father. The several difficulties and dangers to which his wife and children might be exposed by his being separated from them, render his stay at home absolutely necessary. For who can discharge all the duties of the family without him ? His wife is, of course, under present circumstances, scarcely able to procure the means of subsistence for herself and the rest of her family. It is scarcely necessary to advert to the manifold distresses and perplexities to which native families here are subjected from the want of a proper person to guide and regulate them. Thus the difficulty which would be experienced in carrying on the common business of his family during his absence, and the fears of its being exposed to several disasters and accidents, when it shall be thus left alone, strongly enforce the necessity of his staying at home. But there is yet one other view of the subject which imperatively demands his stay at home, when he has got a family of his own around him. He has still higher and more important duties to perform in reference to his family, than those above alluded to. Those are in relation to this world, and these in relation to the eternal world. He has only to look around him, and reflect seriously, in order to feel the importance of those higher duties which he owes to his family. He shall find himself surrounded by beings who have the strongest claims upon his regard, beings who depend upon him not only to be clothed and fed, but to be cared for, especially as regards their relation to an eternal world. If deserted by him, who is to guide their feet into the ways of peace, of goodness, of virtue, and of righteousness ? There is, indeed, a very valuable charge laid to his care, which he cannot neglect entirely without violating his most important duty. He is bound to his wife, his children, and all his family, by ties which it is sin for him to break asunder. He is bound to stay with them, and never to go abroad where he pleases. Such, reader, are the obstacles which early marriage presents to his going abroad. Such are the cares and anxieties in which early marriage so soon involves a Hindú. Indeed, single life, which is not burdened with the cares of a family, is best adapted to the accomplishment of an object so desirable as that of travelling, and best calculated to promote the improvement of the mind. It affords the best opportunity for any man to prosecute his studies with perseverance and even with success. But when he is surrounded with several other objects which demand an exclusive share of his attention and care, all his plans of improvement, however founded on motives of benevolence, are apt to be prematurely ended and grievously frustrated. We do not, however, mean to insinuate that celibacy is preferable. No : by no means. But what we

mean to urge on the attention of the reader, is, that marriages, instead of taking place so early, should be delayed to a later period of life, so that the youth may have ample opportunities of improving his knowledge without being interrupted by those unseasonable cares and anxieties which marriage begets and a family increases.

MAIDEN INNOCENCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

OH ! not more welcome to the straining eye
 (Smarting beneath Sahara's lurid sand)
 To him who doth the verdant palm descry
 And knows the gushing stream is near at hand,—
 Who, at the sight of its aspiring head,
 That to the clouds its waving branches rears,
 Feels all the weariness of travel fled,
 And pauses to disperse joy's blinding tears,
 As if already the refreshing draught
 Had chased the lassitude of frame away,
 Which desert pilgrims heretofore had quaff'd,
 Then bow'd beside the sparkling fount to pray,—
 Than she to me : a maid whose thought divine
 Can calm my bosom's most tempestuous rage,
 As if from heav'n she'd won an anodyne,
 Earth's passions, pains, to mitigate, assuage.
 The graciousness of innocence is hers,
 An unstain'd purity of heart and mind,
 The magic charm that each fine feeling stirs,
 With form and face most beautiful combined.
 Sprung from her years,—she looks a WOMAN quite,
 And very loveable in heedless eyes ;
 But oh ! in my more reverential sight,
 She's still a CHILD in nature's artless guise !
 The waveless current of her tranquil breast
 I would not ruffle with the storm of love ;
 Still let it ebb and flow in peaceful rest,
 Nor Maelstrom e'er its placid surface move ;
 For who, when on the summer's azure gazing,
 So hush'd in its blue loveliness, so bright,
 The Boreal blast would madly think of raising,
 To veil in dim dense clouds its grateful light ?
 And who, when gazing on such maiden's eye,
 So mild, so meek, so beaming, so benign,
 (Reading in its the soul's serenity)
 Would darken o'er its limpid hyaline ?
 I need not name MY idol,—she's not rare,
 In every English home such darling dwells,
 With fond, fair eyes, and gorgeous golden hair,
 Enchanting hearts by dear domestic spells—
 Making the HEARTHSTONE with her presence glad,
 Breathing delight ineffable around ;
 Oh ! ask the joyous,—and oh ! ask the SAD,
 If she in every home may not be found ?
 Oh ! woman, what a talisman is thine,
 To captivate, enslave, and chain man's heart,
 When uncorrupted chastity divine
 Is all thy knowledge, and is all thine ART !

RICHARD BIDDULPH,¹
OR,
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD BIDDULPH GIVES AN EVIDENCE OF VINDICTIVENESS.

It matters little to the historian whether he has to describe the fatal end of King Charles the First, or the wild, hairbrained adventures of his son, the merry monarch; for he has all the incidents before him which he is bound to record without either creating or obliterating a single fact, although he has the power—it may be a limited one—of leading his readers by a zigzag route to certain conclusions. No; the historian has nothing at all to do with the vices or virtues of those who figure in his pages, for they acted out of his control, and without any kind of advice from him; but he simply writes his anything but an historical romance—which appears to be a paradox—in order that the general world may benefit by the example of those who were either great or little when they had the opportunity of acting *for themselves*. Now, my dear reader, it is necessary that you should have laid before you some important evidence concerning the hero of these adventures, which may not add to the love which you are supposed to have for the boy already; still, for all that, as the duty has been undertaken, it must—nay, it *shall* be fulfilled, however painful it may be, even until death—that perpetually-dunning creditor—shall clasp within his muscular embrace the victim of a system of education which is crying out through thousands, ay, and tens of thousands childish of throats, either to be swept out of royal foundations and all other schools *entirely*, or to be materially reformed.

After entering into a variety of games with his schoolfellows, Biddulph went with the other boys into his ward, and, for the first time in his life, got into bed without imploring his almighty Father to protect him during the hours of the night. There was a stern, determined expression upon his countenance, which was very different from the original cast of it when he first entered the gates of the foundation, which told the story of some secret plot working in his mind, and he was apparently waiting an opportunity for carrying it into execution. There was a quick movement of the muscles about the under lip, as well as of those around the eye—a kind of irritability or impatience to put into action some scheme which had taken a firm root, and was settled beyond any doubt in his young but not inactive mind. Such was his expression, although it was not observed by those who slept in

¹ Continued from page 335, vol. xli.

the same ward with him, as it was a cold night, which made the boys quickly undress and jump into bed, where they were soon followed by the monitors, who appeared to give up their privilege of sitting later than the others in consequence of the cold, bitter cold weather, which rudely entered through every crack, crevice, or keyhole into the long room where nearly fifty boys were about to sleep. No, not fifty, for Richard Biddulph had no such intention until he had carried into execution his fixed resolution ; so that he turned and twisted about in his bed with no other object than that of putting aside his conscience, and turning away from the shapes and fantasies which played about his young imagination. At last, mustering up the whole extent of the courage he was possessed of, he settled his body in one position, he opened his eyelids as wide as they could go, he clenched his hands firmly together, and inwardly exclaimed, so that none other save *One* knew what was his intention—

“ Yes, I *will* be revenged on him ; I have borne much, and could have borne more—ay, much more ; but when he turns the only friend I have in the world from me, he goes, he has gone, too far. But I will meet him, and he shall remember this night for ever, he shall—yes, that he shall,” he concluded, as he clenched his hands tighter and tighter, until the nails entered through the skin into his flesh, and drew forth small streaks of blood, which added to the anticipated pleasure of the boy.

Whilst such stirring thoughts and others were chasing each other through the mind of the boy, Mistress Bridget complained in a bitter tone to Betty about the cold penetrating, in spite of her clothes and the fire, into her bones, which made Betty reply that she could’nt help it.

“ Ah ! Betty,” continued the dame, “ there’s nothing in the world like a couple of blankets upon a cold night ; but really, Betty,” the loquacious lady added, after considering a full minute and a half, “ really these long winter nights remind me of somebody, that they do.”

“ Who, mem ? ” asked the servant of all work, with her eyes and ears open to be informed on the subject.

“ Why, Betty,” continued Mistress Bridget, in a confidential tone ; “ why, Betty, if there are any saints in heaven, as well as angels and cherubims, I do verily believe that Mister Bridget is one of them, for he was continually running after virtue, and honour, and charity ; besides, having a general love for the world, he idolized—yes, he idolized me, he did ; that he did, Betty.”

“ Did he, mem ? ” put in Betty, by way of showing the interest she took in the subject.

“ Did he ? ” replied the thin woman energetically, “ why, he would have kissed the very ground—yes, even supposing the ground to be full of puddles, he would have kissed it, that he would—that is, supposing I had walked or even stepped upon it.”

“ Dear me ! ” exclaimed Betty, as she lifted up both her hands to express the surprise she felt at so singular a statement, when the nurse continued—

“ Yes, he idolized, he revered, he worshipped me ; and why, Betty ? ”

“ I don’t know, mem.”

"Look at me, Betty, now look at me harder ; do you see anything about me that you think ought to inspire adoration, Betty ?"

"No, mem, I don't," replied the girl, innocently ; which made Mistress Bridget plead in extenuation of such a curious conclusion on the part of her servant of all work—

"Ah ! Betty, but then you aint a man, you know, are you ?" "

"No, mem."

"Ah ! that accounts for it. But would you believe it, Betty, Mister Bridget actually loved me to such an extent, and was so anxious to obey my slightest desire, that upon my telling him in joke to put his sainted head in the water-butt, he actually did it, and was found," continued the dame, as she put up a pocket handkerchief to her eyes, "and was found with his legs sticking up in the air, about forty-five minutes afterwards, dead—ye e s, quite dead, Betty."

"Oh ! dear me, was he though ?" asked Betty, as her mistress took up her chamber candle with emotion ; and after telling Betty to follow her, she went off to her sleeping apartment for the night.

Before and during this conversation, the night had set in, accompanied by a fall of snow, which soon covered the playground, and made work for sweepers and cleaners on the coming morning, as well as for nurses, doctors, and demure-looking undertakers, whose holidays are over upon the first fall of snow. The old night watchman put up the collar of his coat, fastened on his thick wooden shoes, and otherwise prepared himself to brave the long wintry night which was before him ; whilst his dog Billy, who usually accompanied him in his rounds, scratched together some loose straw, and betook him to his bed underneath the cloisters ; so that the worthy old fellow cried—yes, literally *cried*—the hour in a melancholy tone of voice, without his constant listener. In the place of the dog, there was one who followed the cracked weazy voice of the watchman with the deepest attention, and that one was Biddulph, who, after hearing the hour of twelve called, got up in his bed, and upon another long coughing, he lay down again. Mistress Bridget thought she saw the soles of a pair of boots, as well as the top hoop of a water-butt, as she put on her nightcap at the looking-glass, which made her call Betty ; but as that personage had turned into bed with her clothes on, and was fast asleep, her mistress thought she might venture to follow a portion of her example, which she did : so that, when the clock struck one, several persons were acting the part of pigs to such perfection that it was difficult to distinguish the noise of the one from that of the other. Thinking it was time to venture upon his purpose, Richard Biddulph now got out of bed, put on his coat and shoes, and, taking the key from off the wood table, with one of the dinner knives, he was soon through the door and into the grounds belonging to the foundation. He clenched the knife in his right hand, and had, moreover, what may be called a clenching expression of countenance, which said, "*I will ; yes, that I will.*" So that it was lucky he did not meet the old watchman in his path ; for, boy as he was, at that moment he had the power of a man, and would have acted violently to any one who got in the way of his revenge, which was inconceivably rooted in his heart. Still he went along close to walls and houses, in order that he might not be detected, and bounded

over palings with surprising agility, just as though some power—an evil one, no doubt—assisted the boy in effecting his purpose of retaliation upon the person he had reason to consider his bitter enemy.

It was very cold, and he was clad but thinly ; yet he did not feel either the cold or the snow, so warm was he in his determination ; so excited, so worked up, so educated, as it were, to perform a malicious action, which he considered just and proper in his diseased imagination ; which is to be regretted certainly, although he is not the only one who ought to be blamed for so great a change in the mind of our hero. After passing many old sickly trees as well as buildings, he reached the back part of Dr. Frampton's house, where he soon began to perform the great object of his visit. The doctor was fond of poultry, and Biddulph knew it ; so that one after another of them—some of the most valuable specimens in the county—fell at the feet of the boy, victims to his wrath and vengeance. Topknots, Chinamen, as well as other fowls, with ducks by the dozen, and geese, and turkeys, and peahens—all fell to the ground, after being decapitated ; whilst Biddulph's face began to assume a contented appearance as he dug the knife into their vitals, and pulled out their feathers by handfuls ; so that his hands were covered with the blood of the poultry, which the boy appeared to think was of the same character as that of his master, inasmuch as it owned him for its lord. The boy next went into the stable, and stuck his knife into the flank of an old roadster : when, hearing a dog bark, he got back to his ward in the same way that he came, and after washing his hands and depositing the key upon the table, he got into bed, and tried to sleep. Having satisfied his revenge, Biddulph relaxed again to his usual character, and suffered much from the cold, which had nipped his young blood, and made him shudder, and shudder again, as it regained its usual condition ; when he went off into a heavy disagreeable sleep, which was full of frightful images of angry women and stern upbraiding old men ; so that he saw in every one of them, either his departed mother, or the governor who had befriended him from motives of real charity ; whilst, even in his sleep, he shuddered, and trembled, and thought of consequences too disastrous to dwell upon, too dreadful to reflect about when awake. And thus the long hours—for they were long hours to the old watchman, although Betty did not think so—the long hours of night passed, one after another, and buried one another in the grave of eternity, which, happening to be a very capacious grave, allowed these hours, as well as all other hours, to drop into it without any ceremony whatsoever, and just as though they had been mere moments, or even a shorter period of time, if there be one ; whilst the whole school slept, and had different kinds of dreams. Some of the boys dreamt of huge mountains of cake and vast seas of ginger wine ; others saw their mothers or their little sisters, and kissed them too. The steward saw a whole host of happy children running and gamboling about on a hill, which made him smile as he slept. Betty dreamt of toasting a piece of cheese for a young boy, and afterwards saw him eat it. Mistress Bridget saw the wet head and hair of her departed husband. The beadle fancied he was standing amongst a crowd, waiting the execution of a criminal. The doctor saw a small rod, which gradually got larger, and larger, and larger, until it

got to be as large as five hundred prisons, which it appeared to cover and protect; whilst the governors of the foundation dreamt of the great good they were continually doing to the children of the poor. And no doubt, their intention was the best and the holiest; but the great rod marred the effect of the whole of their benevolence, which was in the school when they were appointed governors, and had never been removed from it—no, not even for the sake of experiment.

With the morning, came the usual washings, breakfast, and then school, where the boy Biddulph encountered the searching eye of Dr. Frampton as he entered into the grammar school, with such coolness and effect that the master appeared disappointed in his inquiry, and looked about the school for some other likely to have committed the destruction. The doctor then made a speech, wherein he set forth that he would give five shillings to any boy who would give evidence likely to lead to the detection of the guilty boy; for he urged that it must have been one of them, from the knife having been found in the stall; and that know he would as to the "rank-battered knave" who had been guilty of so heinous a depredation. During the speech, the boys were exceedingly quiet, and looked one at another to express the extent of their amazement; whilst Biddulph opened both his mouth and his eyes, and he seemed to say, "Oh, shouldn't I like to get the five shillings from him. Let me see, what should I buy with them?" But the boy was saved any further dissimulation by the entrance of the doctor's groom, who brought in a cake of snow bearing the impression of a shoe, which quickly melted away in the presence of the boys as well as the fire.

"Yes, yes, Ben," said the master, "that's no bad idea, either," as he caught hold of a half-idiotic boy who happened to laugh as the water ran out of the hands of the man; "and it has effected its purpose too, Ben; for here is the cur, the imp, the skilful gentleman who walks out o' nights in his sleep, without knowing it. Come forth, you stump, you," he exclaimed as he dragged forth the boy, and sent him reeling on the floor immediately afterwards. "Come forth, you lump of dirt, you; come forth with you," he continued, as he listened to the evidence of a child who was the story-teller of the school, which proved (?) that Westbrook had been heard to say that Dr. Frampton was a brute, and moreover, that he had been heard to cry "Oh!" no less than five times in his sleep.

Then Westbrook was taken out by the groom, and brought back again, with the positive information that the shoe corresponded exactly with the marks upon the snow; so that the beadle was shortly in attendance, and the sleepy, heavy-featured boy waited the certain punishment.

"Bolt the door, shut the windows; then don't touch him as though he were made of glass. Now I'll teach you—that I will."

Stripe after stripe descended upon the quivering flesh of the foolish boy, whilst he cried out lustily, or, in other words, bellowed like a bull; whilst all the boys looked at the scene in the same way that an old man gazes at a pantomime; for it was not fresh or new to them, but was rather an antiquated custom in their short experience. Richard Biddulph once or twice felt an inclination to start up and boldly

declare himself the aggressor, but a former event had proved to him the effect of such heroism ; so that he allowed another to suffer for his crime, whilst he looked on, an excited spectator. The punishment over, the lads stooped their heads towards their tasks, and then went off into the playground as the bell rang, when Westbrook and Biddulph were seen walking, hand in hand, together ; whilst the latter was talking soothingly to the stupid boy, and telling him not to mind the rod, as it was a mere punishment for the time, and left no impression behind it. It was very, *very* different, however, in Richard Biddulph's sad experience ; for he was now like a patient suffering from a chronic disease, or a noble ship having dry rot eating itself through her apparently noble planks—and all caused by the rod.

If a flash of lightning from heaven had descended upon the boy and killed him upon the spot, it would have been a merciful dispensation ; for he had the active seeds of baseness implanted in his mind and heart, which are sure to reveal themselves when the boy leaves his top, and assumes the CHARACTER of a man.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TWO YOUNG LADIES AND THE TWO DONKEYS.

A commotion, a bustle, and a curious kind of anxiety were clearly perceptible in the market town referred to on a dismal day in the month of December. Something *must* have happened ; either the great bell in the steeple of the church, or the price of bread, had surely fallen much lower than they were on the previous Sunday. Yes, an event of some magnitude must have transpired, for little Mr. Hollow the parson looked two inches—full two inches—if not two inches and a quarter—taller than he did usually ; whilst Mrs. Soul, the butcher's lady, ran along the High Street for all the world as though she was chasing a lean porker. The red-cheeked landlady of the " Full Moon," too, stood at her door in earnest conversation with a dapper gentleman who in his own proper person represented the banker, the lawyer, and the wine-merchant of the little community. Something of paramount and soul-engaging importance had surely taken place, to induce Miss Cumfit, the grocer's daughter, to forget her pocket-handkerchief, or the ostler at the inn to rub down his horse without making that noise which is peculiar to ostlers in general. Well, the natural question is, What was it ? What could it be ? To communicate the secret, to let the cat out of the bag, it must be revealed that

Joseph Stiff was dead !

Mister Stiff, the parish clerk and undertaker, had received an order from Mister White, the sweep, to prepare a coffin for his departed wife, so that she might be buried in a decent manner on the coming Sunday.

Mister Stiff was glad—nay, to go further, Mister Stiff was delighted with the job, and set about it with his best endeavours to make a snug, strong, tight kind of box, in order that the late Mrs. White might be comfortable; he planed, and hammered, and planed again; then he lined both the inside and the outside; then he put a pillow for the head; when, just as he was about to knock the last black nail on the head, he *himself*, Mister Stiff, parish clerk and undertaker, *fell down dead*. Such a circumstance was singular—no doubt of that—but it was true. It appears that this august personage held the office for twenty-nine years, eleven months, and twenty-eight days, and that up to the last time of his sitting under the parson he had said, according to his own calculation, the word “Amen” no less than 129,000 times. He was as well known in the small town as the parish clock, and was looked up to in the same manner; for, independently of his moral worth, Mister Stiff was a tall individual, with a pious and sacred appearance. He had lived in the parish no less than fifty-five years and a half, which was the exact period of his mortal career, if any credence is to be placed in the first leaf of his family Bible.

It was Mister Stiff's boast that he had measured four rectors, as well as nine curates, for everlasting rectories; and that he knew the exact latitude and longitude of seventy-six dead women. Indeed, Mister Stiff only represented his melancholy-looking class; for the eye of the undertaker invariably takes the measure of every person he encounters, and reckons how many inches of deal will be required at his or her dissolution.

Mister Stiff had been known to smile just three times during his mortal career,—twice when Mrs. Stiff presented him with a girl instead of a successor to his office, and once when a lass, who was the toast at every alehouse, presented the undertaker with an emblem of her affection. The two first smiles were matrimonial, and the last was illegitimate; but they were all desolate kind of smiles, and indicated no satisfaction. Mister Stiff, nevertheless, paid the doctor's bill in each case, and made the best of those Providence had blessed him with, so that he left behind him two young ladies and a little girl, who were surprised at perceiving the cold body of their kind parent extended upon the floor by the side of the coffin.

Such an event as the death of an undertaker does not happen every day in a small town, so that the inhabitants made the most of it, and laid the body of Mister Stiff out in state in the front parlour of his late house; so that all those who felt any interest in the subject might satisfy their curiosity. The inscription over the little door, “Joseph Stiff, Parish Clerk and Undertaker,” with the miniature of a coffin above it, looked nearly as melancholy as the chamber where the dead man was laid; so that it was excusable in the sixteen aged spinsters to let out those shrieks and tears which they had bottled up for the occasion, and which went to the heart of the two young ladies and the little girl who heard them in the distance.

But the lid was screwed down by a London undertaker, who was a friend of the family, and the procession took a sweep round the churchyard and entered at the most distant gate. Many of the principal inhabitants followed the remains of Mister Stiff, and the two young

ladies his daughters, upon two full-grown donkeys, acted as the chief mourners. The little girl was there, too, crying most bitterly, whilst the young ladies were dressed out for the occasion, and threw up their hands towards heaven, and their eyes around them, as also did their two donkeys. All eyes were directed towards the very upright and extremely consequential figures of these two sisters, some in admiration and some in pity ; for it was evident they were proud of their position, and were determined to show to the world their importance.

During the service it was a fearful time for the sexton, who for the first time in his lifetime responded " amen " as a leader, and one of the young ladies looked at the other and smiled mournfully. The service ended, the procession went back to the little house where the departed man had lived so long, when the ladies shook their plumes, and handed about the ginger wine and cake to the visitors, whilst the little child sat upon a small stool and wept by herself.

Miss Susan Stiff was just thirty-six years of age when her father made his own coffin, whilst Miss Jemima Stiff was thirty-three at the same time ; and during the lifetime of the undertaker the two Miss Stiffs were the very essence of everything that was fashionable, volatile, and absurd.

These young ladies stood five feet nine without their satin shoes, were extremely slim in figure, with large bony features, which were sanctified, solemn, and would-be sacred. They always dressed in the most showy colours they could procure, and walked about during wet weather in very thin shoes ; i. e., when they did walk about, which was very seldom ; for, having the pasturage of the churchyard free, they turned out upon it two donkeys, who, from their sleek appearance, told well for the grass growing over the dead.

It was a ludicrous sight to behold these two young ladies seated majestically upon their two donkeys, riding up and down the High Street for the satisfaction of themselves and the laughter of their neighbours. To tell the truth, they had rather overstepped the constable during the lifetime of their parent, and, like many other persons under similar circumstances, were extremely indignant when they found by his will that he had not left them anything to support their extravagance.

The parish, in consideration of the services rendered to it by Mister Stiff, voted twenty pounds a year to his children, with continued possession of their little house, and free pasturage for their donkeys. Upon going out of mourning, they mounted light pink dresses, and, of course, their donkeys, and guided their docile animals down the High Street, where it was but too clear that their power and importance was gone for ever. The sexton did not touch his hat as they passed, whilst the doctor's boy winked at the buttermilk ; and, to sum up all, even the charity children did not appear struck with awe at their approach. And such is power ! Within the solitude of their own chamber these two young ladies cried with very vexation ; but I cannot pity their condition, as they brought it upon themselves.

But, however despicable the Miss Stiffs were to most people, still they were not without their admirers, who testified their devotion by continued attention, and by ministering to the weaknesses of these young ladies. The elder Miss Stiff was loved to distraction by a Lon-

don undertaker, who had served his apprenticeship under her father, and who came down to their small dwelling continually in order that he might express the extent of his devotion for his first and only mistress. Mr. Death, on leaving Mr. Stiff, took with him the heart of his eldest daughter, and left behind him his own ; and by working at his business late and early, he soon acquired the confidence of his new master, who took him first of all into partnership, and then left him the whole of his property and business ; so that he then had a large shop, and contracted for the burial of all the paupers within the district of Bishopsgate Within and St. Martin's Vintry. Mr. Death was a short, thick-set, sallow personage, with an eye far back in its socket, although, for all that, when he was dressed in his green sporting coat, brass buttons, and top-boots, he looked a very smart and dapper kind of man. His hat, too, was invariably cocked upon one side of his head, and his hair was plastered down upon his temple upon the other side. Mr. Death was known about the city of London as the swell undertaker, or the *flash bone*, and really he did look something between a Derby blackleg and a professed undertaker.

Mr. Death kept a hunter, though it was an odd and rather old one, with green teeth, and eyes full of age and infirmity. Still, Mr. Death kept a hunter, and he was proud of it too, which is not to be wondered at, considering that every man's horse is *the* best horse in the world, and not upon any account to be laughed at by those who happen to be smaller than ourselves. As the clock struck ten every fourth Sunday morning, the hunter stood at Mr. Death's door, ready to be mounted by his master, when, to the delight of the bystanders, he came out, and sprang with extraordinary agility into the saddle, when the horse, without either whip or guiding, went on one continuous trot over twenty-one miles of ground, and made a full stop before the door of the late undertaker. Miss Susan Stiff, too, was always at the door, and received Mr. Death with lively demonstrations of delight, whilst the donkey, Bob, stood at the gate of the churchyard, trying to open it, so that Mr. Death's mare might enjoy the society of no less a personage than himself. Upon these periodical visits, poor Jenny, who was the legitimate companion of Master Bob, slunk away to one end of the place, where, getting behind a tombstone, which she pretended to read, she watched with a sorrowful expression the goings on of the twain with decided uneasiness. When the mare was away, then the two donkeys enjoyed domestic felicity ; but when she was present, then bickerings and jars took place between them, which was pleasing to the one and most disagreeable to the other. It was stated by the potboy at the "Grapes," that Bob invariably went up and accosted the hunter with a rub of the nose, and a biting of the neck, whilst Jenny looked on as though she could not help it. Certain it is that the two young ladies had great difficulty in getting their two donkeys to run amicably together after such visits ; and, considering the nature of animals generally, from men down to donkeys, I cannot wonder at it, as jealousy is a passion of so impetuous a character, that it is almost impossible to control it. Still jealousy, for all that, is a very stupid passion, so that the donkey Jenny ought not to meet with the slightest sympathy from any one, as doubtless her spouse acted from a strong desire of curing her of such ineffable folly,—which was praiseworthy of *him*.

But the meeting of Miss Susan Stiff and her affianced lover ought not to be passed over in silence, for when they were in each other's arms all the rest of the world was of no consequence to them, and they were all the world to one another. What rapture, what exquisite bliss was in the one heart of the short podgy undertaker and the tall, gaunt, and bony form of the venerable spinster, as they embraced each other, and squeezed each other, with all the warmth of true affection! But, nevertheless, the lady's love was of a proud and patronizing nature, whilst Mr. Death looked up to and was enraptured with the size and form of his mistress.

"My dearest hangel, how is you?" said Mr. Death, as he looked up into her face, which was rather satirical, and caught hold of her hand, which he pressed tenderly. "Why, how piercing cold your hand is! Why, what's the row?" he continued, as he saw an iron tear make its appearance for the 590th time out of the left corner of her eye, and, strange to say, go in again.

"Oh, nothing, Jacob, only you will call me *hangel*, when I told you over and over again, its *a* angel, and *h* *hangel*; and you know how very vulgar it is."

"Well, never mind, Sukey; it was wrong, and I won't call you *hangel* no more—blow me if I do."

"There now," she continued, "Sukey—you know my name's not Sukey, and I shall like you much better, Mr. Death, if you'll call me Susan. Will you now, Jacob?" she asked, as she chucked him under the chin, and put down her face for a kiss.

But the ardour of the little man had partially evaporated when his pat word "Sukey," which he had uttered all the way down from London as his mare jolted him on her back, was thus denied him. Striking his dust off his boots with his whip first, and turning his arm round his hat next, he stood bolt upright, and said—

"Miss Susan Stiff, I've rid all the way down from London to see you; you and me was children together; my horse is blown in consequence. I've called you Suk as a gal, and ——— if I don't call you so now, or I won't call you anything; so that is coming to the point."

"Mister Jacob Death," began the offended lady, "remember yourself; you were my father's apprentice. It is no condescension on your part to kneel at the feet of his eldest daughter; so if you wish to go, Mister Death, why there's the door, Mr. Death."

"Well, dash me if I'll stand this," cried the undertaker, as he flew outside the door in order that he might mount his beast and be off as he came; but the mare was not there to mount. In the churchyard he saw his animal quietly feeding by the side of Bob the donkey, who was fetching the most delicate morsels and placing them before the bony hunter. Mr. Death stood for one moment in deep contemplation at the two creatures, when he turned back into the house; and after three words of explanation, and after blowing his nose five times, the lovers were seen by Miss Jemima and the little girl sobbing and kissing in each other's arms. Such scenes were very common between them, and appeared rather to cherish the flame than to destroy it, as the blubbing and hugging, the flowing of huge tears, and the screwing up of ugly faces, manifested they were then perfectly happy.

CHAPTER X.

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Do not think, gentle reader, that I should have introduced to your notice the two young ladies and the two donkeys, without a proper and legitimate object ; which was, to bring gradually into the picture a child who is more likely to engage your sympathies than either of those grim-looking personages.

Mary Stone, at the age of one, was found by the late Mister Stiff, sitting very quietly upon his door step, dressed in a neat manner, with a ribband around her childish neck, to which was appended a letter to the following effect :—

“MUSTER STIFF,

“Take care of the babe, and bring it hup in the misteries of Christianity. Don't starve her neyther ; but act as a father when I'm no more, which I shall be when you read this scrawl, from a deluded young woman,

HANNAH DICKS.”

“P.S.—You know your the father, that you do, Muster Stiff, or why—but no matter.”

Whilst Mister Stiff was reading the small note, the little child looked with a smiling face up into his countenance, and began playing with his shoestring ; so that Mister Stiff put the letter in his back pocket, took the child up in his arms, and implanted a kiss upon its healthy-looking cheek. Still he thought it most extraordinary, and made it part of his duty to institute inquiries, after doing which, he admitted the child into his domestic circle, with strict injunctions to the two young ladies, to nurse, protect, and adopt it. There were sundry hints and stupid rumours, when this addition took place to the undertaker's circle ; but as Mister Stiff was a philosopher, he took a pinch of snuff, and laughed at the opinion of the world. Sufficient is it, that on the next Sunday the child was christened by the rector, and entered in the baptismal register by the parish clerk himself, by the name of Mary Stone. The child was found upon a stone, and Mary was the shortest name to enter on the register ; so that this child of nature must be known now by no other title than that of Mary Stone.

During the lifetime of the old man, his daughters paid all kind of respect to Mary, for from the knee of one she was transferred to the arms of the other ; whilst kiss followed kiss in such rapid profusion, that really if early kissing would ensure lasting affection, then Mary Stone would have been a pet to the end of her existence. At the dinner table she took her seat by the side of “papa,” who generally helped her to a large piece of pudding, and patted her head as she ate it ; then, again, she had her tea poured out in a little cup bearing her name. But the child took all this quite as a matter of course, although she would sometimes express her love in a variety of childish but emphatic ways. The rides she had upon the *donkeys*, and the kisses and pats she got from passers-by, who admired her merry little figure, made up

a life of unbounded happiness and inexpressible joy. There was something about Mary's face which was loveable beyond description—a smile so sweet and so sincere, that even as she slept she looked like an angel from heaven ; and there was a purity about the child which made her to be beloved by every one in the parish around.

At the age of nine, Mary's patron, Mister Stiff, died, when she was left to the protection of the two young ladies, his daughters, who had been so kind to her during his lifetime. It is needless to go over a long story of changes and reverses in the early life of Mary Stone ; so you, my dear reader, must be contented with the observations that were addressed to her on the day after the funeral of Mister Stiff, by the eldest, or rather Miss Susan Stiff, as she stood before that august personage dressed in a little frock of black.

" Mary, you must know that you are not one of our family, and that my father found you upon the door-step of this house ; that he kindly protected, fed, clothed, and bedded you up to this very moment. You have now arrived at an age when it becomes you to look out and do something for yourself, and not any longer lead a life of idleness, or be a burden to us. I have been thinking" she continued, " that if you like to live with us, in the capacity of a servant, my sister Jemima and I could manage to keep you, till you get a better situation."

At this notice Mary did not betray much emotion, and the smile did not desert her sweet though melancholy face as she replied, " You know, Miss, that I have no home in the parish besides this, and that I don't love any one in the whole parish but you, Miss Jemima, and the two donkeys ; so that I will do any thing rather than leave you, that I will."

" Well," said Miss Stiff, " you must light the fire in the morning, you must cook the dinner, you must sit in the kitchen, you must clean the donkeys, and, indeed, you must do any and every thing either Miss Jemima or myself tell you to do."

To all which Mary replied, " Yes, miss."

And in reality she endeavoured to please her two mistresses in every possible manner, for she cleaned the brass candlesticks and their flesh-coloured stockings, not forgetting the two donkeys, who came in for much rubbing and scrubbing from this little bright-eyed child. But, unfortunately, the young ladies did not limit their expenses, in proportion as their means were diminished ; and they began to impute the emptiness of their purse to their being obliged to keep that lazy huzzy Mary as a servant. They found fault with her work, and grumbled at every demonstration of good humour on her part, until they became so lack of kindness towards her, that they actually struck her. But somehow or other their conduct did not appear to have the slightest effect upon Mary, as she allowed these beneficent, though haughty ladies, to murmur by themselves, as they went out upon the donkeys, when she went back to her work with a cheerful heart, and a merry disposition.

Miss Susan Stiff had returned from a long ride on the London road full of ill-humour and disappointment, for Mr. Death was not seen in the distance as she expected ; and she was thinking what she should say to him, when he did make his appearance, when Mary, with a

joyous face ran outside the little house, and after dropping a curtsy, she delivered a printed paper, which had been left by the tax-gatherer, in order that Miss Stiff might fill in the number of servants in her establishment, and be taxed accordingly. Miss Stiff looked first of all at the paper, and then Miss Stiff looked at Mary, who, without dreaming the slightest harm, stood looking up in her face and guarding her eyes from the sun.

"Have you had a nice ride to-day, Miss?" asked the innocent girl of her ill-tempered mistress.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Stiff, as she jumped off the donkey, "What, you little impudent hussey, so you're making game of me, are you?"

"No, Miss, I was'n't; I'm sure I was'n't."

"What! dare to contradict your missis? Take that, you little faggot, you. Here we find your lazy bones in breakfast and in bed, in dinner, lunch, *and* supper, besides being kind to you, and nurturing you like our own child; and you laugh at us when we pay a tax for you, do you?"

Mary shrunk down her head, led the donkeys into the churchyard, and left them there after sundry pats and caresses; when, returning to her little kitchen, she was obliged to hear the following conversation between her two mistresses:—

Miss Susan.—"And the tax for *her* too."

Miss Jemima.—"Why, she looked in my face yesterday, as much as to say, Ain't I as good as you? but I boxed her, that I did."

Miss Susan.—"Do you know, Jimmy, I've been thinking that the law don't tax ill-gotten children, does it?"

Miss Jemima.—"Why, really I don't know, but I should think not."

Miss Susan.—"Because she is a downright bastard, you know; and though Mr. Stiff chose to keep it from the world, that's no reason we should."

Miss Jemima.—"Now, look here, Sukey, s'pose we tell the tax-gatherer, and ask his advice?"

How long this conversation might have lasted is a question, for it was now interrupted by no less a personage than Mr. Death, who slapped the dust off his boots, had a row first and a kias afterwards, when he, too, was made a party in the grave discussion; and after hearing both of the young ladies, thus expressed his opinion:—

"Well, dash me if it ain't too bad to be taxed for a bastard; and more especially Mister Stiff's, who ought to ha' known better. For my part, as I'm one of the family, or at least soon shall be, shan't I eh, Sukey dear?"

"Why yes, to be sure, Jacob."

"Well, I say, I'd soon have her cry peccavi, for she should welt, or my name should'nt be Mister Death."

"Jacob's right," cried Miss Jemima.

"Yes, Jacob *is* right," echoed Miss Susan, as she patted the white cheek of her lover, whilst Mary sat in the little kitchen looking gloomily into the fire, and very near it too, though it was an extremely hot day.

This happened on the Saturday; and as Mary was the only occu-

pant of the large pew where she sat, her eyes wandered about the church, and took in every marble slab and figure within it, when it rested, as if mechanically, upon the forlorn and wo-begone features of Richard Biddulph, as he was seated amongst the other children of the school, but seemingly separate and distinct from them. And his eyes met hers too; and they looked at one another as one unhappy being looks upon its companion in misery with sorry compassionating eyes, seeming to say, "Ah, you are very lonely, but I also am desolate." After such an introduction, you must not be surprised if these two personages met each other and told one another their separate early woes; and when the boy heard Mary recount the conversation which stigmatised her as a bastard, he put his hand into his pocket for his knife, and in the absence of every sensible object, he planted it handle and all at their feet.

"Oh, Richard! do not be angry with them, for I shall leave them soon, and go away from their unkindness."

"But, my dear Mary, where will you go?"

"To London, and get a situation there, when, oh! I will work and try to please my new master, if I have one, so that I will be as happy as the day."

"Mary, I too am unhappy: but mine is as nothing when compared with yours. Oh, do take care of yourself for my sake, Mary."

Oh, do not turn away your head, my dear reader, for that kiss, though it is a young one, is perfectly sincere, and shall last upon the lips and go to the hearts of the two children to the very end of these chapters. They parted, and went each to their separate homes, to think and to dream of each other.

But in my eagerness to get over the ground, so as not to keep the story too long in one spot, I have passed over the Rector of the parish, who was a short man, but there was much goodness within him. It was his custom to call every now and then at the cottage of the late undertaker, and go directly to the kitchen where Mary was at work; and after giving her much good advice as to her conduct, he invariably implanted a kiss upon her cheek, when he went away perfectly satisfied. Upon the Monday morning the Rector paid his usual visit, and upon entering her apartment he found Mary wiping her tears, and assuming a smile which seemed foreign to her face. "Why, Mary child," said the good man, "why, you look sad; what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir," replied the girl, as she looked out of the window.

"You have been crying, child. Have they been unkind to you? Come, speak out, and don't be afraid," he continued, as he patted her head as an encouragement for her to proceed. "Have they been beating you?"

"No, Sir."

"Then why are you unhappy?"

"They called me a bastard, Sir," said the girl, as she burst out into a flood of tears, which continued flowing whilst she listened to the high words which took place between the dapper Rector and the two young ladies.

"Miss Stiffs, you have been acting improperly towards that child Mary."

"Well, Sir," said Miss Jemima.

"Well, Sir," said Miss Susan.

"I tell you she shall not lead a life of misery, ladies, for I am bound to inform you that you receive at this moment an income from an unknown hand for her support and education."

"We, Sir!" said both the ladies at the same time.

"Yes, ladies, you: that is, not one, but both of you; and I happen to be acquainted with the person who sends it."

"Oh! oh, Sir!" cried Miss Susan; "so we know it all now. Do you think we'll keep your bastard, Sir?"

The Rector bit his lip, went up to the elder Miss Stiff, and inquired after her health, and after apologising to the twain for the heat he had shown in the argument, went back into the kitchen, kissed the wet cheek of the child, and went straightway to his snug ivy-bound rectory. But the notes, with the money orders, continued to come; and though the reverend gentleman did not call at the house, he often looked down from the pulpit upon the sad yet beautiful features of Mary Stone, who not only smiled at Richard every Sunday afternoon, but received from him little notes, and stupid pieces of poetry, which she treasured in her bosom, and sent back answers in return. In the little kitchen was the girl, and in the ward bed lay the boy Richard; where their spare time was passed in thinking of each other, and, like a dream, which was a pleasing one, leaving a joyous and happy effect behind it.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NONCONFORMIST.

At his desk, with the country newspaper before him, sat the smiling and facetious doctor, with a large pocket-handkerchief in his hand, which he continually applied to his forehead. It was a warm July morning, so warm indeed, that the school-room was obliged to be watered, and even then it was extremely hot. The blinds were drawn down to keep out the sun, and the boys were rubbing their damp hands over their dogs-eared books, and trying to apply themselves to their lessons. In fact, it was none other than what may be styled a lazy day, when the mind wishes to be as quiet as the body, and when it will not exert itself if it can possibly avoid it. The doctor read the paper with only half his eyes, and turned it over in a sleepy manner; so that it was a long time before he called up the first class to construe a few lines of *Propria quæ Maribus*, and he did not seem displeased or surprised when he found that they were so imperfect that they had to go down again.

"It won't do; no, it won't do, my fine fellows; you must say it better, or not at all—that you must."

Two hours after, he called them up again, when, after apologising for not using his cane in consequence of the warm weather, he addressed them in the following manner:—"Now, my lads, you do not go to your dinners till you say that lesson; so that I can inform your Royal Highnesses."

The muttering commenced anew in right earnest, and the hum of many sleepy voices must have been heard outside the school-room ; but whether the heat had taken away the boys' appetites as well as their minds, must remain a question ; for they were just as imperfect the third time as the first. After sending a polite note to the steward, asking him to excuse the first class from the dinner table in consequence of the warm weather, the master took up his robes about him, when, winking to them, he chose to inform them that he was about to partake of a sandwich and champagne luncheon, and then marched, in a comical manner, out of the room.

The bell, which had a lazy tone too, sounded through the school-room, when the boys looked up in each other's faces in a most undignified manner ; and when they heard the loud laugh of the other children in their way to their meal, they laughed also, but it was the laugh of the school-room, timid and stifled, and anything but that joyous tone which a laugh ought to have. The school-boy, when he walks through the empty school-room, does so on tiptoe, and sees, or fancies he sees, the frowning face of his master, either at his desk or through the window. *This is not as it should be ; for it ought to raise ideas of a different character.* But the bell finished, when, one after another, they looked at the door through which the doctor had made his exit, and after whispering together, a feeling gradually arose which soon arrived at a mutiny, quite as united as that of the Nore, although not so beneficial in its results. One of the boys filled the doctor's keyhole with sawdust, whilst another upset his inkstand ; and, after breaking up his canes and pulling his rods to pieces, they sallied forth into the playground, where they adopted a variety of schemes in order to show their unbounded delight one to another. Biddulph was not the least joyous amongst them as he scampered about, suggesting every variety of amusement, so as to drive off from his companions' minds every fear of retribution. But after the first feeling began to subside, they looked at one another again, and showed that, however much they might have gloried in the fun, they were quaking and fearing the consequences.

"Why, don't mind, my fine fellows," said Biddulph ; "don't mind ; he can only flog us, and then he won't murder us ; and for my part, I don't mind if he does, so that he's hanged for manslaughter—do you, Jones ?"

"Why, I don't know that, Biddulph," replied the boy addressed ; "he hits so deuced hard."

"Well, what if he does ?" cried a little fellow ; "I'm so used to flogging that he can't hurt me."

With such conversation, the boys passed the remainder of the day, and tried to drown all idea of the coming morning ; but it came.

As the boys entered the school the next morning, they encountered the severe face of the doctor, and the solemn countenance of no less a personage than Mister Hough the beadle.

"Now then, Mister Hough, there are the young gentlemen I told you about. They thought it a pretty joke, and indeed it was a smartish joke, too. It's so hot, Mr. Hough, that I'm obliged to give you the trouble."

"Oh, don't mention it, sir," put in the beadle.

"There now, you may as well begin with the beginning. Come, come, no skulking; for you're all honourable men—oh yes, *all* honourable men."

Biddulph was the first to receive the punishment, which was laid on heavily by the beadle; whilst the doctor stood by, apologising to him for his trouble and the fatigue it would give him. Biddulph expected more than he received: so that he was rather disappointed when it was over, when he smiled a deadly defiance at the master, and upon receiving a cut over the head with his cane, he again smiled the more. The other boys received also punishment, from the first boy to the last—only that the beadle's arm was rather enfeebled towards the end, whilst large drops of perspiration ran down his iron face as he continued to *do his duty*.

"And now, Mr. Hough, you have done; and I hope you have cured these rank-battered knaves of their pranks for ever."

"Yes, sir, I hope that I have," replied Mr. Hough, as he left the school, after wiping his forehead and touching his hat to the master.

As the boys were about to resume their seats, the doctor said, in a joking though lazy manner, "Come, come; that'll never do—oh, no, no. You must not sit down. Suppose you stand up to grow a little, there, upon the form. Now, that will do; and since you can't conform to the rules of the school, why, let's see—I'll call you the—the *Non-conformists*."

He now went back to his desk, took up another newspaper, and all was as quiet and uninteresting as before.

Days passed on, and weeks; during which time, this whole body of nonconformists stood upon the class forms, whilst the rest of the children were seated, where they suffered cramps, pains in the limbs, and so on, without showing it; when, after a time—it appeared a long time to them—they were allowed to resume their wonted places through the intercession of an old college friend of Dr. Frampton, whose kindness and unlooked-for generosity live—ay, live—in the bosoms of every one of those boys at this moment. His name ought perhaps to be mentioned; but, as it might help to draw him from his studied privacy, it shall not be stated, although he adorns society with practical acts of genuine kindness and philanthropy.

Dr. Frampton forgave his scholars, but it was at the suggestion and intercession of another; so that they had not to thank him for it; and, in fact, they did not—more especially Biddulph, who got down from the form slowly, and walked to his seat with measured steps and a vacant eye, which said, "What matters, ay? I have had plenty of punishment. It's too late *now* for him or any one else to be kind. But no matter."

A short time after this, Richard, with other boys, was removed from the country to the London foundation; when, previous to leaving, he shook the cold bony hand of his nurse Mistress Bridget. He kissed the dirty face of the worthy Betty, who saluted him in return, and left an impression of her dirty lips upon his cheek; and he did other small matters which all children do when about to leave old playfellows, houses, walls, trees, and such like inestimable companions which accompany us through our struggles in the world, and surround us

at the moment of dissolution ; for they form the bent of mind in the man.

Before quitting, Richard Biddulph saw Dr. Frampton crossing the playground, when he ejaculated, " Yes, yes, old chap, you have had it all your own way up to this time ; but now, as I leave your power, my turn may come. Yes, and it *shall* come, or my name's not Biddulph. Oh, how I long to break each one of your fingers, to flog you at a cart's tail, to—to——*And I will*," he repeated to himself, firmly ; "*yes, that I will*."

Previous to the starting of the London coach, Richard managed to see Mary Stone, when what occurred between them shall not here be revealed, although it was remarked that, at church on the following Sunday, her eyes did not move from her prayer-book, but appeared to follow and compare every sentence as it fell from the clergyman, with the text, which she held in her hand ; but it must here be confessed that, attached to a thin ribbon around her neck, was a small brass locket containing a single piece of hair, which she placed inside her stays and next to her heart.

WHO CAN A MOTHER'S PLACE SUPPLY ?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THERE'S not a mother's ardour in my kiss,
 There's not a mother's fervour in my prayer ;
 The blankness of her look assures me this,
 Though she my heart with my own infants share.
 My blessing wants that deep harmonious tone
 A mother's voice alone can fond impart,
 When breathing for her child at Mercy's throne,
 The inspiration of a pious heart.
 My words fall on her unregardful ear,
 Though fraught with tenderness, without effect ;
 Nay, even when I shed compassion's tear
 For her, she treats it with a cold neglect ;
 Yet is she not UNGRATEFUL, but her breast
 Is throng'd with mem'ries of delicious days,
 When her own mother's lips so fondly prest
 Hers, mingling kisses with her prayers and praise.
 What was so natural in her, in me
 I feel is effort, which I'd fain conceal ;
 But who can cheat affection's scrutiny,
 Or hide the thoughts our looks, our words reveal ?
 The child ! the mother ! union divine !
 Oh ! love most chaste, most beautiful to see !
 Poor orphan ! Death did ruthlessly untwine
 The loveliest links that bound humanity,
 When he thy mother took,—thy stedfast friend,—
 The bright light kindled to illumine thy way.
 Oh ! never more affection now may lend
 On earth for thee such a celestial ray !
 Yet, for that mother's sake, my gentle niece,
 Reject not that which I can offer thee ;
 Let not, oh ! let not all love's radiance cease,
 Though dimm'd the effulgence of maternity.

THE RATTAN;¹

OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN RENAUD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

"I KNOW not if, in the course of your experience, you have remarked that the revolutions which take place in our minds are frequently the result of a single day, a single hour—of some unexpected and never-to-be-forgotten conversation, which has uprooted all our habitual modes of thought, and sown new seeds within us which grow slowly and gradually, but of which all our future actions are the consequence and the natural development. Such were, in my case, that morning at Fontainebleau, that night at sea. Admiral Collingwood left me a prey to a new internal struggle. That which in me had hitherto been but a youthful impatience of captivity and inaction, now became a passion, a frenzy of patriotism. As I became aware how deep and settled were his regrets at being for ever separated from the land of his birth, I felt an ardent, almost irrepressible desire to know and to devote myself to my own. I pictured to myself the delights of a family circle; I recalled to my memory all those relations whom I had scarcely known, and reproached myself for not having cherished them as they deserved; whilst they, accustomed to look upon me as an object of indifference, lived on in their coldness and egotism, careless of my orphaned existence and my blighted prospects. Thus did good itself turn to evil within me; thus did the sage counsels of my protector excite in me visionary and romantic emotions. The tone of his troubled voice had touched me more than the wisdom of his words; and whilst he sought to reconcile me to my chains, he had only given force and direction to my longing desire to break them. It is almost always so with advice, whether written or spoken. Experience alone, aided by reason and reflection, has power to teach us. Look at the fruitlessness of didactic essays and the *belles-lettres*. What useful purpose do they serve? Whom do they convert? By whom are they ever understood or read with profit? Too often they do disservice to the cause they plead; they paint vice in colours so little revolting, that, gazing on her likeness in the picture, she almost fancies herself a virtue.

"But to return from this digression. The good and gallant Lord Collingwood honoured me with his friendship, and took a fatherly interest in my conduct. He was greatly pleased to see that I devoted myself to constant and serious study. In my habitual silence and reserve he found something congenial with the natural gravity of the English, and on many occasions treated me with so much confidence and affection, as though I had been his own near and dear relation.

"And yet the life I led was a cruel one; how long, how dreary,

¹ Concluded from page 43, vol. *XL*.

appeared the days I spent at sea ! For whole years we cruized around France, and my eager eyes watched the distant coasts of that land which Grotius styled—'the fairest kingdom after heaven.' Then again we put to sea, and my view was bounded, for months together, by sea-fogs and endless waves. Whenever we spoke a vessel, she was English ; no other flag waved on the sea—no other language was spoken there. The ocean seemed a desert abandoned to the English, and Europe a fortress for ever closed against them.

" Sometimes my floating prison approached the land so closely, that I could distinguish men and children walking on the shore. At such times my heart beat violently, my longings after home and the familiar scenes of my childhood became so strong, that I took refuge in my cabin from the temptation to throw myself overboard and endeavour to make my escape by swimming ; but when I found myself again in the presence of the indefatigable Collingwood, I blushed for my puerile weakness. I was never weary of admiring the combination which he presented of hopeless bondage, and zealous, untiring service. At times he felt that his health was beginning to fail him, and wrote to request that some repose might be granted him ; but his country replied—' We cannot spare you.' He wrote again :—' Since I left my home I have not passed ten days together in any port. It is impossible that amongst so many able officers as the service presents you can find no one to replace me.' England replied—' We cannot spare you ; you must continue in your command.' And he did continue in it to his last hour.

" My acquaintance with this true citizen, devoted, not to a man, but to his duty and his country, was a fortunate circumstance for me ; since I learnt from that severe school in what a soldier's real merit consists ; how much, when viewed in this light, it raises our profession above all others ; how much the memory of some amongst us may deserve the love and veneration of our fellow-citizens, whatever be the chances of war or the fate of armies. Never did man possess in a higher degree than my noble protector, that internal peace which is the reward of duty fulfilled ; or that modest merit which cares little for personal fame and celebrity in comparison with the public good. I remember he once wrote—' To maintain the independence of my country is the first object of my life ; far better were it that my body should be added to the rampart of that country, than borne through a gaping crowd with all the pomps and ceremonies of woe to a marble tomb. As long as life and strength are spared to me they belong to England.' His sorrows were deep, but tranquil ; they diminished in no degree his zeal and activity. He seemed to me the type of what a warrior should be—pursuing the career of arms, not from selfish ambition, but for his country's good. But I was as yet too young worthily to appreciate the merits of such a character ; it only aroused in me the ambition to hold in my own land rank similar to his own. When I saw kings demanding his protection, and Napoleon himself elated with the hope that he had left the shores of France to cruise in other seas, my vaulting ambition rose to such a pitch, that I would have embraced any opportunity of escape—I would have broken my parole to effect it. Yes, I had come even to that.

"Lord Collingwood had shifted his flag on board the Ocean. We had gone into Gibraltar for fresh provisions and water; when, one day, having landed with the admiral, as I strolled about the town alone, I fell in with an officer of the 7th Hussars, who had been made prisoner, with four of his comrades, in the campaign in Spain. They were at large in the town, but narrowly watched. I had known this officer in France, and it was so long since I had held any intercourse with a fellow-countryman, that the meeting was a joyful one, and I thought him eloquent, although in fact he was little better than a blockhead. In the course of a quarter of an hour we had confided to each other the circumstances in which we were placed. He frankly told me that he was about to attempt an escape; that he and his companions had found an excellent opportunity to effect it; and ended by strongly recommending me to do the same. I told him that he was fortunate in being under surveillance, but that I, being at liberty on parole, could not make my escape without disgrace; that his party and myself, in short, were very differently situated. This seemed too nice a distinction to satisfy him.

"*'Ma foi! I am no casuist,'* said he, *'but, if you choose, I will send to a confessor, and take his opinion of the point. But in your place I should not hesitate; the choice is between freedom and captivity. Are you aware that your promotion has been at a standstill during the five years you have wasted in that English tub? Lieutenants of your standing are now colonels.'*

"His companions now joined us, and we all adjourned to a coffee-house hard by, where they called for wine, and, cited to me so many instances of sub-lieutenants who had been promoted to colonelcies, and captains now general officers, that they quite turned my head; and I engaged to join them at the same place the next night but one, at twelve o'clock. Their plans were skilfully laid, and promised certain success; and my hosts, having forced me to drink freely to still the reproaches of my conscience, ended their discourse with the following convincing argument—viz., that although they might, in particular cases, have some scruples about proving ungrateful to an honest fellow who had treated them kindly, yet all their experience confirmed them in the persuasion that *un Anglais* was not worthy to be regarded as a man.

"I returned on board the Ocean sad and thoughtful. The next day I dined in the admiral's cabin, and passed several hours in his company. I dared not look him in the face, but at the same time I strove to lower him in my estimation. I spoke loudly and arrogantly at table of the greatness of Napoleon; I vaunted his universal genius; I insisted, and with insolence, on the superiority of that genius as compared with the common-place talent of mere tacticians; but, contrary to my expectations, I found amongst the English officers as much admiration for the Emperor, their implacable enemy, as I, his slavish worshipper, could express or feel. Lord Collingwood, in particular, breaking through his habitual silence and reserve, praised him in terms so just, so energetic, so appropriate; pointing out to his assembled guests the wise precautions of the Emperor, the magical promptitude with which his plans were executed, the clearness of his judgment, the

penetration he displayed in his negotiations, his wonderful skill in war, his calmness in danger; attributing to him, in short, all the qualities which compose a great commander—that I knew not what to add to such an eulogium, and was utterly discomfited in my attempts to entrap him into some insulting or inconsiderate expression, which I might seize on as a justification for the disloyalty I meditated. But it seemed as though the admiral had divined my intentions, and was resolved to frustrate them, for he redoubled his attentions to me; and the other officers, imagining from his anxiety on my account that I had some new cause of sorrow which called for their sympathy and kindness, were only more considerate and indulgent to me than ever. Mortified, irritated, and disappointed, I feigned illness, and suddenly left the table.

“The evening of our escape was closing in. My brain was racked with contending feelings, and I still deliberated. I endeavoured to silence my conscience by specious reasonings, but their falsehood stared me in the face; the struggle within me was long and violent; but whilst duty urged me to remain, inclination, setting herself up as the arbitress between honour and ambition, prompted me to flight. I made up, almost mechanically, a packet containing a few necessaries, and went ashore for the last time in the boat of my kind protector. I was about to proceed to our place of rendezvous, when suddenly I paused, and the crime I was on the point of committing rose up before me in all its hideousness of dishonour and ingratitude. I felt that I was on the brink of perdition; giddy, terror-stricken, at the sight of the abyss before me, almost mad with affright, I fled from the fatal house, and, rushing frantically to the landing-place, without daring to look behind me, I threw myself into a boat, and pulled off in search of the Ocean, my floating prison. I seized a rope and sprang up the side as though a demon were pursuing me: on reaching the deck, I clung to the mast as a refuge from eternal ignominy and dishonour, whilst, at the same moment, the tempest of my feelings found relief in tears. I sank down upon my knees and wept like a child. The captain of the Ocean, seeing me in this condition, thought, or pretended to think, that I was ill, and had me taken down to my cabin. I implored him to place a sentinel at my door; he consented, and I now breathed more freely, delivered at last from the torment of being my own jailer. The next morning at daybreak we stood out to sea, and as we lost sight of land, the cause of such strong temptation in my captive state, my mind became more tranquil and resigned. Presently my door opened, and the good admiral entered my cabin alone.

“‘I come to take leave of you,’ he said, with an air less grave than usual; ‘you will sail to-morrow morning for France.’

“‘Ah! my Lord, I fear you bring me this news but to try my firmness.’

“‘It would be both a cruel and a useless proof, my son,’ he answered. ‘I fear that my conduct towards you has been ill-judged. Far better would it have been had I given you back your parole, and sent you to England as a prisoner. There you might have conspired without remorse against your keepers, and employed every art without scruple to effect your escape. Your sufferings have been but the more

severe from the greater liberty you have enjoyed. Thank God! you yesterday resisted a temptation, in yielding to which you would have disgraced yourself for ever. And it would have been a falling off at the last hour; for I have been negotiating an exchange for you during the last fortnight, which has just been effected by Admiral Rosily. I trembled for you yesterday; the project of your comrades was known, and had you been arrested with them, you were lost; such a crime could hardly have been concealed or hushed up.'

"I was so agitated that I knew not how to reply; he saw my embarrassment, and hastened to cut short the unmeaning phrases in which I endeavoured to express my regrets at leaving him.

" 'Come, come,' he said, 'I want no French compliments, as we sailors call them. We have been mutually satisfied, I really believe, whilst we have remained together; but you have a proverb, and a very true one, which says,—*Il n'y a pas de belle prison.*' Leave me to die in mine, my young friend. I have dwelt in it so long that it is almost a second home to me. I am near the goal; my eyesight and my bodily strength are beginning to fail me. For the fourth time I have entreated Lord Mulgrave to allow me to retire from active service, and he has again refused my request. He writes me that he can find no fit successor to appoint to my command; and yet, when I am no more, such a one must be found; he would do well to take his precautions beforehand. I have but one piece of advice to give you; which is, to devote yourself to a *principle* rather than to an *individual*. The love of your country is a sufficient one to fill all your heart and occupy all your powers of mind.'

"He shook hands with me, and I descended into the boat that waited alongside to take me on shore. As we pushed off he waved his hand to me. My heart was too full to speak; I never saw him more; and shortly after my return to France the news of his death reached me. He died at sea, as he had lived during nine and forty years, without a murmur and without a boast; but, alas! without again beholding his beloved children.

"I had learnt, by Lord Collingwood's example, how far the feeling of duty has power, in a great mind, to control the longings of nature, and to support the efforts of overtaxed endurance. Thoroughly imbued with this conviction, with a judgment sobered by my own sufferings, and directed by the principles which enabled him to bear up against his, I returned to Paris to present myself, with the lessons acquired during my captivity, to the powerful master whom I had quitted, five years before, a thoughtless and inexperienced boy."

At this point Captain Renaud paused. On looking at my watch, I found that it was two hours after midnight. He arose, and we walked together through the ranks of his grenadiers. A deep silence reigned amongst them; several had seated themselves on their knapsacks, and fallen asleep. We placed ourselves on the parapet of the wall, at the distance of a few paces, and my companion, after lighting a cigar at one of the soldier's pipes, continued his narrative in the following terms:—

"On arriving in Paris, my first anxiety was to see the Emperor. I found an opportunity of so doing at the court theatre, for which one

of my former comrades, now a colonel, procured me a ticket. It was down below there, at the Tuileries. We took our seats in a small box on one of the higher tiers, nearly opposite to the Emperor's, and anxiously awaited his arrival. The theatre was crowded with kings, each seated in his box on the first row, surrounded by his court, whilst his aides-de-camp and the officers of his suite were placed in front of him in the gallery. The kings of Westphalia, of Saxony, and of Wurtemberg, and the princes of the confederation of the Rhine, occupied one side of the house; and on the other, speaking fast and loud, stood Murat, king of Naples, shaking like a mane those black curly locks of his, from beneath which his eye glanced forth proud and fiery as a lion's. Near him sat the King of Spain; and a little further on Prince Kourakin, the Russian ambassador, with his epaulettes and sword-hilt glittering with brilliants. In the pit was a crowd of generals, dukes, princes, and senators; and on the second row of boxes the bare arms and snowy necks of the ladies of the court.

"The box surmounted by the imperial eagles was still vacant; all eyes were turned anxiously in that direction. After a short delay, all the kings arose, and remained standing. The Emperor entered his box alone, and with a hurried step. He threw himself into an arm-chair, and gazed abstractedly on the boxes fronting him, for a few moments; then, as though he had suddenly remembered that the whole audience was awaiting his permission to be seated, he bowed abruptly and ungraciously to either side of the house, and resumed his former position. His chamberlains, in their red uniforms, stood behind him. He spoke to them occasionally, but without turning his head, and stretched forth his hand, from time to time, to plunge his fingers into the snuffbox which one of their number presented to him.

"Crescentini's sweet voice was executing the part of Horace, accompanied by an orchestra, low and subdued, according to the Emperor's desire, who, like the Spartans, loved music rather as a sedative than as a stimulant. His opera-glass moved rapidly from side to side, and rested, more than once, on the box in which I was seated. I was satisfied he had recognised me; for he turned away hastily, and kept his eyes fixed upon the stage until he rose to leave the house. I took care to be in the way as he passed through the corridor. His swollen limbs and bulky figure struck me greatly; in fact, I should with difficulty have recognised in him the slender, active, well-knit hero whom I had served five years before. He stopped short on reaching the spot where I stood, and, speaking to the colonel who presented me, instead of addressing me directly, asked—

"How comes it that I have nowhere seen him? What! still a lieutenant?"

"He has been a prisoner since 1804."

"Why did he not make his escape?"

"I was a prisoner on parole," I ventured to say, in a low tone.

"You should have preferred an honourable death," he answered, and turned his back upon me.

"We stepped aside to make way for him, and when all his suite had passed on—

“ ‘My dear fellow,’ said the colonel to me, ‘you see what a sorry business you have made of it; you have forfeited your hopes of promotion, and are thought a fool for your pains.’ ”

“ ‘Is it possible?’ I exclaimed, with an impatient stamp of my foot. “ ‘When I hear of such things, I thank Heaven that the officer is dead within me, and has been dead for many a year. My feelings have sobered down to the temperate flow that becomes a solitary and independent man of letters.’ ”

I had expected to perceive in Captain Renaud some traces of indignation at the unworthy treatment he had received; but he replied, with a smile of quiet contentment and resignation,—

“ ‘It was natural enough. The colonel was no worse than his neighbours; but there is a certain class of men who constitute themselves (to use a well-known phrase) the trumpeters of crime and harshness. He must have his thrust at me because the Emperor had set him the example—a mere piece of guard-room sycophancy.’ ”

“ ‘But how profitable a lesson was this to me! From that day I began to have confidence in myself—to cultivate the approval of my own conscience; from that day my character began to purify, to form, to complete, to strengthen itself. I saw clearly that outward circumstances are nothing; that the internal man is all in all. I built my faith upon a rock, to which the jurisdiction of my judges did not extend. I resolved to seek all strength and support from within; to look upon public approval, rapid fortune, distinguished rewards, bulletin reputation, as lottery prizes and foolish vanities, unworthy of serious thought or anxious coveting.’ ”

“ ‘Shortly after my return to Paris, I was appointed to a regiment on active service. I buried myself in my battalion like a Carthusian in his cloister; and in the midst of that armed throng, carrying a knapsack, marching on foot like the private soldiers, and eating of their bread, I played my humble part in the great wars of the empire as long as the empire lasted. Ah! could you but know how contented, how happy I was in the midst of all our fatigues and privations! The great, the real interest of warfare is to be found in a camp life, surrounded by your fellow-labourers in your country’s cause—in the march, the retreat, the bivouac. I revenged myself on Bonaparte by serving France, without bestowing a thought upon the character of her Emperor. I had learned, by experience, the real value of power and dignities, and I aspired to nothing more than to play the part of a good citizen after my own fashion, and in the sphere that Providence had assigned me. At times my services were disregarded; at others, they were praised beyond their deserts. I strove, for my own part, rather to avoid notoriety than to press my claims for advancement and recompense. The multitude of those who pursued a different course made my task an easy one; and I was still a lieutenant in the Imperial Guard when, in 1841, I received this wound on my forehead, which gives me more pain than usual to-night.’ ”

Here, Captain Renaud passed his hand several times over his forehead, and seemed inclined to break off his narrative. I entreated him

to proceed, and with so much warmth (for I was deeply interested in my old comrade's career), that at length he yielded.

"It is singular," he said, resting his cheek on the handle of his rattan, "I have always avoided this subject; and yet this evening I feel irresistibly impelled to speak upon it. Bah! I cannot. Why should I be ashamed, for once, to unbosom myself to an old friend? This honest narrative of my life may lead you to profitable reflection when you have nothing better to think of; and should it give you the impression that I am very weak or very crazy, you will, at least, own that I am sincere.

"Until the occurrence of an event which others might pass over very lightly, but from the remembrance of which I recoil, in spite of myself, I still loved my profession, but with a serious, devoted, and perfectly unselfish love—such as a feeling of duty fulfilled alone can create; but from that day forth, a new cloud gathered over the serenity of my life. I will tell you how this came to pass.

"It was in 1814; early in that last eventful year, when our worn-out army was making a last desperate effort in behalf of the empire and the Emperor, and France watched the struggle with hopeless discouragement. Soissons had just surrendered to the Prussian general Bulow. The armies of the north and of Silesia had effected their junction in that place. Macdonald had evacuated Troyes, and retreated from the basin of the Yonne to take up a new line of defence, extending from Nogent to Montereau, with the thirty thousand men under his command.

"We were ordered to invest Rheims, which city the Emperor was anxious to retake. The weather was cold, and the rain fell in torrents. We had lost, on the preceding evening, a field officer who was bringing in some prisoners. The Russians had surprised him, and he fell in the skirmish that ensued. The escort was defeated, and the prisoners set free. Our colonel was anxious for his revenge. We were near Epernay, and had, on that day, turned the heights that defend it on two sides. Night was coming on, and we had just established ourselves in our bivouac, when the colonel sent for me. He took me aside, and, pointing to a detached hill on our left, said—

"Do you see the grange above there—the building where that tall booby of a Russian sentinel is posted, with the bear-skin mitre on his head?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, "I see distinctly both the grenadier and the grange."

"Well then, you must know that the Russians took possession of that point the day before yesterday, and the Emperor is resolved to dislodge them. He says it is the key of Rheims, and it may be so for aught I know. However that may be, we are going to play the Russians a trick. At eleven o'clock, you, with two hundred of your men, will beat up their quarters; but, in order to avoid giving an alarm, you must carry their position at the point of the bayonet."

"He took a pinch of snuff, and offered his box to me; then, in the intervals of inhaling his pungent dram, he added these few disjointed phrases:—'I shall be close at hand to support you with my column—at eleven o'clock———in half an hour———the position will be

ours———and we shall remain there till daybreak———to rest ourselves after our work.'

" 'It shall be done,' I replied, and I returned to my company to make the necessary preparations. The most important point was, that the enterprise should be conducted silently. I inspected the men's arms, and saw the charge drawn wherever I found a piece loaded. At half-past ten, the men were drawn up in line, and I ordered them to put on their great coats, and keep their muskets concealed beneath them; for, do what you may, the barrel and the bayonet will glance and flash, as you see to-night; and though it was far darker then than it is now, I could not take too many precautions against discovery. I had carefully noted the paths, bordered by hedge-rows, that led up to the Russian *corps-de-garde*, and in this way, partly sheltered, I advanced at the head of two hundred as gallant fellows as ever mounted to an attack. There are still a few men in the company who formed part of the expedition, and remember the circumstances well. They had had to do with the Russians before, and knew how to serve them. The sentinels whom we encountered in the ascent disappeared noiselessly, like reeds that you crush to the earth with your hand. The grenadier who was posted at the door of the grange required a little more precaution; he stood under the shelter of the projecting roof, his musket grounded, and his chin resting on its muzzle; the poor devil seemed reeling with fatigue, and worn out with want of sleep. One of my men seized him in his arms, and held him pinioned, whilst another dispatched him, and threw his body into the bushes below. I was by this time at the door of the guard-house, and a feeling came over me, which I had never experienced in action before. It was the sense of shame at slaughtering a sleeping enemy. I saw them, by the dim light of a single lantern, lying on the bare floor, with their cloaks drawn around them; and my heart throbbed until I thought it would have burst. I strove, however, to shake off this feeling, and, half ashamed of my momentary hesitation, drew my sword, and rushed into the place at the head of my grenadiers. I gave them the signal, which they understood but too readily; they first secured the piled arms, and then threw themselves upon the sleeping enemy like wolves upon a sleeping fold. The butchery that followed was quick and ghastly; the bayonet pierced, the butt of the musket stunned, the knee compressed, the hand throttled. Every cry was silenced, as soon as heard, under our soldiers' feet; every head that struggled to rise was struck down again with a crushing blow. In entering, I had made a thrust straight before me at some dark object, which my sword had pierced through and through. An old officer, a tall and strong man, though his hair was white with age, sprang up in front of me like a spectre, uttered a frightful yell at the deed of death I had done, and after aiming one blow of despair and vengeance at my head, fell lifeless on the floor, stabbed by a dozen bayonets at once. I sank down beside him stunned by the blow, which had taken effect just above my eyes, and, in falling, I distinguished the tones of an almost childish voice, which said, 'Save me, father!'

"I understood it all in a moment, and I gazed upon my bloody work with frantic horror. He was a handsome youth of fourteen, or

thereabouts; there were many such young officers in the Russian armies that overran our country at that time, trained thus early in that frightful school of war. I raised him in my arms, and his soft cheek fell upon my breast, as though he would seek refuge there from his inhuman murderers.

"'Was this child my enemy?' I cried; and with the fatherly feeling which God has implanted in every man's bosom, I clasped him to my heart, when I felt betwixt him and me the hilt of my sword which had slain him. I bent my head over his head, but the blood from the wound I had received fell in large drops upon his face, and I remembered that it had been inflicted by his father's hand. I turned round and glanced at the spot where he had fallen, but I could no longer distinguish him amidst the heap of corpses, which the soldiers were dragging from the place by the heels, and rolling down the hill, after emptying their cartouche-boxes.

"At this moment I heard the tramp of soldiers and the rattle of their arms; the colonel entered, followed by several other officers.

"'Bravo! bravo!' he said; 'you have made short work of it. But you are wounded.'

"'Look at this,' I said, 'and tell me what difference there is between me and an assassin.'

"'Eh! sacredie, my good fellow, it can't be helped; it's all in the way of business.'

"'Very true,' I replied; and I rose up to rejoin my company. The child fell back again upon his cloak, and as he did so, a rattan dropped from his hand upon mine, as though he had given it me for a remembrance. I took it up, and made a silent vow, that to whatever perils I might hereafter be exposed, my hand should never grasp any other weapon than that. I rushed out of that den, which was streaming with blood, and when I reached the open air, I wiped the crimson drops from my wounded forehead. The men were in their ranks, each coolly removing the stains from his bayonet by rubbing it on the long grass. My sergeant-major, followed by the fourrier, was going through the ranks, calling the roll, by the dim light of the guard-room lantern. I seated myself on the ground, resting my back against a tree whilst the surgeon dressed my wound; the heavy rain falling upon my head revived me a little. With a deep sigh I said to the surgeon—

"'I am sick of war and all its horrors.'

"'And I too am weary of them,' said a grave voice at my elbow, which I immediately recognized.

"I raised the bandage from my eyebrows, and saw beside me, not the Emperor Napoleon, but the soldier Bonaparte. He was on foot, alone, and sad; his boots were covered to the knee with mud, his dress in disorder, and his hat streaming with rain from its three corners. He seemed to feel that his last days were come, that his last soldiers were around him. He was examining my face attentively; presently he said—'I have seen you before, somewhere, old grumbler.'

"At this last word I felt all the injustice and triviality of his phrase. My moustaches and my wounds disguised me very completely; and I knew that my face showed marks of age far beyond what either the length or severity of my service would account for.

" 'I have seen you everywhere, but without attracting your attention,' I replied.

" 'Do you wish for promotion?'

" I answered—'It comes very late in the day.'

" He crossed his arms and remained silent for a few moments; at last he said—

" 'You are right; in a few days both you and I shall probably have quitted the service for ever.'

" He turned from me and mounted his horse, which an orderly held near at hand. At that moment, the enemy, having discovered what had occurred, commenced firing upon us. A shell fell in front of my company, and several men, from a sudden impulse, of which they were immediately ashamed, stepped back a pace or two. Bonaparte advanced alone towards the shell, until his horse's head was within a foot of it, and the animal stood with his fore feet firmly planted on the turf, gazing and snorting at the deadly missile. We were all struck dumb with horror and amazement at his imprudence; the shell burst; but neither man nor horse received the slightest injury. The soldiers felt the terrible lesson which he gave them; and I—I thought I perceived in it the recklessness of despair. It seemed as though France, personified in that handful of men, had fallen away from him. I forgot my wrongs; I forgot all his faults in that moment of desertion. Rising with difficulty, I made my way towards him, and grasped the hand which he had extended to several of us, who had rushed forward with a common impulse. He did not recognize me; but, on my part, that clasp of the hand was a bond of tacit reconciliation between the most obscure and the most illustrious man of our time. The next morning we took possession of Rheims; a few days later, Paris was in the possession of the enemy."

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Captain Renaud continued silent for some time after he had concluded his narrative, and seemed absorbed in the reflections which it had conjured up in his mind. I did not venture to interrupt his reverie; for I looked with respect, nay, almost with veneration upon this good and simple-minded man. I had listened with attentive interest to all the ebbs and flowings of that honest mind of his as the tale proceeded; I had marked how that mind, repulsed in its generous and unselfish impulses, was weighed down by an influence that haunted it like a nightmare, and at last found repose in the accomplishment of a stern, uncompromising duty. This humble existence exhibited, as I viewed it, an example of spiritual worth, brighter than the brightest career of conqueror or man of action. I knew that up to the period of the Emperor's death he had, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, held aloof, refusing to take service again, from a certain respect for what he called '*les convenances*;' but after that event occurred, he returned once more, freed from the oath of allegiance that bound him to a master who had never appreciated him as he deserved, to resume his duties in the Guard, which had but changed its name from Imperial to Royal; but as he never forced his services into notice, he had been forgotten, and his advancement

had been but slow. He did not, however, take this much to heart; for he used to say, that unless a man rose to be a general at five and twenty, the age when ambition and imagination set the mind in a blaze, it is better to remain a simple captain surrounded by his company, like a father amongst his children, or an abbot amongst his monks.

"How quiet everything appears in Paris to-night," he said at last; "tranquil as the unruffled air that floats around us. See," he added, as we arose from our seat at the same moment, "see, the day is breaking; let us hope that they have had enough of lamp and window breaking, and that to-morrow we shall be dismissed to our quarters. As for me, I shall probably retire in a few days to a cottage I have purchased in Brittany, where I shall still study the art of war in the pages of Polybius, Turenne, Folard, and Vauban, to amuse my leisure hours."

With these words he shook me cordially by the hand, and begging me not to forget the gorget he wanted if I found it at home, he moved away. He called me back, however, before I had gone a dozen yards, and said—

"Stop; as it is not impossible we may be again fired upon from some window, will you take charge of this packet of old letters, which have no interest for any but myself, and burn them if we do not meet again? Several of our old comrades came to join us, but I requested them to return to their homes. We are not yet engaged in a civil war, but employed rather as firemen to keep under and extinguish the flames of a sudden conflagration. Explanations will follow afterwards, no doubt; but that is no business of ours."

And he left me, with a smile at his own conceit.

A few days after this conversation, which the Revolution itself had not driven from my memory, I sat alone, reflecting on my friend's disinterestedness and modest heroism—qualities, one and both, so rarely met with in the world. I had been reading in the history of the United States, how, in 1783, the Anglo-American troops, having freed their country from intolerable oppression, were on the point of revolting against the Congress, which, too poor to keep a standing army in pay, was taking measures to dismiss them to their homes. Washington, their victorious generalissimo, might, by a single word, have constituted himself dictator; yet he did what he alone had power to do—he disbanded the army, and sent in his resignation. I had laid down the book, and was contrasting in my own mind the simple greatness he had displayed, with the restless, self-seeking ambition of our own times. I ran over the catalogue of great men, who, free from charlatanism and false glitter, have used power and authority but as a means of furthering the public good; who have exercised them without haughtiness, as without meanness; neither turning them against their country, nor converting them to selfish purposes. I had ruminated on the character of Lord Collingwood, so fraught with patient endurance and noble resignation; and this train of thought had led me back to the contemplation of Captain Renaud's obscure career, when a tall man, with white moustaches and a scarred and weather-beaten face, entered my apartment. I recognised him as one of the gren-

diers of my friend's company, and, judging from his evident emotion, that some disaster had occurred, I anxiously inquired whether he was still alive. The brave fellow sat down, wiped his brow, and soon recovered sufficient composure to relate to me what had taken place.

For two entire days, the 28th and 29th of July, Captain Renaud had been constantly employed in clearing the streets. He had never drawn his sword, but marched at the head of his company, with his rattan in his hand, through the volleys of stones and bullets that assailed him on every side, from window, from balcony, from house-top. His orders had been precise and minute during the first day; but whether it was that the aide-de-camp had been killed by the way, or that the chief of the staff had neglected to issue proper instructions to the troops, he found himself, on the evening of the 29th, in the Place de la Bastille, without any other information than that the whole force of the garrison was retiring upon St. Cloud. He determined on following them, and reached the Pont de Jena in safety, where he halted to rest his detachment, and sent out a small party to reconnoitre, and report whether the passage by the barrier was free.

There he stood at the head of the bridge, covered with dust, and worn out with fatigue. There was no one to be seen in the Champ de Mars but two masons, sleeping, apparently, on the grassy bank that surrounds the area on three sides, and a boy of thirteen or fourteen, loitering about with naked feet, and playing with two pieces of broken crockery. When he reached the bridge he rattled them from time to time on the parapet, and playing in this way, advanced gradually to the spot where Renaud stood. The captain too, was, at the moment, pointing with his cane towards the heights of Passy. The boy came close up to him, and drawing a pistol from under his blouse, discharged it at Captain Renaud's breast. He turned the weapon aside with his rattan, but the ball took effect close to the hip-joint. He fell without uttering a word, and gazed compassionately, not angrily, on his singular foe. The child still held the pistol in both his hands, and stood, horror-stricken at the deed he had done. Several of the soldiers ran to raise their captain, whilst two of their number secured the boy on either hand, and detained him by the side of the wounded officer. He burst into tears; and as the blood welled from his victim's side, turned pale and sick at the sight, and, at last, fainted away. The man and the child were carried together to a house near at hand, where they both still remained. The column, under the order of the lieutenant, continued its march to Passy: leaving four grenadiers, who laid aside their arms and uniform, to watch over their old commander. His leg had been amputated, but he was in a high fever, and, anticipating a fatal result, had sent to request me to come to him. There was no time to lose: I went forth at once to visit him, accompanied by the worthy veteran, who, with tearful eye and trembling voice, had given me these details. As we went along, he several times repeated, "This loss will be a sad blow to us all."

The wounded man had been conveyed to the house of a kind-hearted widow, who kept a small shop in the outskirts of Passy. The surgeons who had been called in to attend him, having decided that he could not be removed, without great danger, after the operation he had un-

dergone, she had given up the best room in her house for his accommodation, and passed the greater part of the night by his bedside. When I entered, she came forward to welcome me, with a kind smile; but her cheek was pale, and her eyes red and sunken with continual watching. "Ah, sir, he has suffered sadly, poor gentleman!" she said, as she opened the door of the sick room to admit me.

Captain Renaud was propped up on a little bed with dimity curtains, supported by all the cushions and pillows the house contained. He was as emaciated as a skeleton, and a bright fever-spot had gathered over his cheek-bones on either side; the wound on his forehead was distinct and livid. I saw that his course was nearly run, and the expression of his face told me that he knew how it stood with him. He shook hands with me, and requested me to be seated. Close by his pillow, on the other side, sat a young boy, who held in his hands a glass of gum-water, which he was stirring round with a spoon. He rose from the chest on which he sat, and placed a chair for me. Renaud pointed to him, and said painfully—

"Here, my dear fellow, I must introduce you to my vanquisher."

I shrugged my shoulders, and the poor child cast down his eyes, and blushed deeply: I saw two large tears rolling down his cheek.

"Come, come," said the captain, patting him kindly on the head, "it was not your fault. Poor boy!" he added, turning towards me again, "he met two men in the Champ de Mars, who made him drink some brandy, and gave him a few sous, to fire the pistol at me. He did it with as little malice as if he had been throwing a marble at the stone post at the end of the bridge. Never mind, Jean, don't cry about it."

The poor child could no longer restrain his feelings, and sobbed so audibly, that the widow was obliged to take him out of the room.

"Yes, it was a marble, sure enough," said she, when she had closed the door again. "Look, sir!" and she put into my hand the little stone ball with which the pistol had been loaded.

"It is rather humiliating for a captain of grenadiers to lose a leg by a boy like that," said Renaud to me.

"We must not allow him to talk so much," remonstrated the widow, timidly.

Renaud disregarded the warning, and continued—

"Yes, my good fellow, there is not enough of the stump remaining to fasten a wooden leg upon."

I pressed his hand, without speaking. It was a sad reflection that a man who had gone through a dozen campaigns, and received a dozen wounds, might lose his life at last by the mischievous pranks of a *gamin de Paris*.

Renaud divined my thoughts, and replied to them—

"We were at open war," he said; "and he is, perhaps, no more an assassin than I was myself, at Rheims, when that Russian boy died by my hand. In the war in Spain, the men who poignarded our sentinels did not consider themselves guilty of assassination; nor is it clear that they were so, under all the circumstances of the case. Of how many murders is a great battle made up! This is one of the points on which our reason is at fault, and we hardly know what to reply. It is the

whole system of war that is to blame ; not we, the poor actors in it. This poor child, who is an orphan, and quite uneducated, seems to me to have very good natural dispositions. He is much attached to me, I assure you ; and he has hardly quitted my side for a moment, since my accident happened. I am anxious to give him a chance of attaining improvement and respectability."

He spoke more feebly, and his strength was visibly failing him. I leaned over his pillow, that I might catch the words he whispered. He put into my hands a folded sheet of paper : I opened it, and found that it was a short will, by which he left his little property in Brittany to the kind widow who had received him into her house, for her life, and afterwards to Jean, whose education he entrusted to her care ;—stipulating only that he should not be a soldier, and setting aside a certain sum to purchase a substitute for him. The remainder of his property was to be divided, in equal portions, amongst the four old grenadiers who had watched over his last days, and the notary of his native place was appointed his executor. When he had put me in possession of this document, he was more tranquil, and seemed inclined to sleep. Shortly afterwards he started up, and opening his eyes again, begged me to accept his rattan, and keep it as a remembrance of him. He sank down upon his pillow once more ; the old soldier, who sat at his side, shook his head mournfully. I took one of his hands—it was icy cold. He complained that his feet were chilly, and Jean, who had returned, somewhat tranquillized, into the room, folded another blanket upon the foot of the bed. Soon afterwards he began picking the bed-clothes—a bad sign. He gazed fixedly on Jean, and said in a hollow voice—

"It is singular ! That child is not unlike the Russian boy." He closed his eyes again, and, feebly pressing my hand, whispered, "They were but fourteen—both one and the other—who can say whether—"

He shuddered at the recollection ; presently he said, "I am thirsty ; give me some drink."

I gave him a few tea-spoonfuls, and he continued—

"I have striven to do my duty—that thought gives me satisfaction."

And he added :

"If the country is the better for what has occurred, there is nothing to be said, but you will see——"

He paused : and shortly afterwards, falling into a state of stupor, slept for about half an hour. At the end of that time, a woman came to the door, and said, in a whisper, that the surgeon was in the outer room. I went out, on tip-toe, to speak to him ; we walked together in the little garden behind the house, and as I was interrogating him about the state of his patient, we were startled by a woman's shriek, proceeding from the sick chamber. We hastened in, and saw a sheet drawn over the head of my poor friend, who had ceased to breathe.

A NURSERY DIALOGUE.

" MAMMA, pray take me to the sale !"

Cried little Mary, seven years old—

" The list's just like a fairy tale,
So many fine things to be sold !

See ! shells and pictures ! gilded chairs !

Stuff'd birds, a piping bullfinch too !

A nice hand organ ! twenty airs

It plays—do take me with you, do !

And what a catalogue of books !

You know I want some new ones—see !

Here is that nice one of Horne Tooke's,

You promised you would buy for me.

And here—O here's the best of all !

'The Art of Thinking !' may I buy it ?

But three and sixpence—price how small !

What would I give to read and try it !"

" Dear Mary, could that art be bought,

It were a precious book indeed !

But tell me what you think of thought,

That thus so earnestly you plead."

" Mamma, you told me long ago,

That not our wicked deeds alone,

But sinful thoughts, from whence they flow,

Will meet us at the judgment throne.

But thoughts, to me, seem like the wind ;

They come and go, one knows not how !

Or like a tangled skein—so twin'd

And strangely twisted mine are now.

I often try to set them right—

I've often wonder'd how it came

So many objects not in sight

Should in one moment fill the brain.

And far-off things come jostling those

That should employ the present hour—

Perhaps this 'Art of Thinking' shows

The way to range them, and the power."

" What you call thoughts that come and go

On trackless pinions like the wind,

In truth they oft as traceless flow,

And are but waftings of the mind.

Involuntary—on its wings,
Its restless wings, it brings unsought
The images whence thinking springs,
The food, but not of life, of thought."

"Then is the mind just like a bird,
Roving to bring its young ones food?
Now what strange fancies you have stirr'd!
I wish I rightly understood!"

"When I say wings, I but express
Comparison—but we may learn
From the bird-mother's carefulness,
And if we strive, like her discern

Good and fit nourishment to find—
For when she brings her nestlings seed,
She shakes the chaff upon the wind,
And on the better part they feed.

From thoughts pursued, from will untam'd,
That point to folly's erring springs!
It is not roving that is blam'd,
But *resting* on forbidding things."

"O now I think what you must mean!
I'll try my foolish thoughts to leave;
Feed on the best, and shun each theme
Might nourish faults for which I grieve!

A bird! a bird! would I could be!
A bird of Paradise, that flies
Far away both from land and sea,
And hovers ever in the skies!"

* * * * *

Children, this dialogue who read!
Know 'tis a *true* one—Mary dear,
So early thoughtful, spoke indeed
The very words I've written here.

That thinking was an art to learn,
The title of that book first taught;
She strove right methods to discern,
And found the wisdom that she sought.

She died in youth—the very *wish*
To think aright was precious then!
Sweet Bird of Paradise!—in bliss,
Dear prattler! may we meet again.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Selections from the Writings of the late J. Sydney Taylor, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. With a Brief Sketch of his Life.

THE late Mr. Sydney Taylor was a man in whom there was a rare union of benevolence of heart, integrity of purpose, and superior intellect. He was one of the few who shed a lustre on our common nature. He was a man of great singleness of heart. Of the tortuous ways of the world he knew nothing practically. Incapable of deception himself, he was unsuspecting of others. He was always disposed to view his fellow-men in the light of Christian charity, and to put a favourable construction on the conduct of all with whom he came in contact. Would that all others imitated him in this, as in the other qualities which constituted his character! In that case, the social and moral world would exhibit a far different aspect from what it presents. Mr. Taylor's whole life was devoted to the cause of humanity. From the period at which he connected himself, when but lately out of his teens, with one of the leading morning journals, until he closed his eyes in death, his distinguished talents were consecrated to the cause of humanity. He was, indeed, a philanthropist of no common order. He lived for the good of his fellow-men. He felt that he was responsible to his Maker for the use of the transcendent abilities which he possessed; and faithfully and perseveringly, amid good report and evil report, did he act up to his convictions. Nor was his labour in vain. To him, more than to any public man of the day, are we indebted for the great amelioration which has taken place in the character of our criminal code. Day after day, for nearly twelve years, did he plead the cause of justice, humanity, and religion in connection with capital punishments, in the columns of the "Morning Herald." And here we must say that the literary excellencies of Mr. Taylor's writings were scarcely less remarkable than the spirit of pure humanity and boundless benevolence which they breathed. More intellectual or more eloquent articles have seldom enriched the columns of any public journal than those which proceeded from his pen. The volume before us consists, in great part, of extracts from the writings of Mr. Taylor in favour of a more humane and Christian criminal code than that which had so long disgraced our Statute Book. These extracts constitute an inexhaustible armoury from which weapons, wherewith to fight the abettors of sanguinary punishments, may be drawn. But on this point we do not, at present, dwell; as we hope, ere long, to devote an elaborate article to the Life and Writings of Mr. Sydney Taylor.

In the meantime, we can cordially recommend the volume before us alike to the friends of humanity and the admirers of intellectual attainments. The memoir of Mr. Taylor is a very interesting piece of biography. With the editor of the work we sincerely join in deploring the loss, in the prime of life, of such a man as Mr. Sydney Taylor. No one who knew him can help regretting his untimely removal. And yet we ought not unduly to lament his departure; for what is *our* loss has proved *his* eternal gain. He exemplified, in his daily conduct, the graces of the Christian character, and as he had lived, so he died. Mr. Taylor's latter end was truly and emphatically peace.

Selections from the British Poets, from the Time of Chaucer to the Present Day; with Biographical and Critical Notices. By DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, Principal of the Hindu College. Published under the Authority of the Council of Education. In one volume. Second Edition. London.

As a writer of sonnets, Mr. Richardson has few, if any, superiors; nor has he many equals in the composition of miscellaneous pieces of poetry. His poetical productions are equally remarkable for their beauty of sentiment and the elegance of their diction. Here we have him in a new capacity—in a capacity, at least, in which he is comparatively unknown. He appears in the volume before us as a biographer and critic. In both respects he evinces an intimate acquaintance with his subjects, and great taste and judgment in the manner of handling them. We may dissent occasionally from his conclusions; but even when we do, we cannot fail to admire the talent which he shows in maintaining that they are sound. The selection of the names of poets appears to be made with discernment; though this is a point on which there will be a difference of opinion; every reader having his peculiar favourites in the wide range of British poets from which Mr. Richardson has chosen his subjects.

But nothing in the volume before us has pleased us so much as the preface by which the work is ushered into notice. It is a piece of criticism displaying, in every page, the unequivocal traces of a mind of superior refinement, a full appreciation of the qualities which constitute true poetry, and an intimate acquaintance, not only with poetical works, but with general literature.

To show that we are not speaking extravagantly, we will make one short quotation from the preface, which we regard as an elegantly written and valuable disquisition on poetry. Our extract may be appropriately headed—

A FEW WORDS ON POETRY.

"Poetry has sometimes not only to incur the hazard of censure on account of defects of execution, but to meet the sneers of those rigid philosophers who deem the perusal of poetry something worse than a mere waste of time. It is useless to talk of music to the deaf, or of colour to the blind; and it is perhaps equally idle to argue with the opponents of the *art divine*, for they are con-

feebly deficient in that sense of beauty to which poetry is addressed, and which has only been bestowed on the favourites of nature. To cold and vulgar minds how large a portion of this world is a dreary blank! They recognize nothing but an uninteresting monotony in the daily aspect of the earth or sky. It is the spirit of poetry which keeps the world fresh and young. To a poetical eye every morning's sun seems to look rejoicingly on a new creation. Poetry widens the sphere of our purest and most permanent enjoyments. It makes the familiar new, the past present, the distant near. It is the philosopher's stone discovered; it transmutes everything into gold. 'It accommodates,' says Lord Bacon, 'the shows of things to the desires of the mind.' Not that it throws on objects a false appearance, but that it puts them in the happiest point of view, just as we place a picture or a statue at its proper distance or elevation, that all petty details and slight roughnesses and imperfections may be lost in the general effect, which is thereby rendered more complete and true. It strikes off all petty excrescences; it disdains all local prejudices, temporary topics and mere conventionalisms, and goes at once to the heart of those universal questions which interest mankind as human beings.

"It has been objected to poetry that it has not always been employed on the side of truth and virtue. But an art is not answerable for its artists, nor a science for its professors. There are men who, from some strange obliquity of mind, are apt to apply the noblest instruments to the worst of purposes. It is gross injustice to denounce poetry as profane and false because a few of the base and insincere have used its external form for their own wretched ends. He who can pierce beneath the surface, is aware that impurity and meanness are inconsistent with the nature of poetry in its highest sense. A forced connection has sometimes been effected between poetry and immorality, but they do not actually amalgamate. Those critics, however, who are so dull of apprehension as to hold fiction and metre to be constituent parts of poetry, and to confound the meanest passages of grovelling prose in verse with those immortal lines which glow with inspiration, must be pitied and forgiven if they see no distinction between the empyrean spirit of poetry itself and the grosser matter with which it may be brought into conjunction. Their error is indeed a melancholy one, but they cannot help it. It is rather their misfortune than their fault. There is an affinity between the purest virtue and those sublime emotions with which the highest poetry is conversant. Our very communion with God, and all our thoughts of another world, are poetical in proportion as they are elevated. The pages of the Bible glow with the finest poetry: its holiest parables are poems. Dr. Isaac Watts, whose piety and virtue are beyond suspicion, expresses his surprise that 'the profanation and abasement of so divine an art as poetry, should have tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least, that verse is only fit to recommend trifles and entertain our looser hours. It is strange,' he adds, 'that persons who have the Bible in their hands should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion.' He describes poetry as 'an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety into resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to virtue.' Well might Milton tell us of '*what religious, what glorious and magnificent use, might be made of poetry both in divine and human things.*' His own *Paradise Lost* is a noble illustration of the power and majesty of his favourite art. Archbishop Sharp advised all young divines to unite the reading of Shakespeare to the study of the Scriptures; and John Wesley, the celebrated Methodist, recommended his young disciples to add to the study of the Bible the perusal of the *Faery Queen* of Spenser.

"The poets who have made use of their divine endowment in the cause of vice, are like those philosophers who have employed their reasoning powers to throw a veil over the face of truth. Both act in opposition to the still small voice of conscience; both are equally sensible that their noble gifts are shamefully misused; but neither Poetry nor Philosophy change their original nature

whatever may be the sins of individuals. Has not Religion itself been sometimes turned to a bad account? In this our imperfect state the greatest good is easily converted into the greatest evil. We must be content with the preponderance of desirable results. If we are to close the volume of our poetical literature because it is sometimes sullied, we must do the same with our prose."

We shall be greatly surprised if Mr. Richardson's "Selections from the British Poets" do not, ere long, become a standard work.

Note on the Historical Results deducible from Recent Discoveries in Affghanistan. By H. T. PRINSEP, Esq.

THE chief merit of this volume consists in the engraved representations of Indian coins given towards the end. The letterpress is so technical, that it would be impossible to give a popular review of it; though we are sure that to the curious in such matters the book will be one of great interest. No words of ours could give a better idea of the work than the author's preface, and therefore we transfer it into our columns.

"The public are not unacquainted with the fact, that discoveries of much interest have recently been made in the regions of Central Asia, which were the seat of Greek dominion for some hundred years after their conquest by Alexander. These discoveries are principally, but not entirely, numismatic, and have revealed the names of sovereigns of Greek race, and of their Scythian and Parthian successors, of none of whom is any mention to be found in the extant histories of the East and West. There has also been opened to the curious through these coins, a language, the existence of which was hitherto unknown, and which must have been the vernacular dialect of some of the regions in which the Grecian colonies were established. The coins possess particular value as a key for the cypher of this language through their bilingual legends and superscriptions, and have been successfully used for that purpose. But the investigation deserves and requires to be further prosecuted; for there are inscriptions forthcoming in the language, which, if the ingenuity of the learned should succeed in completely translating and explaining them, cannot fail to throw much light on the worse than Cimmerian darkness that still envelops the age and country which have bequeathed them to us.

"Amongst the earliest of those who directed public attention to these bilingual coins, and the most successful interpreter of their legends, was the late Mr. James Prinsep, Secretary of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and Editor of the Society's Journal, published monthly in that city. In both capacities he was naturally placed in direct and constant communication with those engaged in the work of practical discovery; and the assistance and instruction he was thus enabled to give, and readily and freely imparted to those who, by the accident of position, were led to prosecute such researches, or who, by other means, became possessed of objects of antiquarian curiosity, was so frequently acknowledged by the gift of the articles discovered, that a very rich and extensive cabinet was the fruit. As an instance of the oriental liberality with which these things were presented, it may be stated, that, consequently upon a favourable mention in the Journal of General Ventura's researches at Manikyalá, the vases, coins, and relics found in the tope opened there in 1830, were freely and gratuitously given to the Editor by the General, and duplicates of his large assortment of Greco-Bactrian coins were similarly presented, in consideration of some little pains bestowed on the reading and classification of the more complete set which the General made up to be forwarded to France.

"Mr. James Prinsep, unfortunately, died before the investigation into the

results of these discoveries had reached that point which would warrant a satisfactory classification and arrangement of the articles he so obtained. The cabinet thus came to his widow, rich and various, but unsorted and uncatalogued. In this condition she applied to the author of the following pages for advice and assistance as to its disposal; and he, in consequence, as well from a sense of duty, as for an agreeable and profitable occupation, undertook its arrangement, referring for that purpose to modern works written on the subject, and seeking in history and in classic literature for information regarding the period to which the coins and relics belonged.

"Along with the cabinet, the note-book of the deceased was placed in the author's hands; and it is the possession of that, and of the plates prepared originally for the Journal, and still fortunately preserved, that has led the author to think that it will be beneficial to put together, in the brief form adopted in these pages, the results deducible from recent discoveries. The free use of his brother's materials will, it is conceived, give the work a value even with the most erudite; but its principal aim is, to place in a cheap and commodious form before the popular reader the means of gratifying curiosity upon a subject often referred to, and of the existence of which, as a successful result of modern research, few are entirely ignorant.

"If the following pages shall have the effect of communicating information to readers, who have hitherto been deterred by the learning or by the cost of the more elaborate works which have appeared, and so should stimulate curiosity and excite a wider interest in respect to these discoveries, the author's object will be gained. The present Note is confined to Bactro-Arian relics, but the late Mr. James Prinsep's cabinet is richer far in coins of India, Boodhist, and Brahminical, extending from periods of the most remote antiquity to the date of Mahomedan conquest; and for these a separate study, and, if the subject be of sufficient general interest, a separate Note of explanation may be required."

We have no doubt, that were the subject to which the volume relates fully investigated, some very important historical facts might be ascertained.

The Spirit of the Nation. Parts I. to IV. New edition. With several of the Songs set to Music.

NONE of our readers can be unacquainted with "*The Spirit of the Nation*," a work which has not only created a sensation in Ireland, and obtained a circulation of nearly 20,000 copies in that country, but whose poetry has been quoted with the warmest commendation for its literary merit in the pages of "*The Quarterly Review*," and in the columns of "*The Times*" newspaper. The contents of this work originally appeared in "*The Nation*" newspaper, by far the most extensively circulated journal in Ireland. The work, like "*The Nation*," is brought out under the editorial superintendence of Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, and several of the best pieces are from his pen. The contributors are the most talented of the ardent spirits who constitute "*Young Ireland*"—a party who are now exciting great interest, and exercising a mighty influence on the popular mind of Ireland. This edition of "*The Spirit of the Nation*" is got up with much bibliopolic elegance. It is published in parts, and has already reached a large circulation among the better classes in Ireland. As "*The Metropolitan*" takes no part in politics, we say nothing of the extreme views

which it is the object of "The Spirit of the Nation" to promulgate. The writers are all opposed to the connection between the two countries, and are fired with an unquenchable hatred of England. But, while in this respect we can have no sympathy with them, justice compels us to express our concurrence with "The Quarterly Review" and "The Times," in the estimate which these two journals have formed of the *poetry* of the work. It is of a very superior class. Many of the pieces are worthy of Moore himself. There is, indeed, a fire and vigour in some of them which we in vain look for even in that writer. We select as a specimen, the piece entitled

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

I.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriots' fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

II.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

III.

Some on shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

IV.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

v.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that might can vanquish right—
 They fell and pass'd away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

vi.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

There is a great deal more of equally beautiful poetry. Indeed the pieces generally are deeply imbued with a pathos and feeling, which cannot fail to touch the most tender chord in every Irishman's heart.

Lays of the Heart, on various Subjects. By W. J. BROCK.

MR. BROCK, we presume, is a young man, and this, we have no doubt, is his maiden production. It would neither be honest to our readers, nor friendly to the author, to say that there is much of the poetic spirit visible in its pages ; but they are pervaded by an amiable feeling, and are characterised throughout by that reverence for revealed religion which it is so pleasant to witness in young men. We give a specimen of the poetry. We could not select one more passable than

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

I gazed upon a captive bird
 Within its wiry prison bound ;
 Methought, while thus I gazed, I heard
 A language of unusual sound.

In vain the bird essayed to fly,
 Its fluttering efforts proved in vain ;
 No friendly hand, alas ! was nigh
 To break the little captive's chain.

Then sweeping sorrow's plaintive chord
 To disappointment's power resigned,
 The little captive warbler poured
 Its sorrows to the passing wind.

" Ah me ! and am I thus bereft
 Of liberty and all its joys—
 Alone in sad confinement left
 To breathe aloud unheeded sighs.

" Time was when I was free as air,
And poured to heaven a gladsome strain;
Nor thought 'twould e'er be mine to share
The misery of a captive's chain.

" Oh! had I freedom never known,
Methinks I should not thus repine;
Had I o'er distant fields ne'er flown,
Such agony would not be mine.

" 'Tis this, the memory of the past—
The thoughts of former days, which flow
Like rushing strains on howling blast—
'Tis this that fills the cup of woe."

The little captive mourner ceased,
And all around was still as death;
It drooped its head, and then, released
From pain, it yielded up its breath.

Meet emblem of a mortal's lot,
When far from home and kindred driven
By sorrow's hand—by all forgot,
Save One, the mourner's Friend in heaven.

Yet, blissful thought! though doomed below
To drink of sorrow's bitter tear,
There is a home unmix'd with woe,
For saints in heaven's all-joyous sphere.

A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By the REV. GEORGE AYLIFFE POOLE, M.A., Vicar of Welford. In 2 vols. Vol. I.

THE reverend author of this work has the candour to confess in his preface that, in its compilation, he has, in the main, contented himself with consulting two or three historians of deserved and established authority. His object was to produce a History of England which should not only do homage to Christianity, but to the Church of England. Until the next volume appears, we shall not be in a condition to say whether his predilections in favour of the Church of England have prejudiced him against other denominations of Christians. The present volume only comes down to the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth. The period which will best test the writer's impartiality will be the seventeenth century, when the Puritans began to acquire importance in the state. The work is carefully compiled, and, if free from partialities, will be one of great utility in schools and to young persons in private.

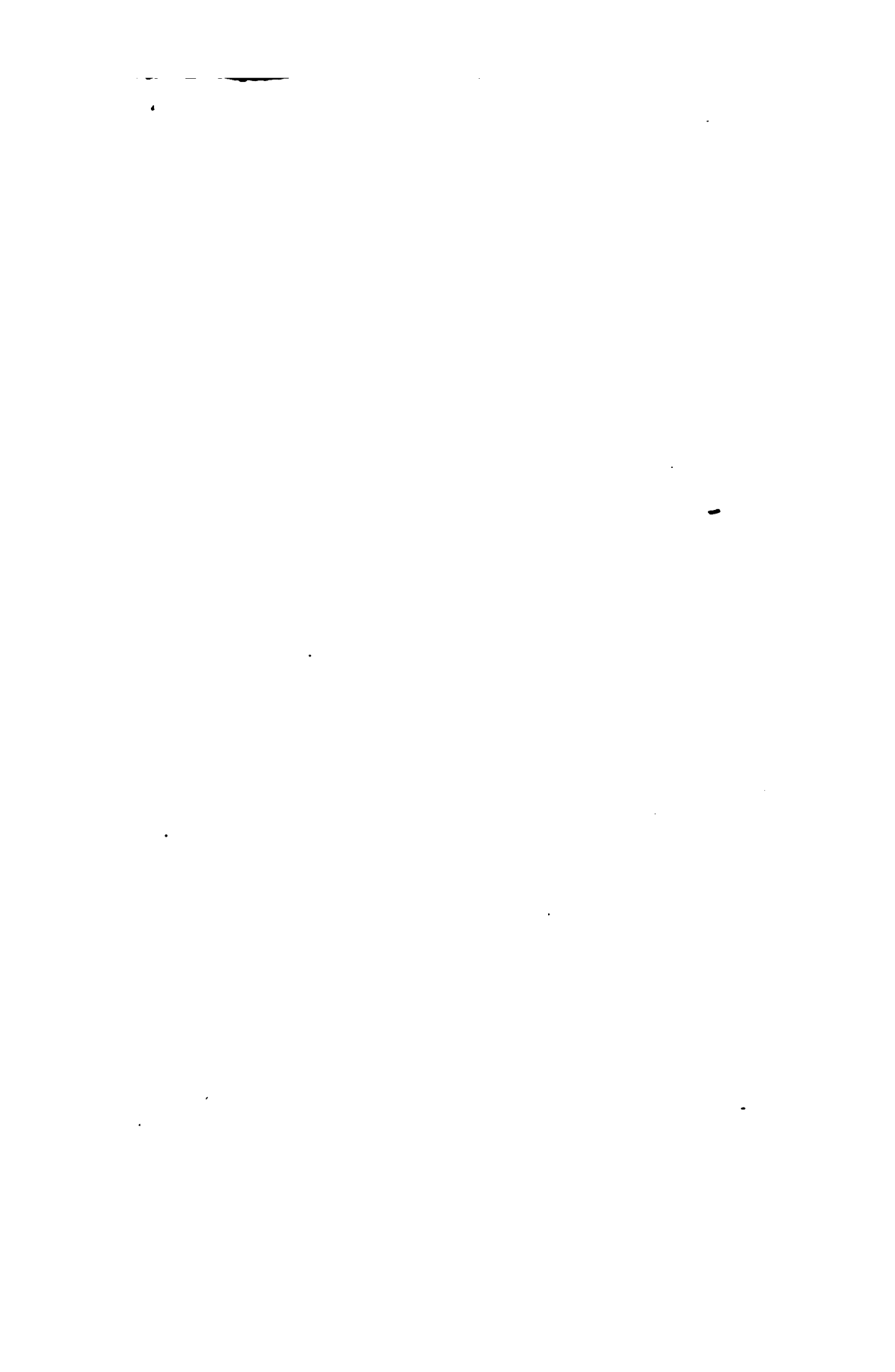
A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century. Forming a Key to the Writings of our Ancient Poets, Dramatists, and other Authors. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S. Part I.

THE title of this work sufficiently indicates its nature and objects. It promises, when completed, to be one of great utility. It displays uncommon research. Every page must be the fruit of a great expenditure of time and labour. We had no idea before of the numbers of now obsolete words which are to be found in our best writers in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. When a few more parts have made their appearance, we shall take occasion to refer to this serial.

The Unknown ; a Miscellany of Instruction and Amusement. Written by Self-Educated Persons. With Illustrations.

THIS is a collection into one volume of the numbers of a weekly periodical published some time ago at a cheap rate. It is wholly the production of one uneducated man, and yet there is as much variety in the subjects and the manner of handling them, as if a dozen different pens had been engaged on it. It displays very great talent. There is a raciness in the humorous pieces which is not often to be met with in the pages even of our professedly humorous writers. The editor, or author rather, is, we are convinced, capable of literary achievements which would do credit to many of our most successful writers, and none shall be better pleased than ourselves to meet with him again in the world of literature.

END OF VOL. XLI.





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